

GREAT SOUTHERN  
WEDDING GIFTS

KICK UP YOUR  
CATFISH & GRITS

A LOCAL'S GUIDE TO  
SAVANNAH, GA

# GARDEN & GUN

Celebrating  
15 YEARS  
OF G&G

SOUL of the SOUTH  
APRIL / MAY 2022

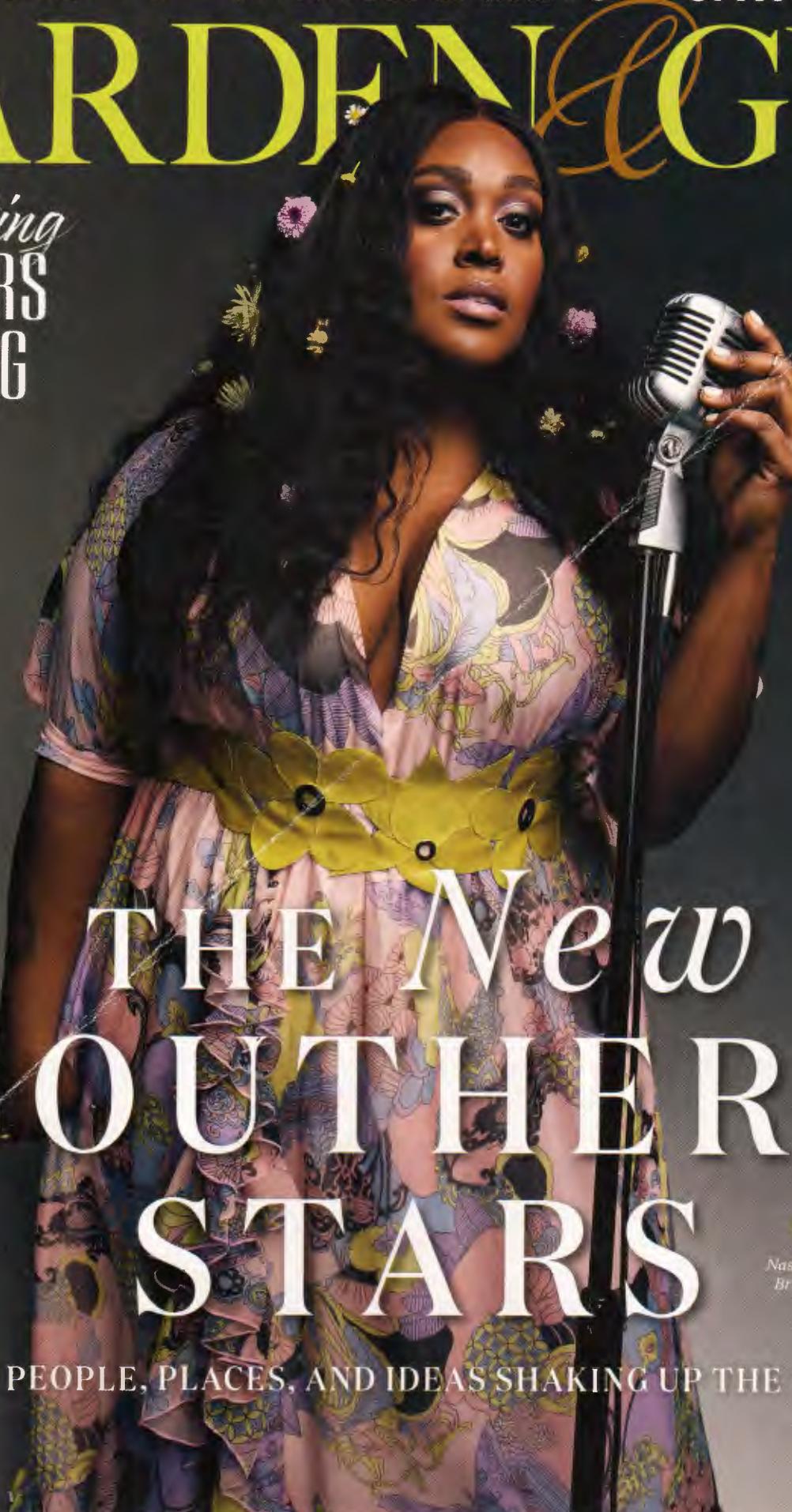
## THE NEW SOUTHERN STARS

THE PEOPLE, PLACES, AND IDEAS SHAKING UP THE SOUTH

RICK  
BRAGG  
ON A LIFETIME  
OF TRUCKS

MEET A  
KEY WEST  
FLY-FISHING  
PHENOM

COUNTRY  
QUEEN  
*Nashville sensation  
Brittney Spencer.*





## UNRIVALED SPACE AT SEA™

The luxury of personal space is central to the promise of An Unrivaled Experience® with Regent Seven Seas Cruises®. It provides the extravagant freedom guests need to explore and relax to the fullest. As the preeminent luxury cruise line on the ocean, we pride ourselves in offering some of the largest balconies and most spacious suites at sea. Our wide range of specialty restaurants, *alfresco* and in-suite dining options, exquisite lounges, bars and expansive spaces are perfect to rest and celebrate in, knowing there is never a queue or a crowd and that every detail is taken care of and every amenity is included.

### UPGRADE & EXPLORE

with a **FREE 2-Category Suite Upgrade\*** on select voyages to Alaska,  
the Mediterranean and Northern Europe **plus Reduced Deposits**  
*This special offer ends April 30, 2022*

START YOUR JOURNEY AT [RSSC.COM](http://RSSC.COM)  
CALL 1.844.473.4368 OR CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL ADVISOR

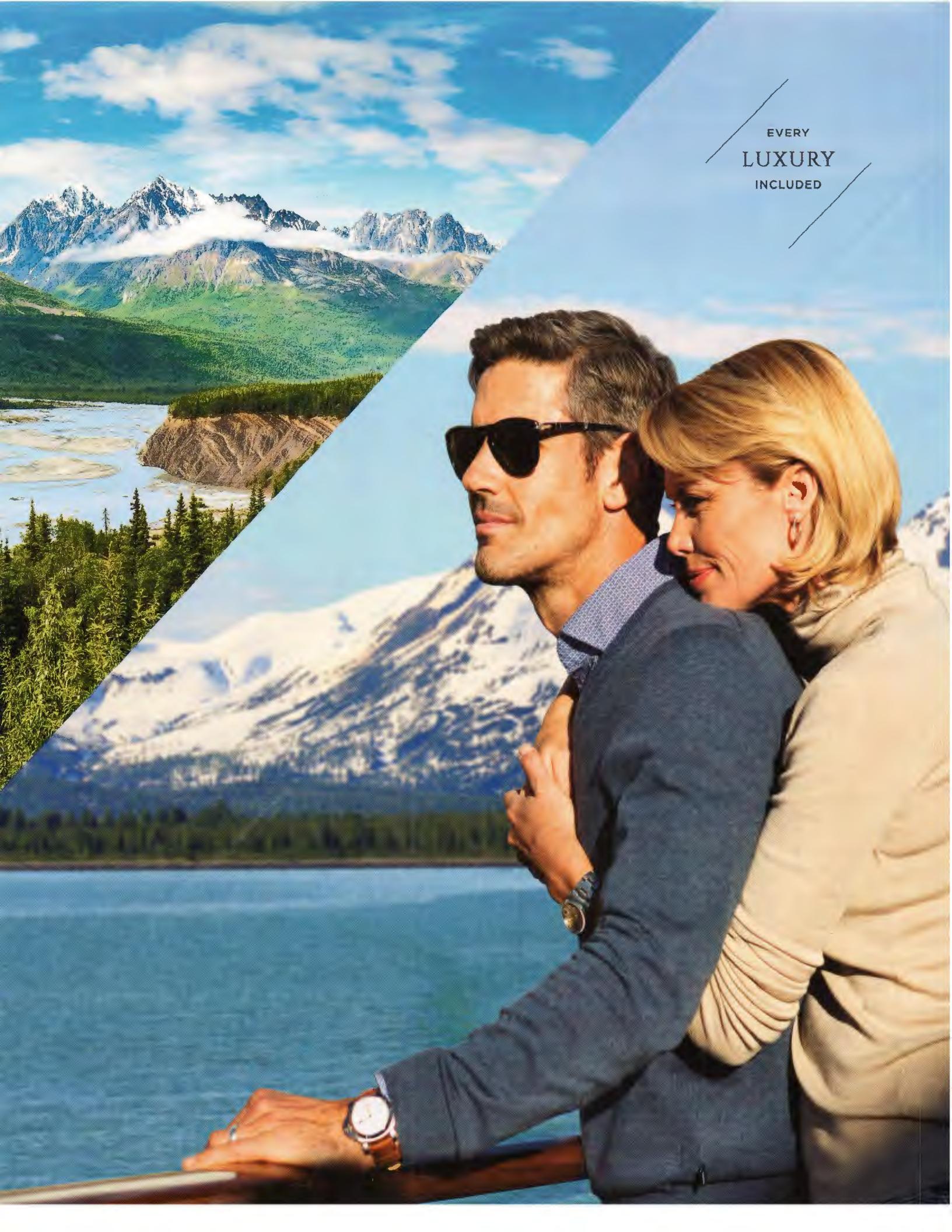
**Regent**  
SEVEN SEAS CRUISES®

AN UNRIVALED EXPERIENCE®

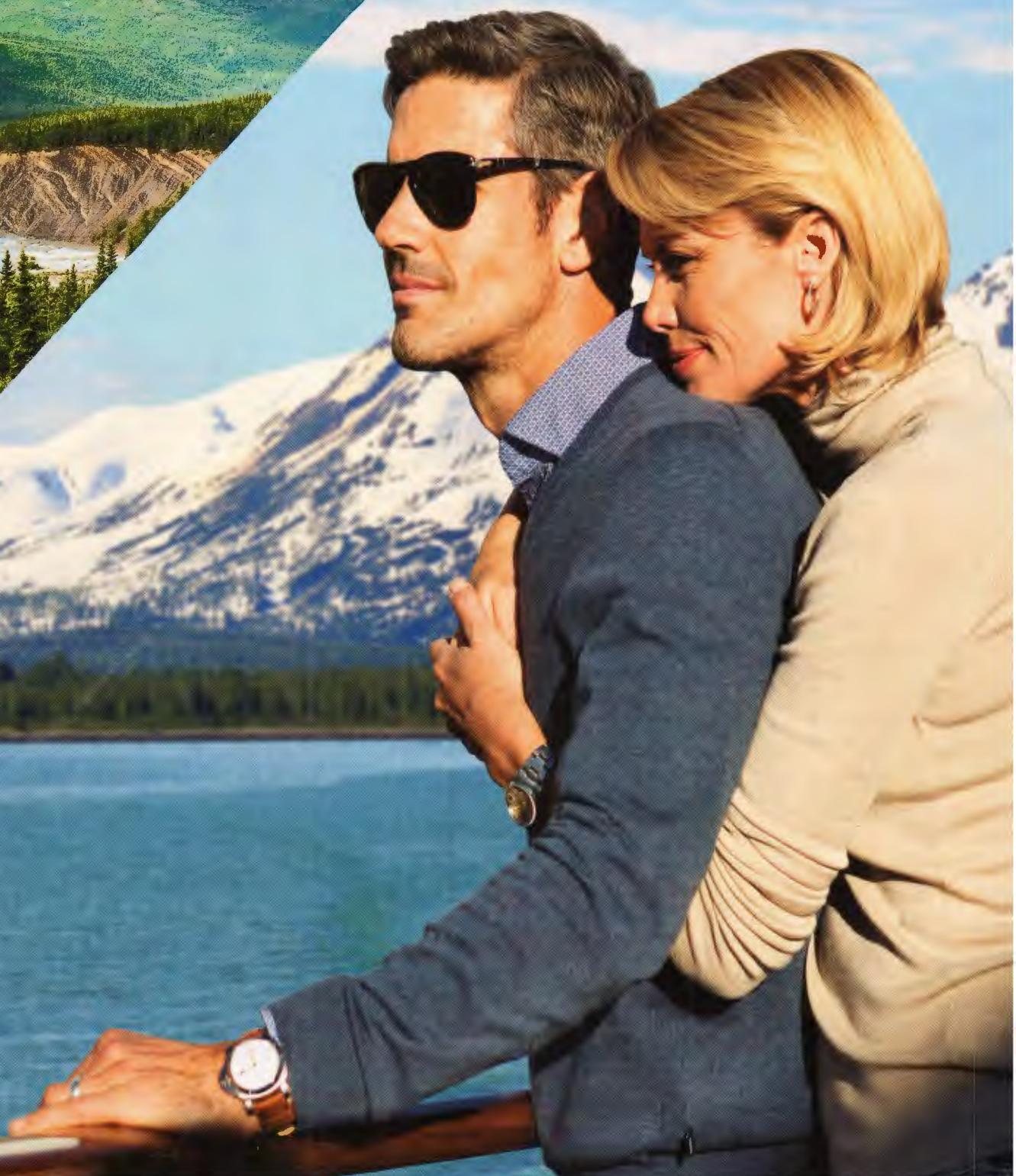


For the latest details on our health and safety protocols,  
please visit [RSSC.com/HealthSafetyProtocols](http://RSSC.com/HealthSafetyProtocols)

\*For applicable sailings and terms and conditions, please visit [RSSC.com/Upgrade-and-Explore](http://RSSC.com/Upgrade-and-Explore)



EVERY  
LUXURY  
INCLUDED



# SUMMER



## CLUB ALUMINUM Collection

Schedule a complimentary virtual design consultation or shop online.  
[SummerClassicsHome.com/GG](http://SummerClassicsHome.com/GG)

# CLASSICS

LIFE'S BEST MOMENTS. FURNISHED.



Congratulations on 15 years of  
inspiration, beauty and enlightenment!

*Exceptional* Satisfaction.



**GRADY-WHITE BOATS**

Exceptional attention to detail.



Canyon 456

Uniquely ***Grady-White***.  
[gradywhite.com](http://gradywhite.com)

# REFUEL.

CHURCH AND UNION CHARLOTTE

**Charlotte.** A lot of carefully curated flavors are eager to refuel your senses. This craft cocktail scene isn't just growing, it's shaking up the city with new perspectives and inspiration. Try the Ready Orgeat at Church and Union Charlotte, a garden-fresh creation packing an unforgettable punch. Plan your trip at [charlottesgotalot.com](http://charlottesgotalot.com).



CHARLOTTE

Instagram: @charlottesgotalot | Facebook: charlottesgotalot | Website: charlottesgotalot.com

Kait Sampsel, Orvis-Endorsed fly-fishing guide on the South Coast of Oregon, where she brings anglers—both novices and experts—to fish for steelhead.

**TESTED  
out here** **PERFECTED  
for everywhere**

WOMEN'S TECH CHAMBRAY WORK SHIRT

**Fish, Hike, Hit the Town & Carry-On**

**MARINOWUL™** is an eco-friendly fiber made from recycled plastic bottles and reclaimed oyster shells

**UPF 40+** blocks 98% of the sun's harmful rays

**THERMOREGULATING & BREATHABLE**  
for use in a wider range of temps

**STRETCH** fabric for enhanced mobility



**ORVIS®**

Orvis commits 5% of pre-tax profits to protecting nature [orvis.com](http://orvis.com)

Vol. XVI / No. 2

15th Anniversary Special

# FEATURES

APRIL/MAY 2022



142

## The Long Haul

*Starting with a hideous-green '67 Dodge, Rick Bragg recounts the decades of trucks he's loved and lost—and all the places they've taken him*

148

## A Second Shot

*Nathaniel Linville left behind the depths of addiction for the bow of a flats skiff. Now he's well on his way to becoming one of the best permit fishermen on the planet*

By Monte Burke

156

## The Art of the Tart

*Savory breakfast, standout supper, or sweet fruit-filled dessert: Rustic puff pastry tarts are an ideal blank canvas for just about anything you can dream up*

By Jenny Everett

123  
**SOUTHERN FUTURES**

*As G&G marks fifteen years, we take a look at fifteen changemakers forging the South of tomorrow, from Brittney Spencer's resonant voice to a divine Mexican pastry to a small river town making a big splash*



Nathaniel Linville and guide John O'Hearn on the hunt for permit in the Florida Keys.

# DEPARTMENTS

APRIL/MAY 2022



## TALK OF THE SOUTH

37

### Interview

The Walking Dead's  
*Norman Reedus* rides on

40

### Sporting Scene

Dazzling turkey decoys

42

### Music

*Paul Cauthen's*  
country swagger

44

### Conservation

Solving a migration  
mystery

48

### Books

A Kentucky writer captures  
the stuff of life

50

### Ask G&G

Derby luck and Texas's  
German accent

52

### Southern Focus

*Delta cowboys*

## ON THE COVER

Singer-songwriter Brittney  
Spencer in Nashville.  
Photograph by Robby Klein.



JUBILEE

67 Anatomy of a Classic: Spiced-up fried catfish  
72 Drinks: Raising your glassware / 74 What's in Season: A  
spring strawberry surprise / 76 Fork in the Road: John T. Edge  
savors barbecue with a side of espresso



163

163

163

92



## IN EVERY ISSUE

16 Editor's Letter

22 15<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Special

26 Contributors

32 Letters

76



10

APRIL / MAY 2022 GARDEN&GUN 15TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



GOOD HUNTING

81

### Homeplace

A mountaintop marvel

86

### Southern Style

Wedding gifts they  
won't return

92

### In the Garden

For the love of the folly

## COLUMNS

107

### Good Dog

A Chattanoogan's delicate  
dance with an aging cocker

By Dana Lise Shavin

110

### This Land

Exploring Mammoth Cave's  
underground history

By Latria Graham

116

### Country Accent

Home on the road

By Vivian Howard

## DUE SOUTH

163

### Weekends

What's new in Savannah

172

### Our Kind of Place

The view from a barstool at a  
college-town haunt

177

### The Southern Agenda

Goings-on in the South

188

### End of the Line

Roy Blount Jr. grabs life by  
the collards

Cover: Wardrobe styling by Twila Triahan/AMAX; dress by Poni Silver & Leslie Stephens; hair and makeup by Marz Collins  
This page, from top: Elizabeth Lavin; Chenee Marin; Taylor-Druss



HIGHLAND PARK VILLAGE  
EST. 1931 | HPVILLAGE.COM

*First Name in Fashion*

**DALLAS' PREMIER  
OPEN-AIR SHOPPING AND  
DINING DESTINATION**

AKRIS  
ALEXANDER MCQUEEN  
ALICE + OLIVIA  
AUDEMARS PIGUET  
BERETTA GALLERY  
BRUNELLO CUCINELLI  
CAROLINA HERRERA  
CARTIER  
CELINE  
CHANEL  
CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN  
DIOR  
ETRO  
FENDI  
FRAME  
GOYARD  
HADLEIGH'S  
HARRY WINSTON  
HERMÈS  
JAMES PERSE  
JIMMY CHOO  
LE LABO  
LELA ROSE  
LELE SADOURHI  
LORO PIANA  
LOVESHACKFANCY  
MADISON  
MARKET  
PETER MILLAR  
RAG & BONE  
RALPH LAUREN  
ROLEX  
ST. JOHN  
THE CONSERVATORY  
THEORY  
TOM FORD  
TORY BURCH  
TRINA TURK  
VALENTINO  
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS  
VERONICA BEARD  
ZEGNA

PARTIAL STORE LISTING

CAROLINA HERRERA | 214.219.6060

COMPLIMENTARY VALET PARKING,  
PERSONAL SHOPPING,  
CAR SERVICE AND WIFI

# GARDEN & GUN

## David DiBenedetto

Senior Vice President & Editor in Chief

Creative Director Marshall McKInney / Photography and Visuals Director Maggie Brett Kennedy  
Executive Editor Amanda Heckert / Deputy Editor David Mezz / Style Director Haskell Harris

Art Director Julia Knetzer / Photo Editor Margaret Houston Dominick

Senior Editor CJ Lotz / Copy Chief Donna Levine

Associate Editor Caroline Sanders / Editorial Assistant Lindsey Liles

Art Production Assistant Sidney Thomason

Chief Digital Officer Chris Kraft

Social Media Editor Allyson Sloway / Digital Producer Gabriela Gomez-Misserian

Contributing Editors Roy Blount Jr., Rick Bragg, Dominique Browning, Monte Burke,  
Marshall Chapman, John Currence, Wayne Curtis, John T. Edge, Clyde Edgerton, Jenny Everett,  
Charles Gaines, Allison Glock, Latria Graham, Winston Groom (1943-2020),  
Mike Grudowski, Jessica B. Harris, Matt Hendrickson, Elizabeth Hutchison Hicklin, Jack Hitt,  
Vivian Howard, Hunter Kennedy, Guy Martin, John Meroney, Jonathan Miles,  
T. Edward Nickens, Julia Reed (1960-2020), Phillip Rhodes, Daniel Wallace, Logan Ward

Contributing Photographers Cedric Angeles, Johnny Autry, Fredrik Brodén, Peter Frank Edwards,  
Alice Gao, William Hereford, Andrew Hyslop, Nigel Parry, Brie Williams, Gately Williams

## Christian C. Bryant

Vice President & Publisher

Associate Publisher, Advertising Ginger Sutton / Associate Publisher, Marketing Colleen Glenn

Senior Integrated Marketing Manager Christine Williams / Senior Events Manager Ellie Spann

Associate Integrated Marketing Manager Maria Springs / Integrated Marketing Coordinator Perri Clair Liebergall

Digital Sales Manager Jessica Bacon / Digital Marketing Manager Emily Deal

Creative Director, Marketing Caroline O'Neill

Designers Rebecca Marsh, Anne Peyton Sugg

Copywriter Abigail Tierney

Events Intern Emily Posas / Marketing Intern Caroline Huger

**Florida and International Territories:** Account Director Maria Coyne 305-756-1086, [mecoyne@mecoyneinc.com](mailto:mecoyne@mecoyneinc.com)

**Midwest:** Account Director Tanya Scribner 214-734-6310, [tanya@scribmedia.com](mailto:tanya@scribmedia.com)

**Northeast:** Account Director Tiffany Lo 917-653-3939, [tlo@gardenandgun.com](mailto:tlo@gardenandgun.com)

**Southeast:** Account Director Jana Robinson 678-399-3302, [jana@robinsonmedia.net](mailto:jana@robinsonmedia.net)

**Southwest and West Coast:** Account Directors Ellen Lewis, Michael Stafford 972-960-2889,

[ellen@lewisstafford.com](mailto:ellen@lewisstafford.com), [michael@lewisstafford.com](mailto:michael@lewisstafford.com)

## Gary Michelson

Vice President, Consumer Marketing & Operations

Consumer Marketing Associate & Office Services Coordinator Greer Stewart

Information Technology Manager Stephen Blackmon

Production Manager Ed Masson, **PubWorX**

## Rebecca Wesson Darwin

President & CEO

Chief Financial Officer Kevin Donovan

Finance Director Nancy Roy Wagoner

Senior Accounting Associate Halley Manett / Accounting Associates McKenzie Burris, Heather Hewson

Human Resources Anne Marie Hagood

Garden & Gun Society and Executive Assistant to the CEO Alexandra Karn

Director of Retail Bri Catarino

Retail Operations Specialist Emery Smith

Fieldshop Store Manager Landon Hardy



## Published by The Allée Group LLC

Members

J. Edward Bell III / Rebecca Wesson Darwin / Pierre Manigault

Published at 701 East Bay Street, No. 115, Charleston, South Carolina 29403

[gardenandgun.com](http://gardenandgun.com)

For Garden & Gun Club at the Battery Atlanta, call 770-726-0925

**For subscription inquiries, call 800-800-8336 or email [gngcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com](mailto:gngcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com)**

For general media and partnership opportunity inquiries, email [advertising@gardenandgun.com](mailto:advertising@gardenandgun.com)

Order back issues online at [ggfields.com](http://ggfields.com)

For editorial inquiries, email [editorial@gardenandgun.com](mailto:editorial@gardenandgun.com)

For any other inquiries, email [contact@gardenandgun.com](mailto:contact@gardenandgun.com)



**Thermador** 

# Personalization Meets Performance

From Style to Innovation, Freedom® Refrigeration Leads the Way in Cooling



Premium-Grade  
Stainless Steel Interiors



Cool Air Flow  
Technology



WiFi-Enabled with  
Home Connect™

[THERMADOR.COM/REFRIGERATION](https://THERMADOR.COM/REFRIGERATION)

©2022 BSH HOME APPLIANCES CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Clockwise from far left: An artisan at work in the Lexington Glassworks studio; classes and workshops throughout Asheville offer education to art glass newcomers; a shimmering selection of completed Lexington Glassworks pieces; 2018's Chihuly at Biltmore exhibition.

Today, Asheville is home to more than a hundred glass artists (including Koslow and Guilford), as well as exhibition spaces such as Bender Gallery, which specializes in museum-quality glass sculpture, and Blue Spiral 1, which includes artists working in cast, etched, hot-worked, and cold-worked glass.

Holding its own against much larger cities—such as Seattle, which boasts a rich glass history and active artists in the hundreds—Asheville's scene has quickly grown to national prominence. Seattle became a hub for glasswork thanks in part to the Pilchuck Glass School, a center for glass art education cofounded by Dale Chihuly, a legendary artist who has ties to Western North Carolina. In the 1960s, Chihuly studied under Harvey K. Littleton, who later moved to North Carolina and was instrumental in the craft's development in Appalachia.

Interestingly, the Corning, New York-born Littleton first gained recognition as a ceramist. But it was his significant contributions to the development of glass craft that eventually earned him his moniker, the Father of the Studio Glass Movement. In 1962, he conceived of a method for melting glass at lower temperatures, allowing it to be blown inside a studio—and, soon after, in educational settings—rather than in a production factory. In 1965, it was Littleton's student Bill Boysen who constructed the first studio glass furnace at the Penland School of Craft, located outside of Asheville. Just like that, "hot glass at Penland became a reality," says the school in a digital article titled "50 Years of Glass at Penland." "Penland's first formal offering in glass was the following summer when Boysen taught two classes."

Koslow, who relocated to Asheville from Austin, Texas, had been visiting Western North Carolina for years, taking classes and assisting artists at Penland. After several visits to the school, he finally made the trip into Asheville, instantly recognizing it as the place for his own glass studio. He credits both Penland and the area's craft heritage for developing not only creators, but art and craft appreciators. "Littleton's legacy has touched every glass artist," Koslow says. "His work is so varied, from the blown work to the cast work to his color play."

When Littleton retired from his post at the University of Wisconsin in 1977, he relocated to Spruce Pine, North Carolina,

## Hot Topic

ASHEVILLE'S GROWING  
GLASS SCENE IS ATTRACTING  
ARTISTS AND APPRECIATORS

In Asheville, sophistication and innovation often sit at the confluence of heritage and tradition. Nowhere is this felt more strongly than in the city's dynamic glasswork scene. "It's a magical, mesmerizing process," says Geoffrey Koslow, who, with Billy Guilford, founded and owns the Asheville-based studio Lexington Glassworks. From their downtown shop, founded in 2015, Koslow and Guilford create custom handblown glass lighting, as well as wall installations, one-of-a-kind sculptural vessels, and other passion projects.

near the Penland School of Craft. Here, he dedicated a room of his new studio to experiments in vitreography, a printmaking process using glass plates he developed in the mid-1970s. These prints are the subject of *Stained with Glass: Vitreograph Prints from the Studio of Harvey K. Littleton* (January 12 to May 23), one of two 2022 exhibitions mounted by the Asheville Art Museum that feature Littleton's work. From January 19 to June 27, *A Hand in Studio Craft: Harvey K. Littleton as Peer and Pioneer* includes select pieces from Littleton's personal collection, alongside the work of his fellow artists in the Studio Glass Movement.

Such exhibitions help both to shine a light on the history of the craft and to spark interest among those encountering glass art for the first time. As a teenager, Koslow had the opportunity to take a quick course in flame work during a family vacation, and the introduction led him to study glass in college. It's also why he keeps his studio doors open: "People can walk in off the street and spend five minutes watching, or spend all day with us," he says. This culture of transparency allows visitors to Lexington Glassworks to witness custom pieces being made in real time, perhaps inspiring the next young Koslow.

Though Lexington Glassworks doesn't offer classes, visitors in search of an immersive glassblowing experience can find it at places such as North Carolina Glass Center. The glass-curious can sign up for tutorials in torch and furnace work, with opportunities to make a marble or add a pendant in just thirty minutes. For longer-term explorations, the center also offers multi-hour, multiday, and multiweek workshops.

Lately, glass has made its way further into the mainstream, thanks to installations such as *Chihuly at Biltmore*, which ran from May 17 to October 7, 2018—the artist's first major exhibition in North Carolina. Such large-scale exposure of the craft is always a boon to the studio business, Koslow says. The more people who know about glass art, the more who want to connect with it in a city like Asheville.



At Lexington Glassworks, an upcoming renovation will soon turn the studio's beer bar into a lighting consultation and conference space, allowing folks even more access to the process. "It's such a cool thing to be able to offer that experience, so people can see how we work with the material," Koslow says. In addition, the founders are currently creating a resident assistantship program, to be offered to novice glass artists in hopes of expanding educational opportunities in the field. Says Koslow, "It feels really good to be able to add to the craft community."

*Discover more of Asheville's dynamic arts scene at [ExploreAsheville.com](http://ExploreAsheville.com)*

## Glass Art for All

More must-visit studios and galleries in and around Asheville

### Bender Gallery

Specializing in fine-art painting and studio glass sculpture, Bender Gallery represents instructor and glass artist William Morris, sculptural glass artist Hiroshi Yamano, and dot de verre artist Veruska Vagen. [bendergallery.com](http://bendergallery.com)

### Blue Spiral 1

Since 1990, this three-story multigallery space has represented glass artists such as Alex Gabriel Bernstein, Jen Blazina, and Justin D. Turcotte. [bluespiral1.com](http://bluespiral1.com)

### Crucible Glassworks

A self-described "mom and pop glass shop" open since 1998, Crucible Glassworks also hosts demonstrations and classes. [crucibleglassworks.com](http://crucibleglassworks.com)

### Grovewood Village

This collection of historic buildings (formerly the Biltmore Industries) is home to the work of Carl Powell, as well as the Grovewood Gallery, which displays an array of glass art and other regional crafts. [grovewood.com](http://grovewood.com)

### Momentum Gallery

This contemporary art gallery features glasswork by Dale Chihuly, Harvey K. Littleton, and Littleton's son and daughter-in-law John Littleton and Kate Vogel. [momentumgallery.com](http://momentumgallery.com)

### River Arts District Glass Studios

A number of glass artists can be found in this studio-rich area, including Vitrum Collective, Leene Hermann, and Tanya Franklin. [riverartsdistrict.com](http://riverartsdistrict.com)

### Southern Highland Craft Guild

Located at the Folk Art Center, this group of craft advocates showcases glass and other mediums from throughout Southern Appalachia. [southernhighlandguild.org](http://southernhighlandguild.org)



■ Follow me on Instagram and Twitter @davedibenedetto



DiBenedetto with Garden & Gun's CEO and cofounder, Rebecca Wesson Darwin; the magazine's home at the Cigar Factory in Charleston, South Carolina, prepped for an event.

## Fifteen Years of G&G

REMEMBERING WHERE WE'VE BEEN—AND LOOKING FORWARD TO WHERE WE'RE HEADED

In 2007, a magazine with a bold name and a captivating cover image of Pat Conroy standing in a garden fountain arrived in a smattering of mailboxes around the South. The brainchild of Pierre Manigault, John Wilson, and Rebecca Wesson Darwin, *Garden & Gun* quickly gained a loyal following thanks to its lush photography, literary bent, sophisticated design, and unique mix of coverage—from style to sporting pursuits. It wasn't the first magazine to put these qualities into play, but it was the first to bring them all to bear on the South.

For a native Savannahian sitting in a New York City office building at the time, the magazine offered a ticket back to the Lowcountry. My friend and mentor Sid Evans had just left his job in the Big Apple to take the helm of *G&G*, and thankfully he offered me a spot on staff in 2008. I was engaged to the most dynamic and captivating woman I had ever met—and she was always up for

an adventure. So off we went to Charleston, our Jeep piled high with things we didn't trust the moving truck with, including my favorite fishing rods and the palm-sized megalodon tooth I found when I was thirteen.

The South we encountered was primed to become red-hot. You could still find Pappy Van Winkle on the shelf of the occasional liquor store, though not for long. Sean Brock's seminal restaurant Husk was still a couple of years from opening, but his magic was already brewing in the cauldrons at nearby McCrady's. As was now famed pitmaster Rodney Scott's at his family's barbecue joint in tiny Hemingway, South Carolina. The Avett Brothers were about to blow up on the national stage, bringing the banjo front and center. Charleston (which was and remains *G&G*'s headquarters) would soon sit atop every foodie's vacation wish list, the Nashville music scene was rapidly expanding far beyond its country roots, and New Orleans, though it had taken a blow from Katrina, was still New Orleans.

Wherever you're from,  
wherever you're headed,  
you're always welcome  
**OUT WEST.**

A great pair of boots don't just make you look taller, you feel taller, too. They're made that way because out on the old frontier, confidence was everything. Today, our frontiers may look a bit different, but they're always out there, and always new. Go forth in comfort and confidence.

**WALK TALLER**

**TECOVAS**

Alabama • Arizona • Colorado • Georgia • Nebraska • North Carolina • South Carolina  
Oklahoma • Tennessee • Texas • Virginia • [TECOVAS.COM](http://TECOVAS.COM)



From top: An opening reception in February for the Birdwatching exhibition; the first cover; G&G's books and trivia game.



Jenny and I settled into an idyllic 1785 carriage house with a jewel-box garden and soon brought a Boykin spaniel into our lives, the first creature we would love and raise together. In 2011 Sid moved on, and I was handed the reins of a magazine that I've always said highlighted everything I love about the South—its food, music, culture, art, and sporting lifestyle. Fortunately, I was surrounded by the very capable hands of Marshall McKinney (design), Maggie Brett Kennedy (photo), David Mezz (editorial), and Haskell Harris (style). Those four still impart their talents and wisdom to the pages.

With the new title came the responsibility of editing Julia Reed, a task one approached with equal parts excitement and trepidation. We cemented our friendship over countless brainstorming sessions, fueled by old-fashioned more often than not. We lost that force of nature in 2020. And other outstanding contributors over the years, including Pat Conroy, Randall Kenan, Winston Groom, and most recently P. J. O'Rourke.

The brand has continued to grow beyond our print roots, including the Garden & Gun Club, what I consider one of the coolest places to grab a drink and a bite in Atlanta. We've put out five books, plus a trivia game and a guest book, and recently launched *Birdwatching*, our first art exhibition.

But good editors can't spend too much time looking in the rearview mirror. Our job is to look forward. As we head into the next fifteen years, many key voices remain—John T. Edge, Allison Glock, Roy Blount Jr.—but powerful new voices have also strengthened the pages, including Latria Graham, David Joy, and Vivian Howard. The South continues to evolve, too. For evidence, turn to “Southern Futures” (p. 123). The feature, shepherded by executive editor Amanda Heckert and associate editor Caroline Sanders, profiles fifteen people, places, and things pushing the region forward.

I'm often asked what the magic of G&G is. Well, that's easy. The real magic is our readers. I'm honored every time you tell me you read the issue cover to cover (and tickled by the couples who often tell me they get two subscriptions so they don't have to share!). You've been as loyal as they come and continue to keep us on top of our editing game. It's an honor to work on every issue with you in mind.

**DAVID DiBENEDETTO**

Senior Vice President & Editor in Chief

## A Good Dog Gone

*Saying goodbye to Pritchard*

If you've read these pages over the past decade or so, you've read about Pritchard, my family's Boykin spaniel. Sadly, we lost her to cancer this past December, just shy of her thirteenth birthday. On her final afternoon, we gathered around and told her the reasons we loved her. The kids made cards and lined her favorite toys around her bed. (A few days later, on Christmas Eve, they stuffed Pritch's stocking with more notes and a message for Santa: "Take this stocking to Pup Pup. She's in heaven.") I'm thankful for the outpouring of support, including the books that a few friends and colleagues sent to help our kids better navigate loss (*Goodbye, Brecken*; *Sammy in the Sky*; and *Dog Heaven*). I'm sure I'll have more to say when it's not so painful to write. But for now, thanks for the ride, Pritch. You made me a better person.





DOS PRIMOS  
TEQUILA

BEST  
ENJOYED  
OUTDOORS

FOUNDED BY COUSINS JEFF WORN AND THOMAS RHETT, DOS PRIMOS  
IS A SMOOTH SIPPIN' TEQUILA MADE FOR ALL OF LIFE'S ADVENTURES.

[DOSPRIMOSTEQUILA.COM](http://DOSPRIMOSTEQUILA.COM)

DOS PRIMOS IS MADE FOR SHARING. EXPLORE AND ENJOY.    @DOSPRIMOSTEQUILA

PLEASE ENJOY RESPONSIBLY. Imported from Mexico exclusively by Dos Primos® Tequila Co., St. Louis, MO. 40% ALC/VOL (80 Proof).

HISTORY  
LOVES  
COMPANY

## Stay in Style

DISCOVER FIFTEEN OF THE  
CHARLESTON AREA'S MOST  
DESIRABLE HOTEL ROOMS

A beacon of Southern hospitality, Charleston, South Carolina, earned its reputation not only from its renowned restaurant scene, but also from the places that truly welcome its travelers: its collection of marvelous hotels. In an area with so much history, however, the story almost always goes deeper. In honor of *Garden & Gun*'s fifteenth anniversary, Explore Charleston is proud to highlight fifteen of Charleston's most sought-after stays, each with a certain wonder in store.

Amid rows of antebellum homes along the Battery, 20 South Battery is now a charming boutique hotel, but its origins date back long before its opening as an inn. Decades after the home's 1843 completion, something remarkable took place in the ballroom. In 1920, a group led by Susan Pringle Frost gathered to form the first grassroots preservation organization in the United States. They called themselves the Society for the Preservation of Old Dwellings, still active today as the Preservation Society of Charleston.

For those who look closely, these hidden histories can be found in countless Charleston inns and hotels—many whose purposes have shifted over the years. The Wentworth Mansion, one of the downtown peninsula's most iconic architectural sites, was built as a family residence for cotton merchant Francis Silas Rodgers in 1881. Known for its turrets and grand front steps, the home changed hands multiple times before landing with owner Richard Widman in the late 1990s. Enchanted by the space, Widman set out to restore the mansion to its former grandeur, preserving its original spiral staircase, inlaid floors, and Tiffany glass. In 1999, it welcomed guests for the first time as a hotel, dazzling all who visited with its Italian crystal chandeliers, hand-carved marble fireplaces, and light-catching stained glass.

Discover these and more chic accommodations at [ExploreCharleston.com](http://ExploreCharleston.com), then plan a Holy City getaway of your own.

## One more day in Charleston

Peek inside some of the area's most coveted offerings



THE BEACH CLUB  
AT CHARLESTON HARBOR RESORT  
*Family Parlor Rooms*

With a separate bedroom for the kids, these comfortable rooms give parents their own space, complete with a balcony for enjoying the harbor.



THE BOARDWALK INN  
AT WILD DUNES RESORT  
*Presidential Suite*

Overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, this two-level apartment-style suite features a lavish living area and a private balcony.



EMELINE  
*Maisonette*

With two floors, the Maisonette offers a cozy living space and a custom-outfitted king bedroom and bath, as well as an exterior entrance to Emeline's central courtyard.



FRANCIS MARION HOTEL  
*Mark Clark Presidential Suite*

On the penthouse level, this coveted suite provides a lush vantage point for breathtaking city vistas. Enjoy two full bathrooms, a full kitchen, and singular views of the Cooper River.



THE RESTORATION  
*Rowhouse Residence*

A desirable reservation, this suite has all the style of a downtown loft. Exposed brick and vaulted ceilings accent the space, while a full kitchen and a veranda add a homey feel.



THE SANCTUARY  
AT KIawah ISLAND GOLF RESORT  
*Presidential Suite*

Take your getaway to new heights. At 3,000 square feet, this space encompasses a living area, a cozy library, and a balcony.



**86 CANNON**  
*Garden Suite*

This chic suite wows with high ceilings, exposed beams, and pinewood floors, not to mention perks including daily breakfast and afternoon wine and cheese.



**CHARLESTON PLACE**  
*Luxury Suites*

Overlook Charleston's historic district from these upper-floor suites. Promising ultimate comfort, each suite boasts a living room, a dining area, and a second bathroom.



**THE DEWBERRY**  
*Charleston Flats*

With the feel of personal pied-à-terres, The Dewberry's elegant Charleston Flats occupy the corners of every floor, delivering maximum natural light to the midcentury modern spaces.



**HARBOURVIEW INN**  
*Landmark Suite*

On the top floor, this sumptuous two-room suite promises a lavish king bed, a gas fireplace, and two furnished balconies overlooking Waterfront Park and East Bay Street.



**HOTEL BENNETT**  
*Presidential Suite*

From a grand rooftop terrace, this suite offers breezy outdoor living, paired with views of the Arthur Ravenel Jr. Bridge, the Charleston skyline, and the Cooper and Ashley Rivers.



**THE LOUTREL**  
*Premier Suite*

Sink into a plush California king in this beautifully appointed suite. With Matouk linens, Deep Sleep bath products, and ample space to lounge, it's the perfect retreat for an evening in.



**20 SOUTH BATTERY**  
*Pringle Suite*

Named for Preservation Society of Charleston founder Susan Pringle Frost, this Battery-front suite features traditional architectural details as well as access to a private fourth-floor lounge.



**WENTWORTH MANSION**  
*Grand Mansion Suite*

To stay in this palatial suite is to be transported to Charleston's Gilded Age. Spacious enough for entertaining, this retreat features floor-to-ceiling marble fireplaces and Italian chandeliers.



**ZERO GEORGE**  
*The Society Residence*

Perfect for longer stays, this residence can be booked for up to twelve months, made inviting by three bedrooms with en suite bathrooms, a light-filled living area, and a private balcony.

LET'S CELEBRATE

# Garden & Gun through the Years

THE INSIDE SCOOP FROM READERS, FACT-CHECKERS,  
AND A STAFFER WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE THE BEGINNING

To mark our anniversary, we asked readers to share their favorite articles, recipes, and covers, and many described their magazine rituals. Whether they wait by the mailbox for the latest issue, pick it up in line at the grocery store, or grab a copy at the airport, they have a happy routine for what comes next: a cup of coffee or a cold drink, a favorite seat, and some time to themselves. In Daphne, Alabama, Steve Goodrich says he turns the pages while "sitting in my leather recliner with a glass of pinot noir by the fireplace on those few days we can have a fire in South Alabama"; otherwise, he'll be "out on the deck with the same drink on the other three hundred and sixty days." Here are some more of our favorite memories and stats from the print and digital pages of *G&G*. —CJ Lotz

## FROM THE FACT-CHECKERS' CORNER

We promise to never again write that Marylanders throw a "crab boil." As one of many readers corrected us when we let that slip in 2015: "Simply stated, you are either having a 'crab feast' or you are 'goin' to get crabs.' We distinguish ourselves from our Virginia cousins by the fact that they boil their crabs and we steam ours."



WE ASKED...

**What's a word or phrase that sounds better in a Southern accent?**

Y'all said it best.

Darlin'  
"VEE-hick-ul"  
Sugar  
Mama  
Daddy  
"Impordint"  
—Various readers

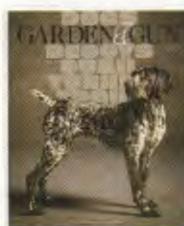
"All words sound wonderfully better in any of our many Southern accents. Thank goodness many remain to enjoy." —Roger B., Bartlesville, OK

"My eastern Kentucky grandmother proclaimed, after a particularly good meal, that she was 'as full as a tick.'" —Eleanora M., Fairhope, AL

## YOUR FAVORITE COVER DOGS



Deke  
DEC. 2011/JAN. 2012



Chesapeake (Chesa)  
OCT./NOV. 2020



Calvin  
OCT./NOV. 2021



Peetie\*  
MARCH/APRIL 2008



Shadow Oak Bo  
DEC. 2014/JAN. 2015



"Thirty Years of Steel Magnolias"



"How Sean Brock Makes Pimento Cheese"



"Why Do We Eat Black-Eyed Peas on New Year's Day?"



"The Story behind 'Sweet Home Alabama'"



"PB & Mayo: The Forgotten Southern Sandwich"



# SOLSTICE

The Solstice collection features clean lines, a high back, and a sleek frame that enhances the European inspired design. The fully upholstered look, and contemporary comfort make for an outdoor collection that will be enjoyed for generations.

# SOUTHPORT

The Southport collection features a sleek frame design, accented with a beveled extrusion that captures the classic loom panels. With the choice of color on both the frame and wicker insert one can customize to any outdoor space.



[lloydflanders.com](http://lloydflanders.com)

# LLOYD FLANDERS®

## WOVEN FOR LIFE

# 4

Pies have appeared on the cover (cherry, pecan, raspberry, and sweet potato)

# 2,671

Times the word *bourbon* appears on the website. Other popular food words include *oyster* (1,943 times), *biscuit* (1,571), *bacon* (1,002), and *pimento cheese* (367)



**Signed, Sealed, Delivered**  
G&G readers receive their subscriptions as far from the South as: Australia, Austria, Bermuda, Canada, Czech Republic, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Monaco, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Scotland, Singapore, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland

## STAT SHEET

# G&G by the Numbers

FIFTEEN YEARS OF FACTS AND FIGURES

# 90

Issues published, which included readers' favorite stories: everything by Julia Reed (we miss her too); Rick Bragg's essays; "the one about the shotgun called Bo Whoop"; Latria Graham's "A Dream Uprooted"; and "Wendell Berry's Wild Spirit." One reader said, "The story by John Ed Bradley about his dog Emmett is why I have subscribed all these years," and another said there's a memorable "one in every issue, like the recent one on Dooky Chase's second act."

# 83,191

Estimated pup photos entered in the annual Good Dog photo contest since 2014



**Georgia**  
The state with the most G&G subscribers

# 5

Most-Searched Terms on G&G's Website:  
Charleston  
Good Dog  
Biscuits  
Savannah  
New Orleans

# 38,459

Votes for Mexico Beach, Florida, which won last year's Favorite Southern Beach Town Bracket. The town, with a population under 1,300, was leveled in 2018 by Hurricane Michael

"I AM BLESSED TO HAVE FRIENDS FROM THE SOUTH, BUT I DO NOT GET TO VISIT THEM OFTEN ENOUGH. G&G PROVIDES ME WITH A CONNECTION OF SORTS TO THEM. WITH EACH PAGE I AM REMINDED OF THEIR HOSPITALITY, KINDNESS, GENEROSITY, AND HONESTY—TRAITS THAT SEEM TO BE UBIQUITOUS IN THE SOUTH"

—John Pollmann, Dell Rapids, South Dakota

WE ASKED...

## Without G&G I'd be...

...not as cool.  
Jenny F.,  
Statesboro, GA

...even more homesick.  
Emily K.,  
New York, NY

...ignorant of hunting and fishing.  
Joanne G.,  
Seabrook, SC

...unable to have conversations with my father, who reads it cover to cover.  
Kristy N.,  
Roswell, GA

...sad to go to the mailbox.  
Laura R.,  
Collierville, TN

...monetarily richer but spiritually poorer.  
Hilve F., Suffolk, VA

...about ten pounds lighter.  
Jenna D.,  
Durham, NC

A G&G ORIGINAL



**Maggie Brett Kennedy**

"Those first few issues were put together on my tiny home computer," says Photography and Visuals Director Maggie Brett Kennedy, one of G&G's first editorial hires. Beginning with a shoot in 2006, when her "crazy English springer spaniel 'modeled,' and almost ended up gator bait in the Santee Delta," Kennedy says she learned that "there's no instruction manual" for a job where every day is an adventure. She's forever inspired by the "guts and passion in everyone who writes, photographs, designs, or works on anything for Garden & Gun."

WE ASKED...

## How do you describe Garden & Gun to people who've never heard of it?

The short and sweet version.

Garden & Gun is like if you had a Southern relative whom you loved deeply tell you stories every couple of months.

—Josh C.

Even if you're a cat person, you'll love the Good Dog stories.

—Van H.

Full-spectrum Southern.—Jere B.

Garden: We entertain on porches, decks, and patios, and in backyards. Gun: The sporting South. Fly fishing, clays, and wing shooting.—Jim S.

Reading it is like getting a hug from the South.—Jane M.

Just send them a gift subscription.—Robert S.



# IT'S THE *simple* THINGS...

...like watching your kids building sandcastles, spotting a dolphin pop out of the water, or enjoying a delicious waterfront dinner after a day packed with activities. Rediscover fun, food, and family on Alabama's beaches.



[GulfShores.com](http://GulfShores.com)  
[OrangeBeach.com](http://OrangeBeach.com)  
877-341-2400



**GULF SHORES &  
ORANGE BEACH  
TOURISM**  
Alabama's White-Sand Beaches

# CONTRIBUTORS



## Chase Quinn

WRITER

Borrowing a pair of binoculars and braving winter's cold, the South Carolina writer Chase Quinn trekked up I-26 from his home in Charleston to Congaree National Park to spot birds alongside the wildlife biologist J. Drew Lanham and the budding ornithologist Isaiah Scott. Quinn, who has written about the Florida Highwaymen artists for *G&G* and on race, the arts, and culture for the *Guardian* and *Vanity Fair*, captured the outdoorsmen's conversation for "Southern Futures" (p. 123). As they discussed books, history, and what it means to be Black birders a generation apart, they also noticed the sounds of pileated woodpeckers and a ruby-crowned kinglet. "I was amazed at their ability to listen," Quinn says, "and each of them had so many things to teach the other."

***"I was amazed at their ability to listen. Each of them had so many things to teach the other"***

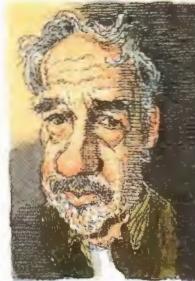
—Chase Quinn on the conversation he recorded between two outdoorsmen (p. 123)



### Kim Severson

WRITER

In the decade that Kim Severson has been writing *Anatomy of a Classic* (p. 67), she's tasted more twists on Southern classics than she can count: banana pudding semifreddo; collard kimchi; peanut butter lava cake; Nashville hot-spiced quail. "My all-time favorite was back in 2012," she says, "when Joe Trull of Grits and Groceries in Belton, South Carolina, taught me to make a strawberry fried pie with moonshine." A Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, Severson also covers Southern food news for the *New York Times* from Atlanta. "I pick each recipe from word of mouth, from my travels, or sometimes just a gut feeling. And I fall in love every time."



### John Cuneo

ILLUSTRATOR

Despite a dog allergy, John Cuneo owns a golden retriever and has illustrated almost every *Good Dog* column. He's sketched such scenes as a Lab in a convertible, a mutt perched on a turtle, and, in this issue, a spinning cooker spaniel for "This Strange Ballet" (p. 107). "Many of these stories have a heartfelt, elegiac feel, and I have to find something that doesn't disrespect the piece but has some humor," says the illustrator, whose work also appears in the *New Yorker* and the *Atlantic*. As he brushes watercolors on paper, he always has a little fun. "Once you're putting a dog in overalls, you do have some wiggle room."



### Charlotte & Johnny Autry

PHOTO TEAM

From their Asheville studio, photography-and-food-styling duo Johnny and Charlotte Autry have captured all things culinary across *G&G*'s pages—and on multiple covers—since 2008. Their work also appears in cookbooks for Ten Speed Press and Clarkson Potter. This issue, they styled and snapped midcentury glassware (p. 72), fried up catfish and grits (p. 67), and baked sweet and savory tarts (p. 156). They don't usually pick favorites, but Johnny loved the catfish, Charlotte recommends the breakfast tart, and both endorse the Bootsy Collins cocktail. "You can use a drink to get anywhere creatively," Johnny says.



### Robby Klein

PHOTOGRAPHER

When Robby Klein photographed singer Brittney Spencer for "Southern Futures" (p. 123) and the cover, he came with bold ideas. One—tracking down a guitar from Linda Martell, one of Spencer's idols—didn't pan out, but another—spraying lighter fluid on a microphone and setting it on fire—worked perfectly. The Nashville resident, who has also shot photos of Leon Bridges and Dolly Parton, is currently at work documenting behind-the-scenes mainstays in the music industry, including session players and members of Elvis's band. "This is the last living group of people who created country music as it is today," he says.



# PEACOCK DAVERS

FLOORS. TERRACES. POOLS. DRIVEWAYS.



HANDCRAFTED CONCRETE PAVERS | 800.264.2072 | PEACOCKDAVERS.COM | PATENT NO. 11,000,970

BUFF

*handcrafted* since 1978

# CONTRIBUTORS



## Bill Mayer

ILLUSTRATOR

The morning after reading a draft of "The Long Haul" by Rick Bragg (p. 142), Bill Mayer awoke with a vivid inspiration for an illustration. "I'm always hesitant to trust my first idea, so I made about twenty-nine more sketches before coming back to it," he says. Mayer has some fifty years of experience painting scenes for theater posters, Scotch labels, USPS stamps, and the covers of such publications as *Fast Company* and *Smithsonian Magazine*. Straying from his sometimes dark and surrealist style, for this piece he created colorful flower-studded gouache works to convey Bragg's lifelong love of quirky old pickups. "I grew up driving Volkswagens," Mayer says. "But reading this story really made me want to go out and buy a truck."

## "I grew up driving Volkswagens, but this story really made me want to go buy a truck"

—Bill Mayer, who illustrated Rick Bragg's "The Long Haul" (p. 142)



**CJ Lotz**  
SENIOR EDITOR

"In a day, I might interview my gardening role model Monty Don, edit a Bermuda travel feature, and write about shrimp and grits," says CJ Lotz, G&G's senior editor, who edits the Due South travel section and has been on staff at the magazine in Charleston, South Carolina, since 2013. Garden stories are her favorite to cover, and for "Follies of Fancy" (p. 92), she researched whimsical backyard structures. "I wanted to show how Southern gardens wear the influence of history," she says. "I'm drawn to plants, patina, and anything handmade, whether that's a weathered terra-cotta pot, an old brick path, or bird figurines glued to a chicken coop."



**Chia Chong**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

"I loved exploring my own backyard and seeing it in a new way," says Chia Chong, who spent two days traversing her home city of Savannah, camera in hand, for "Savannah's Staying Power" (p. 163). Chong moved from her native Malaysia to study at Savannah College of Art and Design in the nineties and stayed, though photo shoots for *Vogue*, *Town & Country*, and *Condé Nast Traveler* have taken her all over the world. "Savannah is so full of surprises that it sucks you in," she says, and now, thanks to this assignment, she has new spots on her favorites list, including the restaurant Fleeting and the Bradley Lock and Key Shop.



**Kelundra Smith**  
WRITER

"When I was seventeen," the Atlanta writer Kelundra Smith says, "you could not have told me I wasn't going to be Carrie Bradshaw in New York City." But Smith has embraced her hometown, realizing that "culture is being birthed in Atlanta; we're not just reacting to it." She's documented the city's transformations in *Atlanta* magazine and the *New York Times*, as well as in her play scripts—Smith will workshop her next production this summer as part of the Black Women Speak initiative. For "Southern Futures" (p. 123), she profiles the New Orleans author Sarah M. Broom and the Nashville-born director Dee Rees.



**Lee Durkee**  
WRITER

Lee Durkee spent a period bartending and another driving a taxi around Oxford, Mississippi. The latter inspired his latest novel, *The Last Taxi Driver*, and the former influenced his love of local dives, including Ajax Diner, which he writes about in *Our Kind of Place* (p. 172). He's also spent years on a quest to unearth portraits of William Shakespeare. "I'm fascinated with Elizabethan history, and there are so many miniature portraits that have been lost or painted over," he says. "It made me curious about what was going on underneath. Had anything been censored?" *Stalking Shakespeare*, his memoir on the subject, will be out next year.

# DISCOVER

*South Carolina*



## Experience the Gullah Culture of the Lowcountry

From unique culinary flavors that have influenced some of the state's most iconic dishes to the tradition of sweetgrass basket weaving, Gullah culture has helped shape South Carolina's Lowcountry for more than 200 years. Learn more about Gullah heritage and traditions at [DiscoverSouthCarolina.com/gullah](http://DiscoverSouthCarolina.com/gullah)

SC is OPEN

# A Bourbon Brotherhood

**NELSON'S GREEN BRIER DISTILLERY CARRIES ITS NINETEENTH-CENTURY LEGACY FORWARD WITH THE LAUNCH OF AN ALL-NEW BRAND**

**M**ost people drive right past roadside historical markers. But the Nelson brothers aren't most people. When their father, Bill Nelson, took his then college-age sons, Andy and Charlie, on a road trip to Greenbrier, Tennessee, back in 2006, the three spotted an auspicious sign: NELSON'S GREENBRIER DISTILLERY: THE LARGEST PRODUCER IN ROBERTSON COUNTY OF SOUR MASH WHISKEY AND FRUIT BRANDY UNTIL 1909.

Aware that a long-lost relative named Charles Nelson had been involved in some sort of pre-Prohibition-era whiskey making, the Nelson brothers were thrilled

with the serendipitous stop, not only to find proof of their spirited kin, but to see his enterprise deserving of a plaque.

But while others might have driven away that day taking with them nothing more than a fun anecdote, for Andy and Charlie the sign really was, well, a sign. One that told them to revive the family whiskey trade. And with a stubborn commitment to their goal, the brothers dove barrel-first into the task, learning all they could about their high-proof heritage, from making and selling whiskey to how to start a business. The result? In 2014, Nelson's Green Brier Distillery officially unlocked its doors in Nashville.

Today, Nelson's Green Brier Distillery is a well-established, highly acclaimed operation respected for its Belle Meade Bourbon and flagship Nelson's Green Brier Tennessee Whiskey, made using Charles Nelson's original 1860 recipe—a recent gold medal winner at the 2021 SIP Awards. But much as the brothers have endeavored to preserve the family tradition, they've worked hard to leave their own mark on the American whiskey story. That's why they've created a new brand, Nelson Brothers, debuting with two inaugural releases: Nelson Brothers Classic Bourbon and Nelson Brothers Reserve Bourbon, both available nationally.

The two spirits are much like the brothers—Charlie, the marketing whiz, and Andy, the brains behind the distillery operation—very different and yet complementary.

For a great cocktail shared before dinner with friends, Nelson Brothers Classic Bourbon offers notes of bake-shop sweets—think spice cake, vanilla, and baked apple—the perfect addition to a boulevardier, an old-fashioned, or a Manhattan. And for those slow-sipping evenings, there's Nelson Brothers Reserve Bourbon. Crafted to be enjoyed neat or on the rocks, the robust spirit has a complex flavor profile of caramel, allspice, cherry, and hazelnut, and finishes with an earthy cocoa flavor.

Just as the Nelson brothers' partnership led to the resurrection of their 162-year-old family brand, their new bourbons are that passion bottled: two easy-drinking, bold-yet-balanced spirits, just like the brothers themselves. Excellent additions to any thoughtfully curated bar, Nelson Brothers Classic and Reserve Bourbons represent the ongoing story of American craft spirits, a tradition defined by people willing to master an age-old art form in order to make it their own. That's what the Nelson brothers have delivered with their complementary bourbons, and with them, another auspicious sign of more good things to come.

To learn more about these burgeoning Tennessee spirits, visit [GreenbrierDistillery.com/NelsonBros](http://GreenbrierDistillery.com/NelsonBros)



## Maple Old-Fashioned

*Yield: 1 cocktail*

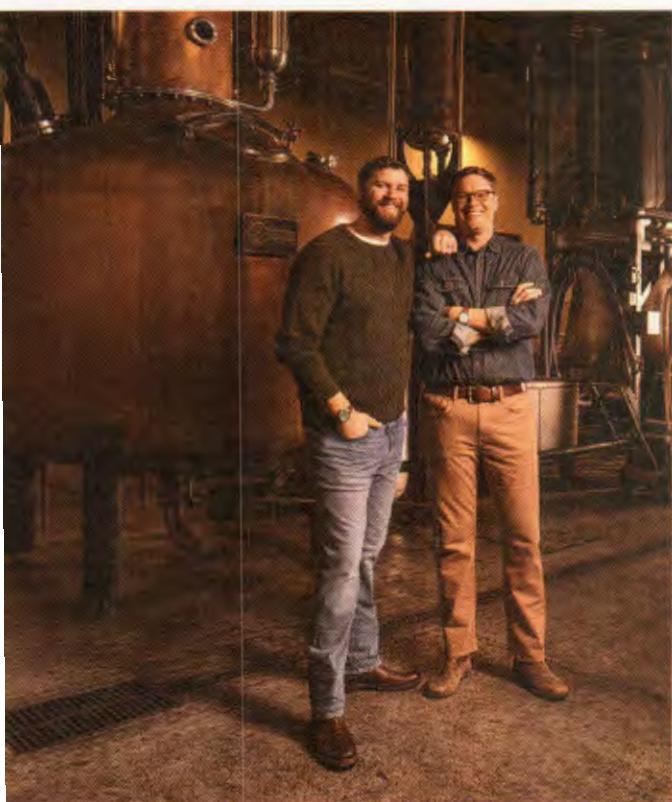
### INGREDIENTS

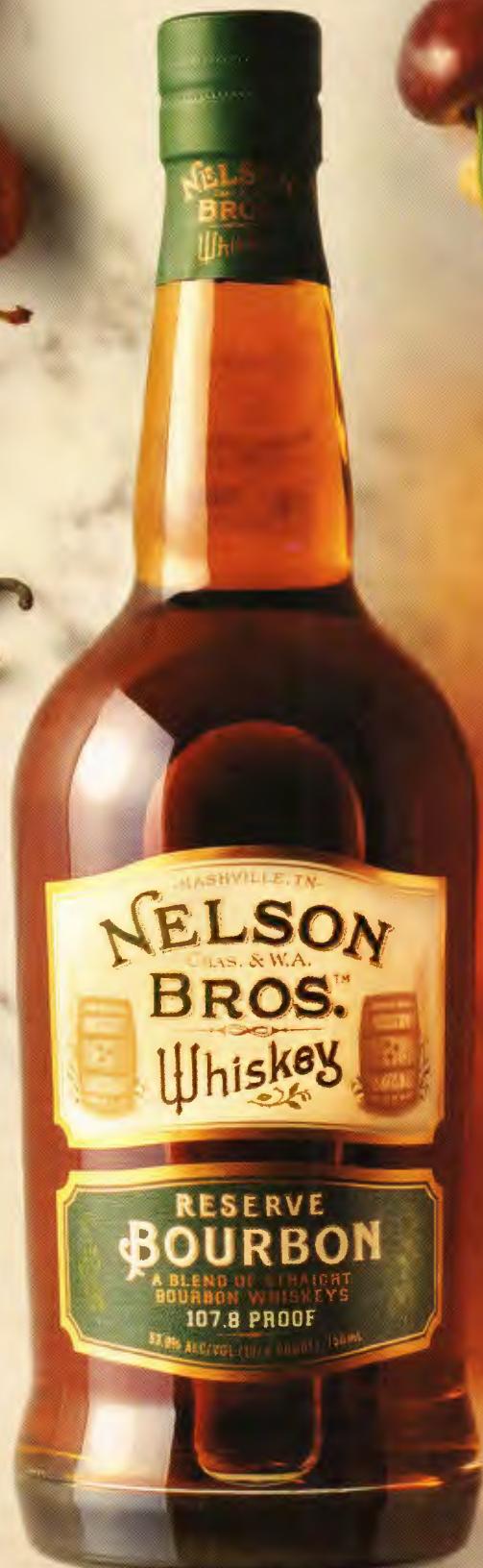
**2 oz.** Nelson Brothers Classic Bourbon  
**1/4 oz.** maple syrup  
**2 dashes** aromatic bitters  
 Orange peel, for garnish

### PREPARATION

Combine all ingredients in a mixing glass. Add ice, stir until chilled, and strain over 1 large ice cube. Express the oils from the orange peel over top and drop the peel into the drink.

*From top: Nelson Brothers Reserve Bourbon is best enjoyed neat or on the rocks; brothers and cofounders Charlie and Andy Nelson at their Nashville distillery.*





INTRODUCING

**NELSON**  
CLAS. & W.A.  
**BROS.**  
**Whiskey**

NOW AVAILABLE

Nelson Brothers Reserve boasts dark cherry, hazelnut, spice, and sweet mint and is certain to startle and delight anyone who comes within sipping distance. Savor a pour neat, on the rocks, or with a drop or two of water to bring the rich flavors to life.

[ngbd.com/NelsonBros](http://ngbd.com/NelsonBros) | @nelsonsgreenbrier

Please enjoy responsibly. Nelson Bros.™ Straight Bourbon Whiskey 53.9% alc/vol ©2022 Nelson's Green Brier Distillery, Nashville, TN

## LETTERS

Find us on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter @gardenandgun

# *“The February/March issue of Garden & Gun feels like it’s peering right into the soul of my household”*

#### DEEP ROOTS

I love all things trees, and Latria Graham's story about some of the South's oldest trees (This Land, February/March 2022) really moved me. We're proud of our Angel Oak in South Carolina, but it's hard to imagine her being a mere babe compared with Lady Liberty in Florida. Trees are the sentinels of nature and deserve to be listened to. I hope Graham's story inspires folks to stop and do just that.

**Karen Bickley**  
Blythewood, South Carolina

As a Southerner by birth now living in the North, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate *Garden & Gun*. When the issue arrives, I set aside uninterrupted time to become totally immersed from cover to cover, and when I'm finished, I situate it on my living room table until the next issue arrives. The quality of the articles, the photography, the recipes, and the design consistently inspire me to think about moving to the South again.

**Meg Freeman**  
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania

#### A WRITER REMEMBERED

I had heard of neither Larry Brown nor Michael Farris Smith until reading "Discovering a Writer's Place" (February/March 2022), but now I want to read everything both have written.

**Jason L. Cheung**  
Seattle, Washington

When my late father was Writer in Residence at Ole Miss in 2004, he introduced me to Larry Brown, who took us to his cabin and signed all his books for me. He was so proud of that shack. He passed away one month later. What a great story by Michael Farris Smith.

**Jason Watson**  
Columbia, South Carolina

Although I was initially saddened that he was not able to write in his cabin as he had planned, I think Larry Brown must have realized great satisfaction in building it. Everyone needs a place of refuge—real or envisioned—in these troubled times.

**Jim Babcock**  
Columbus, Indiana

#### HANG AROUND

As a native of Trigg County, Kentucky, I can say without a doubt that there is no better sausage in the world than the "sack" sausage I grew up eating ("Smoke, Time, and the [Nearly] Lost Art of Sack Sausage," February/March 2022).

**Angie Terrell Gordon**  
Franklin, Tennessee

My mama sewed old pillowcases into sacks about the size of a sock, and my dad would stuff them with his homemade sausage. It doesn't sound quite the same as the kind of sausage John T. Edge writes about, but that sure was some good stuff.

**Chuck Billingsley**  
Gallatin, Tennessee



**BEVOLO**  
—established 1945—  
GAS & ELECTRIC LIGHTS



WE MAKE ELECTRIC  
... TOO.

1945  
BEVOLO  
NEW ORLEANS

# LETTERS

I spent a lot of time in the fifties and sixties on my uncle's farm south of Nashville. Every winter they had a hog killing. My aunt grew the peppers and sage and also sewed the sacks. It was farm to table at its best. John T. Edge brings back vivid memories of their smokehouse with hams covered in salt, sides of bacon, and those beautiful white sacks of sausage hanging from the ceiling.

**John Bills**  
Cashiers, North Carolina

## AW, SHUCKS

It was with great joy that I read "An Oyster Tradition" (Editor's Letter, February/March 2022) while sitting at our family house on Amelia Island. Like David DiBenedetto's family, we have created a haven for our family, complete with cornhole, bourbon, and shrimp (not oyster) roasts.

**R. Edward Howell**  
Fernandina Beach, Florida

We have dined at Seabird in Wilmington, North Carolina, and completely agree with John T. Edge's review of the restaurant (Fork in the Road, February/March 2022). However, we are troubled by his characterization of the city's restaurant scene as "a downtown heavy with blender-drink bars." Within a short walking distance of Seabird are a wide variety of farm-to-table, eclectic, and other fine dining choices such as Caprice Bistro, PinPoint Restaurant, Platypus & Gnome, and Black Sea Grill. On Mr. Edge's next visit to Wilmington, we would be happy to show him around.

**David Burns and Jayce Schmidt**  
Wilmington, North Carolina

## POUR OUT YOUR SOUL

I thought Matt Hendrickson's description of St. Paul & the Broken Bones felt a tad ambitious (Music, February/March 2022). Al Green and Pink Floyd? With a dash of Outkast funk? No way. Setting my judgment aside for a minute, I asked Alexa to play their music. I'm writing to report that Matt was spot-on. There was a nice peppering of nostalgia throughout the sound, which also, at times, felt a little like Hall & Oates. There wasn't a song I heard that I didn't like.

**Tamara Frank**  
Louisville, Kentucky

It was awesome to see the story on Samara B. Davis (Tastemaker, February/March 2022). I'm a proud member of Black Bourbon Society, and Samara is a superstar. I love how she showcases the intricacies of bourbon. She makes it accessible, and in doing so, opens the aperture for a wider audience. That's the mark of a trailblazer.

**Dex McCain**  
Montgomery, Alabama

With Larry Brown's cabin, rum old-fashioned, and a North Carolina bird dog guru, the February/March issue of *Garden & Gun* feels like it's peering right into the soul of my household.

**Kevin Jones**  
Wilmington, North Carolina

## CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

I enjoyed Roy Blount Jr.'s column about worms (End of the Line, December 2021/January 2022). In Wakulla County, we have all kinds of events, but the most peculiar is the Worm Gruntin' Festival in the little village of Sopchoppy. In the days before worm farms, folks would drive stakes into the ground and stroke the top with a piece of metal to produce vibrations that caused the worms to surface. Then they would gather them and sell them for bait. In the early spring, locals now have worm gruntin' contests for the children and demonstrations of this "art."

**A.J. Newman**  
Panacea, Florida

I owned a registered roan Tennessee walking horse in the sixties, like the ones Guy Martin wrote about (Ask G&G, February/March 2022). She was a strawberry roan with a flaxen mane and tail, so beautiful that Colonel Harland Sanders of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame tried to buy her when he came to Rocky Mount for the Centennial Parade in 1967.

**Roslyn Smith Gragg**  
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Courtney Sexton's story (Good Dog, February/March 2022) reinforces what every dog owner experiences: how unconditional love teaches us about ourselves and the world. Through forty years and three unique hounds, I continue to be amazed at the power of their intellect.

**William Jonson**  
Indianapolis, Indiana

## Social Chatter

GARDENANDGUN.COM  
AND BEYOND



WE ASKED...

## What's your handiest kitchen gadget?

In our *Talk of the South* newsletter, readers told us about the utensils and gizmos they can't live without.

My Grand-Mama's twelve-inch Lodge skillet has given me many fried chickens and perfect-crust corn-breads, and once even smacked an intruder on the head. **Henriette H.**

My trusty corkscrew. **Mike M.**

My Braun coffee bean grinder is over thirty-five years old and still going strong. Wish I could say the same for myself. **Bob K.**

My mother's butcher knife she used for cutting, chopping, weeding, and troweling. **Anne P.**

My martini shaker has never let me down. **Rhonda F.**

My crab cracker, which can double as a rolling pin, and my biscuit cutter, which can also make cookies.

**Elizabeth A.**

My husband. **Lisa G.**

Our manual can opener. No muss. No fuss. **Jere B.**

The electric corkscrew. Otherwise, I'd have a repetitive stress injury. **Ginee E.**



# ELIZABETH LOCKE

JEWELS



The Other Elizabeth • 17 East Main Street, Boyce, Va

Elizabeth Locke Jewels • 968 Madison Avenue, New York City • 212-744-7878

Store Locations: 540-837-3088 or [www.elizabethlockejewels.com/where-to-buy](http://www.elizabethlockejewels.com/where-to-buy)

Chef, storyteller, and entrepreneur **Eduardo Garcia** fishes on the North Platte River in Saratoga, Wyoming.

**TESTED** **PERFECTED**  
*out here* *for everywhere*

MEN'S OPEN AIR CASTER

**Lighter, Softer & Now with Stretch**

**MARINOWUL+™** is an eco-friendly fiber made from recycled plastic bottles and reclaimed oyster shells



**LOW-PROFILE VENTILATION** lets cool air circulate during more rigorous activity



**UPF 40+** blocks 98% of the sun's harmful rays



**STRETCH** fabric for enhanced mobility



**ORVIS®**

Orvis commits 5% of pre-tax profits to protecting nature [orvis.com](http://orvis.com)



# TALK OF THE SOUTH

YOUR GUIDE TO SOUTHERN CULTURE



INTERVIEW

## Kicking Back with Norman Reedus

THE ACTOR REFLECTS ON HIS  
STARRING ROLE IN ONE OF THE PAST  
DECADE'S MOST ICONIC TV SERIES

By Justin Heckert

here are memorable protagonists in postapocalyptic fiction, but few have the legacy or longevity of Daryl Dixon. After eleven seasons of AMC's *The Walking Dead*, the character, with his crossbow and eagle eye, has become a hero in one of the most popular TV shows in history, brought to life with Norman Reedus's effective glower and soft-spoken care. The Florida-born actor, fifty-three, now splits his time between New York City and Palmetto, Georgia, near where the series was filmed. Also a photographer and a motorcycle enthusiast, Reedus has his own AMC series about bikes, *Ride with Norman Reedus*, on which he takes celebrity friends like Robert Rodriguez and Josh Brolin on two-wheeled excursions all over the world. And while *The Walking Dead* just wrapped filming the last season of its epic run, Reedus is still revving up—his first novel, *The Ravaged*, comes out in April, followed later this spring by his new whiskey, Big Bald Head. Daryl Dixon is also getting a spin-off show. And Daryl's iconic vest, soiled by the woods and years of zombie blood, complete with crossbow, is in the Smithsonian.

#### *What's life in Palmetto like?*

I have a house that's in the country, down a long dirt road. Everyone waves to me. I wave to them. If my package ends up at a house down the street, it's not an inconvenience to go say hello and get it. I have an old Camaro that I drive around here. Or I get on a bike and head in a direction I've never been before. Everyone's like, "Are you going to sell your house once the show's over?" I don't think I'm going anywhere. My backyard has a little creek going through it. Right before my dad passed away, he went back to his house in Raleigh. He loved magnolia trees, so I got one and planted it right outside his bedroom window so he could smell the flowers. Right next to my daughter's little castle in the yard here, I planted a magnolia tree. It's just now starting to get tall. Every time I look at that, it reminds me of my pop.

#### *The Walking Dead has been part of your life for twelve years. How do you feel about it ending?*

I'm a nervous wreck. Most television shows never go this long. And very few have as big an impact as this show has had, in pop culture, society. Part of me is just going to be sitting on the bathroom floor, with a drink, in tears. It's bittersweet. And it's a great accomplishment.

#### *What has it been like playing a now-iconic TV character?*

It was around maybe season two or three, when I was like, holy shit, this is *big*. I went to the CMA Awards in Nashville. They had me on a flight to go there. But I'm looking over at my motorcycle, and I'm like, *f\*\*\* it*. And I took a backpack and shoved a suit in it and started driving to Nashville. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't have a GPS. I wrote the directions on my arm in marker. I hit a crazy rainstorm and they washed totally off my arm. I'd stop for gas and directions, and one person would ask for a selfie...then I'd stop at another place, there'd be five people...then, at the next, ten. I guess people knew which road I was on. I finally went by a McDonald's, and I looked up at the marquee, and it said, WE LOVE YOU NORMAN REEDUS. I felt like Forrest Gump running across the country. The character has spawned a dozen TV commercials, a dozen video games. I have not really wrapped my head around it, to be honest.

#### *Your new novel, *The Ravaged*, is somewhat of a road adventure. What inspired you to write it?*

It's three different story lines of people who were thrown out, or are searching for something. And they sort of find people along the road who change them—maybe indirectly because of *The Walking Dead*, and playing this character who finds that sense of home out on the road with strangers, and a sense of family. I've met so many

people, and I'm a good listener. Sometimes, I'll take someone's story and think about it going in this direction, instead of that direction.

#### *How did your new whiskey come about?*

You play a country boy on a hugely successful television show and you ride motorcycles, you get a lot of the same endorsements: *You want to make a motorcycle boot? You want to make a motorcycle vest?* They're all too obvious. I know a lot of motorcyclists in a lot of motorcycle clubs. And whiskey is the drink. I've had thousands of nights with my friends over the last couple decades where we've had a whiskey and really got into a heart-to-heart. And that's where it all started. This whiskey is very smooth—the kind you drink and you want to be in your socks in front of a fire.

#### *In an episode of *Ride with Norman Reedus*, you went to Asheville and rode the Blue Ridge Parkway. It seemed like a life-changing experience.*

That road is so winding, and the first time I did it, it was in the back of a van. I thought I was going to throw up. But on a motorcycle, it's like you're the Silver Surfer. When you get up in those views, it's a different feeling than riding in the city. I've done episodes in Tokyo, I've done episodes in Manhattan, and you know they're fun, and it's cool to see, and it's all lights and *beep beep beep*, but the country rides are my favorite. And doing a ride like that, you really bond with that rider, and the conversation opens up.

#### *What is it about being out on the open road that calls to you?*

I don't get free time. I'm always on a schedule. When I get a chance to be by myself and put the helmet on, there's no phone, no pressure—that's why I like to take rides without knowing where I'm going. To get on and just head toward the sun, until it goes down. Then stop somewhere, I don't know where, and then come back and turn around when the sun comes up. ☀

*Opposite: Norman Reedus, photographed at Cherry Hollow Farm in Chattahoochee Hills, Georgia. Previous page: Reedus relaxes after filming eleven seasons of *The Walking Dead*. Twill shirt by Billy Reid.*



SPORTING SCENE

## Lasting Impression

A SOUTH CAROLINA CARVER IS  
BRINGING NEW LIFE TO TURKEY DECOYS

By T. Edward Nickens

**T**he hunt starts long before turkey season on a private tract of deep forest near the headwaters of the Congaree River. South Carolina decoy maker Tom Boozer is in search of the largest Atlantic white cedars he can find. "I'm real selective," he says, in his distinctive slow-and-low drawl. "I've been cutting these trees for forty-five years, so I know what to look for. And I look for a tree at least twenty-two inches wide. It takes a big piece of wood to make a wild turkey decoy."

That's right: a wild turkey decoy. Boozer, known for his exquisite hollow body decoys and museum dioramas, is one of the few working artisans who carve life-size wooden wild turkey decoys designed for both display and hard work in the field. Detailed and meticulously painted, his decoys are in the collection of the South Carolina State Museum and in a growing number of hunters' gear bags. To date, he's carved sixty-four wild turkey decoys. "I've got orders from as far away as Sonoma, California," he says. "I just about can't keep up."

The relative rarity of carved wooden turkey decoys may be rooted in a twist of natural history. The steep decline of turkey populations in the South and elsewhere in the early twentieth century coincided with the golden age of decoy carving for ducks and geese. It wasn't until the 1970s and 1980s that turkey populations rebounded to the point of being commonly hunted. And by then, plastic and other synthetic decoys made it much easier to lug around a couple of large fake birds. "Given the rich history of waterfowl decoys, it just seemed that turkey decoys should have a similar history," says Colin S. McNair, decoy specialist for Copley Fine Art Auctions, the well-known Boston-area sporting-art auction house. "But they don't." McNair is the son of the well-known carver Mark S. McNair, of Virginia's Eastern Shore, and he also figures that hunting turkeys with calls worked so well that no one needed decoys, further hampering their development.

While wooden turkey decoys don't have the cachet of, say, a seven-figure Elmer Crowell pintail, Boozer's approach to carving is decidedly old-school. Many of his woodworking tools are more than a century old. He rough chops the body with a hatchet and uses a drawknife to shape the decoy and a wood rasp to give it the texture of feathers. He hollows out each half with a chisel and a mallet, and connects the two pieces with a hinge so they open like a book. Stored inside is a cus-



A pair of wooden turkey decoys carved by Tom Boozer for use in the field—or display.

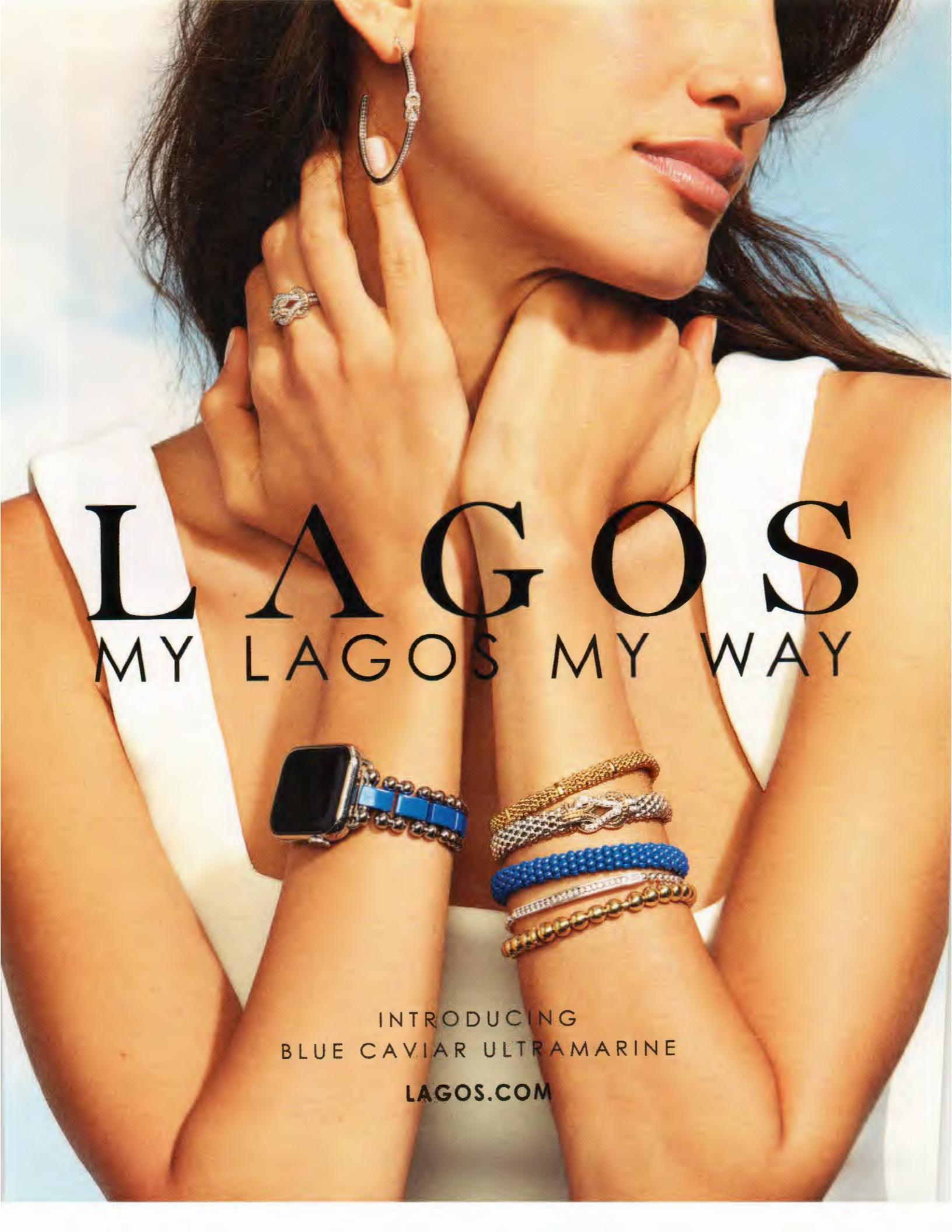
tomized rebar-and-heart-pine stake used to anchor the bird in place and a carrying strap to ease the burden of toting the decoy to the turkey woods.

Carving such an intricate decoy is neither easy nor quick. Boozer says he can carve and finish ten duck decoys in the time it takes to whittle one Eastern wild turkey. He makes them in four patterns—an erect-head jake, a "stalker" bird that looks like a gobbler on the move, a feeding hen, and a turned-head hen.

Boozer's decoys worked their magic for Susan Ford. A South Carolina native and friend of Boozer's, Ford had received a carved Boozer jake decoy from her husband, the builder Hank Hofford, as a birthday present in 2017. The couple was hunting the morning of opening day when, after the first few hours, Hofford left the woods to go check on their new puppy. Not long afterward, a pair of large gobblers came to the field and paraded in front of Ford long enough to give her an open shot. "That was two presents in one day," she says. "Hunting over a wooden decoy was such a special experience. It is simply gorgeous, and while it tricked those gobblers, it's also so lifelike that I had to look twice a couple of times that morning to convince myself that it wasn't real." The Boozer decoy dressed up her table over the Thanksgiving holiday and has a solid fan base in Ford's young grandchildren. "They love to pet that bird," she says with a chuckle.

McNair admits he's gotten caught up in the turkey decoy drama. In 2020, he carved a two-piece hollow body turkey hen, with a head that connects to the body via a mortise and tenon joint, and shot a gobbler that came to his creation in Massachusetts. A resurgent interest in hunting over wooden duck decoys, he says, "is happening naturally, without a big push other than hunters being attracted to the heritage. I've got to believe that wooden turkey decoys could be the next thing." ■

Boozer says he can carve and finish ten duck decoys in the time it takes to whittle one Eastern wild turkey



# LAGOS

MY LAGOS MY WAY

INTRODUCING  
BLUE CAVIAR ULTRAMARINE  
[LAGOS.COM](http://LAGOS.COM)

MUSIC

## Take a Ride with Big Velvet

TEXAN PAUL CAUTHEN  
LETS IT ALL FLY ON COUNTRY  
COMING DOWN

By Matt Hendrickson

**P**aul Cauthen is speeding down I-20 toward his home in Tyler, Texas, after a recent recording session in Dallas. A self-confessed car guy, he and his father have been buying and selling cars (and motorcycles and boats and pretty much anything else with an engine) since he was a kid. His ride today is a Mercedes-Benz C 300 4MATIC turbo coupe that he bought used for a steal. "It's a machine, dude," he says, cackling. Back in Tyler, he keeps a storage building filled with vehicles ranging from a Range Rover to a Dodge Ramcharger—and he's on the hunt for a growling Chevelle SS.

Cauthen is one of modern country music's most charismatic figures, a mix of Memphis-era Elvis, James Brown, and Bruce Springsteen—that is, if the Boss were six foot four and grew up in East Texas. He—or his alter ego, dubbed Big Velvet after his baritone ("It's got swagger," he says)—plays legendary beer-soaked live shows, backed by a smoking band. "I want people at my shows to be like, *God dang! That was a grease fire, man!*" he says. "I want people to be blown away. When you connect like that, you know that you have done your job as an artist—to feel like what you did kind of readjusted somebody's mind or soul or spirit." His new album, *Country Coming Down*, is a bombastic ode to excess. In the greasy country rap-rock of the infectious first single, "Country as F\*\*\*," Cauthen has plenty of fun with lyrics that shout out Lil Nas X and Tim McGraw and everything from CB radios to Piggly Wiggly.

With a wink and a hefty dose of satire, the album's raucousness hits full stride with stompers like "Country Clubbin'" and in the exquisite psychedelic desert pop of "Champagne & a Limo." But for a time, the hedonism in Cauthen's life was no joke. He spent two years living hard in Dallas's Belmont Hotel, bruised from a broken relationship, medicating himself with alcohol and cocaine ("boogie sugar," he calls it). He chronicled the stint in his 2019 album, *Room 41*, a bleak, harrowing collection of songs that made you wonder if Cauthen would make it out alive.



On *Country Coming Down*, his third full-length release, it's clear that Cauthen still loves the party—but this time, he also knows when to leave. The album's achingly beautiful last three songs—"Till the Day I Die," "Roll On Over," and the title track—are Cauthen at his most reflective and vulnerable. If he's no longer burdened with the wreckage that *Room 41* recounted, he also hasn't forgotten its lessons.

It seems safe to say that Cauthen's sturdier foundation has something to do with his now wife, Elizabeth NeSmith, a fashion designer he met at a Brooklyn dive in 2018. In short order, he persuaded her to move to East Texas with him, and they now live in the house that Cauthen grew up in. "Elizabeth was like, 'This is just where we need to grow our family—to keep it humble and stay small as long as we can.' So we promised each other that."

And he's carrying on some old family traditions in more ways than one. Cauthen comes from a religious upbringing and first started singing in church, but his musical lineage extends even further back. His maternal grandfather hung out with Sonny Curtis, guitarist for Buddy Holly & the Crickets, and gave Cauthen his first guitar. "Everything I do is like my granddad," he says. "He built churches for a living, and he was a song leader in the church. And every morning he'd get out a legal pad and write down one or twenty or fifty things he had to do, then cross them off. I've never owned a computer in my life. I just said, You know what? Not gonna do it. I'll be one of the old ones. That's how I roll." **G**

Cauthen in his hometown of Tyler, Texas. His new album is out in April.



*"I want people at my shows to be blown away. When you connect like that, you know that you have done your job—to feel like what you did kind of readjusted somebody's mind or soul or spirit"*



GARDEN & GUN

In Partnership with Explore Asheville

PRESENTS

# 13TH ANNUAL *Made in the South* AWARDS

ENTRIES DUE JUNE 15

GRAND PRIZE  
**\$10,000\***

CATEGORIES

Food  
Style

Drink  
Home

Outdoors  
Crafts

PLUS, INTRODUCING: A Special Sustainability Award



TO ENTER, GO TO:

[MADEINTHESOUTHAWARDS.COM](http://MADEINTHESOUTHAWARDS.COM)

2021 OVERALL WINNER  
Wonderbird Spirits



WONDERBIRD  
SPIRITS

FIELD TO BOTTLE  
**GIN**  
No. 97

MAGNOLIA  
EXPERIMENTAL  
HAND DISTILLED  
IN MISSISSIPPI

48% ALC/VOL  
750 ML

\*FOR THE OVERALL WINNER



Whimbrels gather on the sands of South Carolina's Deveaux Bank.

CONSERVATION

## Where the Whimbrels Go

*SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF A RARE SHOREBIRD'S MIGRATION*

By Lindsey Liles

**A**s we boat up to Deveaux Bank, a horseshoe of sand off South Carolina's Seabrook Island, thousands of feathered bodies drift in the sky, skim the water, and mill on the dunes. A cacophony of trills, chuckles, and screeches fills the air, as does the salt-tinged pungency of seabirds conducting their daily business.

It's late May, and we're here to see the site of a groundbreaking discovery: This mile-long shifting sandbar just southwest of Charleston is key to the

survival of the Hudsonian whimbrel, North America's only such species, providing the rare shorebird with food and refuge on its globe-spanning migration. "Deveaux isn't a place they stop—it's *the* place they stop," explains Felicia Sanders, the shorebird biologist for the South Carolina Department of Natural Resources (SCDNR), and the one who solved what until her discovery had remained a mystery.

Whimbrels, midsize curlews with a stocky golden-brown body, spindly wading legs, and an impossibly long, curving bill, live in transit; they winter mostly in

# Deliver The Taste of Tradition



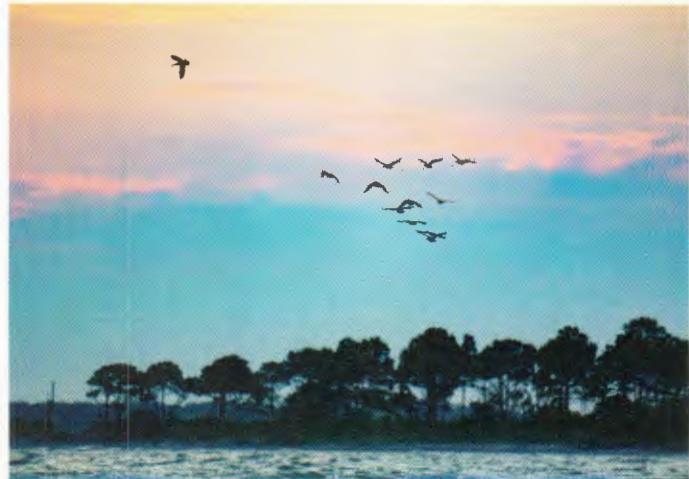
Pictured: 7-Layer Caramel Cake



No matter the season or occasion, Caroline's Cakes knows that the food on the table is just as important as the people around it. With a selection of more than 30 flavors of made-from-scratch layer cakes ranging from our best selling 7-Layer Caramel to our seasonal Strawberry Cake, we're honored to be invited back to your table time and time again.

*Eat Cake. Be Happy.*

**NATIONWIDE SHIPPING**  
**CAROLINESCAKES.COM**



South America, and summer and nest in the Arctic. Scientists knew that on their journey of more than three thousand miles, the whimbrels shuttling along the Atlantic Flyway take one notable break—they just didn't know where.

"I met Andy Johnson [an ornithologist and video producer at the Cornell Lab of Ornithology] in 2013, in the Arctic," Sanders says. "His tracking data showed birds stopping over somewhere in South Carolina or Georgia." Sanders never suspected that pit stop might be in her own backyard until she took a videographer to Deveaux to film pelicans nesting at dawn a year later and noticed whimbrels leaving in suspiciously large numbers.

Sanders immediately set up camp on the sandbar. Birds usually swarm Deveaux, but the whimbrels she spotted her first night there spurred her to spend several years estimating exactly how many roosted there and then slipped out near dawn to forage for fiddler crabs in the marsh and the resource-rich ACE Basin nearby. "Felicia almost whispered what she'd seen, because it was the kind of spectacle that you just needed proof for," Johnson recalls. When Sanders became certain—and had arrived at a nearly unbelievable number—she told him: "I've found our stopover."

Whimbrels have steeply declined in North America, partly because of the loss of habitat like Deveaux. Their numbers plunged two-thirds in the last quarter century; just forty thousand of the eastern population remain. Sanders estimates that twenty thousand birds pause at Deveaux for a monthlong fat-storing intermission. "This discovery reveals fully half of the population huddling together in one place, on these tiny margins between the tides, on this little sandy pinprick on the map," Johnson says. "It's mind-boggling."

Whimbrels aren't the only species that depend on Deveaux—red knots, brown pelicans, glossy ibis, egrets, and herons also roost or nest there by the thou-

sands. To shorebirds, it offers a rare coastal haven: surrounded by water, free of predatory mammals, and undeveloped by humans. Erin Weeks, another SCDNR biologist, explains it simply: "Whimbrels are here for the same reason all the birds are here: It's safe."

As dusk nears, we step onto the only area of the island the public can access under Deveaux's status as one of South Carolina's seven seabird sanctuaries. We crouch in the dunes, watching as waves of whimbrels arrive in groups of ten, twenty, or more. "You learn to recognize their shape and the way they move," Sanders tells me, binoculars fixed to her eyes. The birds trill, dipping and rising in tandem before lighting on the shoreline twenty yards away. Behind us, the moon rises, and the whimbrels, still appearing in droves, darken to silhouettes.

The SCDNR owns and protects Deveaux, and since her discovery, Sanders and University of South Carolina graduate student Maina Handmaker have painstakingly trapped and tagged eleven birds (whimbrels are wary, clever, and not easily caught). When the tagged individuals return to Deveaux this spring, a tower will download a wealth of tracking data, informing conservation strategies. Migratory shorebirds like whimbrels represent a delicate thread connecting ecosystems—from the mangroves of Brazil to coastal South Carolina and Georgia to the Arctic tundra. "They weave together the Western Hemisphere—a miraculous, cosmic feat," Johnson says.

With the gift of their presence comes responsibility. "This is life and death for them," Weeks says. "They depend on Deveaux in a way we can't fathom." Or, as Johnson puts it, "this spectacle represents not only centuries of loss, but a resounding sense of hope and resilience. We have a chance through Deveaux Bank, and the very few places like it that remain, to give these whimbrels the chance to continue the spectacular journeys they've made for tens of thousands of years." ☐

*Migratory birds like whimbrels represent a delicate thread connecting ecosystems—from the mangroves of Brazil to the Arctic tundra*



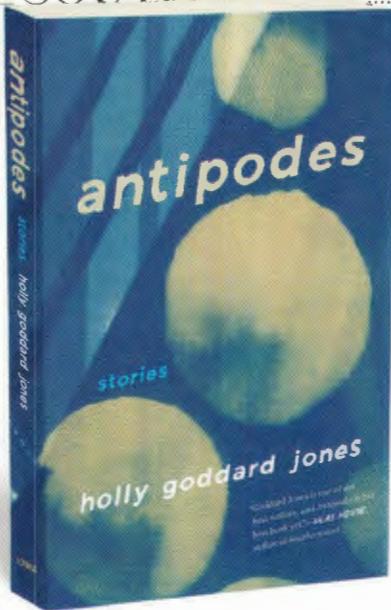
*From left: Shorebird biologist Felicia Sanders discovered the whimbrels' stopover point; whimbrels fly in to roost at sunset.*



# BRUMBAUGH'S

FINE HOME FURNISHINGS

[brumbaughhs.com](http://brumbaughhs.com) | 11651 Camp Bowie West | Fort Worth, Texas | 817.244.9377



BOOKS

## Practical Magic

A NEW STORY COLLECTION REVELS IN THE MESSINESS OF LIFE

By Jonathan Miles

Readers of contemporary fiction may recognize an increasingly familiar protagonist type: the blank (or at least semi-blank) slate. They're lead characters about whom their authors reveal very little, as though meting out their personas with tweezers. Think of the narrator of Jhumpa Lahiri's *Whereabouts*: an unnamed woman in an unnamed city with an unspecified career and little in the way of human attachments. Or the dislocated and unnamed narrator of Katie Kitamura's *Intimacies*; the effaced narrator of Rachel Cusk's *Outline* trilogy; or even, at the far end of the spectrum, the narrator of Mississippi-born Catherine Lacey's *Pew*, shorn of gender, race, age, voice, and personal history. They're the character equivalents of certain E.E. Cummings poems, where the white space surrounding the text is as much a part of the poem as the text itself.

The prevalence of these lacunar, sometimes chilly protagonists may be one reason Holly Goddard Jones's stories, collected in *Antipodes*, felt, for this reader, so blazingly *alive*. Jones's characters are their opposites. They have moms and kids and Pinterest accounts and antidepressant prescriptions and husbands who can be sweetly earnest but miss the point all the same. Jones adheres to no privacy policy with her characters, rooting through their psyches, scooping out their secrets, spilling every bean. As a result, her eleven stories crackle with the messy, bristly particulars of modern life, and record, with the fidelity of an ASMR track,

what the poet Kay Ryan called "the small plop ordinary lives make."

Jones is from a small town in southwestern Kentucky, and her writing bears the faint imprint—it's probably unavoidable—of Bobbie Ann Mason. You'll find eighties ranch houses here, with off-brand Coke going flat on the kitchen counter and working-class folks perched between hope and disappointment. But what you'll also find is a fresh and invigorating *weirdness*. Aside from a previous story collection, Jones has published a literary thriller and a dystopian sci-fi novel (where the villains, naturally, are ticks). She dashes her realism with fabulism, horror, suspense, satire, even an eighth teaspoon of paperback romance. She doesn't limit herself. Jones grabs whatever elements she wants from literature's periodic table to convey—sometimes mournfully, always vibrantly—what it feels like to be alive at this strange and unsteady moment.

In the title story, a Bowling Green mother—suffering from depression, or what her husband blithely deems "a rough patch"—joins a project to commemorate the site of a giant sinkhole; as it happens, she also has an eraser-sized hole in her head visible only to her and her son. In the Stephen King-inflected "Exhaust," a young couple driving through West Virginia are repeatedly menaced by a Chevy Impala, stalking them at high speed, cutting them off, its taillights like "cigarette burns," until an even greater menace surfaces. "Visitation" sees a middle-aged slacker, furloughed by the pandemic from a video game store, move back home with his parents, where he's dumbstruck to discover his imaginary childhood friend still lives. The narrator of "Ark" is invited, with several of her fellow churchwomen, to the home of a wealthy acquaintance for what she suspects will be an Amway-style sales pitch; she's right, but the pitch isn't for essential oils or vitamins but for "Apocalypse Readiness" kits being marketed for an imminent red-blue civil war. Jones's stories bend in strange and sometimes confounding ways—usually toward darkness, which means usually toward truth.

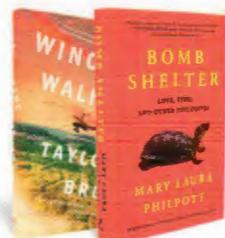
Though not always toward darkness. "Swallows," the collection's final story, takes its title and inspiration from a poem by fellow Kentuckian Wendell Berry, and here Jones sneaks in her pinch of romance. Robin, a jaded art teacher in rural North Carolina, finds herself drawn to a cashier at her local Harris Teeter whose buoyant disposition she initially mistakes for dull-wittedness. On one level, it's a simple if slightly twisty girl-meets-boy story, that most basic equation. But beneath that surface roils a furious exploration of our assumptions about intelligence and, deeper still, a rightful rebuke of smart-assedness, doom-mongering, cynicism, of the shells we hide inside. "What good," Robin thinks, working with a disadvantaged child whose fate she fears is preordained, "was living, or loving, in the face of that?" In these extraordinary and life-crammed stories, Holly Goddard Jones points us toward some kind of answer. ☐

■ *Antipodes*, University of Iowa Press, \$16

## Fact and Fiction

Worthy reads from G&G contributors

"I hope I will be proud that even though I could never find the answer to 'How will everything turn out?' I still went to bed at night and woke up the next morning and filled a dish with fresh water for a turtle," writes Mary Laura Philpott in *Bomb Shelter* (Atria Books), her hilarious new memoir. Frank, the eastern box turtle that wanders her Nashville yard, offers stability while Philpott's family navigates both the small catastrophes and the big stuff of life. On the fiction side, Taylor Brown took a true tidbit about William Faulkner—his 1934 Mardi Gras with two daredevils—and threaded it into a captivating novel, *Wingwalkers* (St. Martin's Press), about a couple who performs aerial stunts across Depression-era rural America. Brown's observations of Southern landscapes, history, and characters encourage a new way of thinking about Faulkner and fears faced.—CJ Lotz



# SMJ

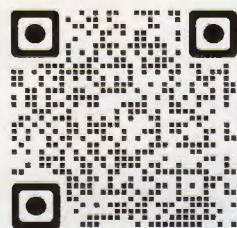
Welcome to the world of  
fine silver, cloisonné, & vitreous enamel.



## WEARABLE ART

Shirley  
Matteson

[shirleymatteson.com](http://shirleymatteson.com)  
214.606.2562



■ Have a burning question? Email [editorial@gardenandgun.com](mailto:editorial@gardenandgun.com)



ASK G&G

## Deutsch Treat

GERMAN TEXANS, DERBY PREP, AND DIRTY POLITICIANS

By Guy Martin

Q  
A

*If beef is king of the grill in Texas, what's with all the bratwurst at their barbecue joints?*

Willkommen nach Deutschland, baby! Those baffling brats have serious Central European roots in the Lone Star State. The early British, French, and Spanish colonizers of the South's Atlantic and Gulf regions get more love in song and story than do the later, nineteenth-century waves of *Texasdeutschen* to Texas. But in the state's south-central region lies the German belt, including Austin, Fredericksburg, and Weimar, extending down to Galveston. In 1990, some 17 percent of Texans claimed German descent; today they remain the state's largest ethnic group with direct European ancestry. By the 1840s, the *Texasdeutschen* were bankers, cattlemen, lawyers, industrialists, and not least, brewers of that celebrated German beverage, beer. They brought their pastimes, which is why the accordion so brightly graces norteño, or Tex-Mex music. Flaco Jiménez and the Texas Tornados rule, but without the Germans, they wouldn't be playing how they play. America owes its greatest debt to two German American Texans in World War II, Admiral Chester Nimitz, whose tactical genius brought the

Japanese navy to its knees, and General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who smashed Hitler's Western Front. So the next time you see a pile of bratwurst smoking up a grill in Austin, try one with sauerkraut—they're delicious. While you're at it, hoist a cold one to those super-gritty *Texasdeutschen* Ike and Chester.

### *How hard is it to get a horse ready for the Derby?*

Horse races don't begin at post time—racehorses and their trainers go about prepping for a contest months in advance. Let's ask your question another way: In March 2021, did it matter to the Lakers that LeBron James had a monthslong ankle issue? You bet it did. With equine athletes, the risks are heightened because horses can't chat about themselves. Their bodies *do* talk, though, and are intensely monitored. Add this: The Kentucky Derby's fields are huge, up to twenty runners. All have raced, but Churchill Downs' daunting mile and a quarter forms the first truly mad, long battle the three-year-olds have ever fought. Currently the hottest Thoroughbred in America is four-year-old Flightline, who missed his shot at last year's Derby, having cut his right hindquarter while friskily rearing up in a barn. The injury took the entire 2021 season to heal. Now Flightline is posting dominant wins by Secretariat-esque margins of a dozen lengths. One Kentucky horseman puts it this way: "Had he been on the Derby trail or at Belmont, he would have brought home money. But stuff happens, right? To get a horse to the Derby, the timing has to be perfect."

*In Louisiana, when our top politicians get sent to prison, we say, "Thank God for Alabama." So, do Alabamians thank God for Louisiana?*

Manners are important in the South, and no etiquette question confounds like that of whom to thank on a race to the bottom. Our sainted region doesn't have a lock on felonious officeholders, but much as Southern music infuses the nation's songbook with funk, our politicians bring vigor to its roster of elected ne'er-do-wells. Alabama and Louisiana have forever run neck and neck in that dubious contest. The Long brothers, Huey and Earl, avoided the slammer but blazed an epic trail of back-scratching corruption as Louisiana governors. Alabama answered by electing hard-line segregationist George Wallace for four gubernatorial terms. By 2011, four-term Louisiana governor Edwin Edwards, who served eight years in prison for kickback schemes, had put his state well ahead. On release, Edwards remained so beloved that he ran for Congress, which revived the excellent slogan, VOTE FOR THE CROOK. Alabama battled back with former governor Don Siegelman, who was convicted on federal bribery charges and who, after doing time, was unanimously readmitted to the Alabama State Bar. So, yes, whenever the next Alabama politician relocates to a cell, the people will thank God for Louisiana. It's just a way of acknowledging fellow travelers. **G**



*Casa del Rio*<sup>®</sup>  
relentlessly american

[www.casadelriocollection.com](http://www.casadelriocollection.com)

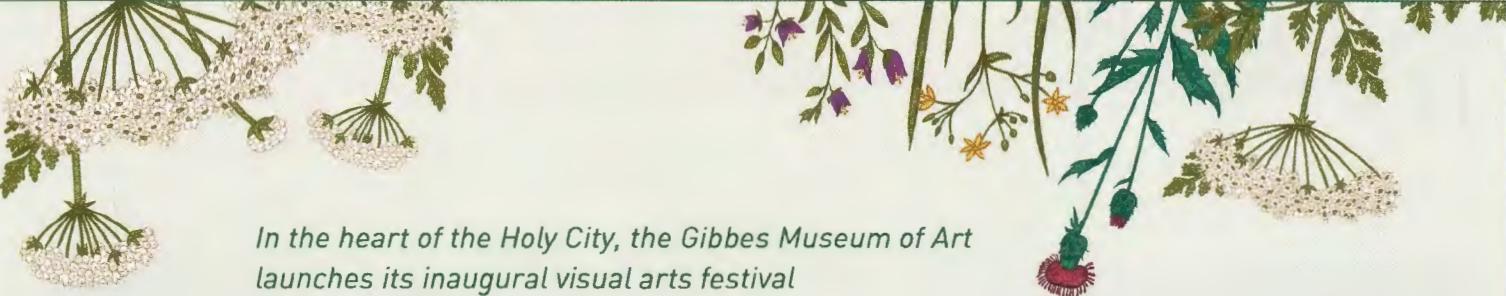
# SOUTHERN FOCUS



## Bolivar County, Mississippi

Photograph by **Rory Doyle**  
From the *Delta Hill Riders* series, 2017

When the Cleveland, Mississippi, photographer Rory Doyle noticed that local parades often concluded with a group of Black cowboys, he approached the riders and asked to document them. They accepted, and he spent three years joining in on trail rides and attending rodeos, horse shows, and gatherings, all the while capturing an often-overlooked legacy in action: After the Civil War, one in four American cowboys was Black. "This is an alternative story about Mississippi," Doyle says. "These communities have been around for so long, getting together to share their love of horses and riding." In this shot, the younger generation of the Delta Hill Riders—a riding group founded by the Smith family, which has owned and worked a farm with horses for decades—take their mounts for a short outing along a soybean field on the outskirts of Cleveland. "I was quite a distance ahead of them, and I loved the symmetry of Gee McGee standing up tall, framed by the riders around him," Doyle recalls. "You can feel the camaraderie."—**Lindsey Liles**



*In the heart of the Holy City, the Gibbes Museum of Art launches its inaugural visual arts festival*

# ART CHARLESTON

G I B B E S   M U S E U M   O F   A R T

A WEEK-LONG CELEBRATION OF THE VISUAL ARTS | MAY 9-13, 2022

ARTIST CONVERSATION

**AMY P. COY  
FORUM**

MONDAY  
May 9, 2022

*An introduction to avant-garde contemporary Southern art and a celebratory toast to kick off Society 1858's annual Art Auction*

Presented by Society 1858  
of the Gibbes Museum of Art

LUNCHEON & LECTURE

**ART OF  
DESIGN**

TUESDAY  
May 10, 2022

*An elegant lunch and lecture featuring nationally acclaimed, floral designer, Lewis Miller*

Presented by the  
Women's Council of the  
Gibbes Museum of Art

DINING & DANCING

**SOIRÉE**

WEDNESDAY  
May 11, 2022

*A formal dining and dancing experience with award-winning chefs*

STREET PARTY

**GIBBES ON  
THE STREET**

THURSDAY  
May 12, 2022

*A lively culinary street fair experience featuring a host of Charleston's celebrated restaurants*

THANK YOU TO OUR MEDIA SPONSOR

**GARDEN&GUN**



**GIBBESMUSEUM.ORG/ART-CHARLESTON**

#artchs

# SOUTHERN FOCUS



## Charleston, Mississippi

Photograph by **Rory Doyle**

From the *Delta Hill Riders* series, 2018

“It’s strange to see such an old-fashioned manner of transportation alongside this loud, modern, mechanical way,” says Doyle, who captured this tandem portrait during a weekend trail ride on the Smith farm in Charleston, where the Delta meets the hills. Four-wheelers are commonplace at trail rides, and the older generation, some of whose relatives sharecropped on this land, hope the younger folks continue to embrace horses. Nowadays, not all the riders have ties to farming, and few keep livestock. “They are not any one thing, except when they get together,” Doyle says of the eclectic community. “Then, they’re all cowboys and cowgirls.” After the ride—during which the more daring will pull stunts like standing in the saddle or, at the rare moment, doing a flip as they dismount—the group gathers for music, barbecue, and dancing, some in traditional Western wear, some sporting Jordans. “It’s all about the joy of doing these things together,” Doyle says. “I feel grateful that this community opened up to me. They feel like an extension of family.”—LL



## South Walton's World of Wonders

*ENCOMPASSING SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL BEACH NEIGHBORHOODS,  
THIS PANHANDLE ENCLAVE HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE*

Throughout the Sunshine State, everyone has a beach of choice. There are east coast devotees, west coast lovers, and those who swear by the Gulf of Mexico. In the Florida Panhandle, one unique region includes more than a dozen dreamy destinations, each distinct in character and feel. That's what makes South Walton so special: its vast collection of waterfront offerings, catering to every traveler while sharing an ethos of unbridled delight.

From most of the South, getting to South Walton is a breeze. The region's sixteen beach neighborhoods sit directly along the famous Scenic Highway 30A, less than a day's driving distance from major cities such as Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, and New Orleans. Serviced by two airports—Northwest Florida Beaches International Airport (ECP) and Destin—Fort Walton Beach Airport (VPS)—the area is also easily accessible via flight. Once you arrive in South Walton, the fun really begins with your choice of neighborhood, the sunny oasis you'll call home throughout your stay.

From the nature lover's paradise of Dune Allen

to the pastel-painted streets of Seaside, each of South Walton's beachfront locales promises a singular magic. If you're traveling with little ones in tow, family-friendly adventures like biking and beach volleyball abound in Miramar Beach; for a romantic getaway, a stay in the ever-lovely Rosemary Beach may fit the bill, accented by long strolls along the town's charming cobblestoned paths. In each neighborhood, accommodations are varied, ranging from Old Florida cottages on the Inlet Beach shore and gorgeous New Urbanist rentals in Alys Beach to classic beach hotels like the all-encompassing Seascape Golf, Beach & Tennis Resort, often regarded as one of the area's best-kept secrets.

No matter their skill level, golfers will be especially charmed by South Walton's offerings. A standout among local clubs, the Santa Rosa Golf & Beach Club completed a stunning multimillion-dollar course renovation in October 2021, resulting in a challenging design that remains fun and friendly for newcomers to the sport. Meanwhile, some of the best views can be spotted from the links at Baytowne Golf Club, the only course on the Emerald Coast that extends from the

*That's what  
makes South  
Walton so special:  
its vast collection  
of waterfront  
offerings, catering  
to every traveler  
while sharing  
an ethos of  
unbridled delight*



# Ready, Set, Get Away

*IN THE SUNSHINE STATE, SPRING ESCAPES  
COME IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES*

For generations of sun-seeking travelers, Florida has been synonymous with spring break. No matter what you're in search of—a quiet patch of sand and a lounge chair in the sun, a buzzing beach bar serving the freshest catch, or a personal kayak to steer through the backwaters—a destination with your name on it awaits. Turn the page for a bit of vacation inspiration, then get to planning your own blissful holiday.

*One of South Walton's fifteen coastal dune lakes, Western Lake is a paddler's dream.*

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH

**VISITFLORIDA**



*Clockwise from far left:  
In Blue Mountain  
Beach, Big Redfish  
Lake leads into the Gulf;  
travelers kick back on  
Santa Rosa Beach; a  
view of the water from a  
Rosemary Beach lawn;  
a stroll along the white  
sand in Dune Allen.*



beach to the bay. Those looking to improve their putt can also enroll in the Golf Academy at Sandestin, a public course with exceptional education programs for adults and children alike.

When exploring the area, one thing is abundantly clear: This collection of communities cares about the great outdoors. Containing more than 40 percent preserved land, South Walton is a true haven for wildlife, and

a fine example of conservation. A result of this careful stewardship, four state parks and the fifteen-thousand-acre Point Washington State Forest are among some of the most beautiful wild spaces in the state, and a perfect place to spend a clear-sky day. In addition, South Walton is home to fifteen coastal dune lakes. The rare bodies of water contain both fresh and salt water, supporting diverse, thriving ecosystems. Outside of this pocket of Florida, such natural wonders can only be found in New Zealand, Australia, Madagascar, and the Pacific Northwest, making them a must-see for any curious visitor.

Following a day in the sun, the only question left is where to dine—a decision made simple (or perhaps more difficult) by South Walton’s slew of beloved restaurants. While some cater to the fine-dining set—such as The Oasis, a new, completely vegan spot in Santa Rosa Beach—others are more casual in nature, including the historic Grayton Seafood Co., a go-to for fried oysters and seafood gumbo in Grayton Beach, and Shaka Sushi and Noodle Bar, a Japanese café in the charming Shoppes at Inlet. For those who prefer to stay in, chef Dan Vargo’s newly launched Fine Coastal Cuisine personal chef service brings his culinary chops and a range of enticing meal options directly to patrons’ doors.

Along with sun-kissed skin and a suitcase full of memories, travelers are bound to leave South Walton with a new declaration: Here, they’ve found their beach.

*Discover more of the region at [VisitSouthWalton.com](http://VisitSouthWalton.com)*

# SOUTH WALTON



## A LEGACY OF LEISURE

South Walton's 26 miles of sugar-white sand beaches in Northwest Florida offer an all-natural escape, yet perfectly blend modern amenities, world-class cuisine and small town charm into an unforgettable experience.

The days move a bit slower here, and it's this simplicity - a day spent creating memories at the beach - that draws generations of families back to South Walton.



## ROOMS WITH A VIEW

From resorts to boutique hotels, South Walton is home to unique architecture, breathtaking views and accommodations to suit any style.



Relax in **Edgewater Beach Condominium's** many expansive pools while taking in sweeping panoramic views of the Gulf. French Riviera-inspired architecture, spacious grounds and a spectacular private beach create the perfect backdrop for your next escape.

**Royal Destinations** curates hand-tailored escapes along the beautiful beaches of South Walton, offering a vacation experience beyond four walls and memories to last a lifetime. Contact our team to plan the perfect beach getaway today!

Situated on the pristine sugar-white beaches of South Walton, **WaterColor Inn** perfectly encapsulates the spirit of an intimate beach getaway - while providing the functionality necessary for a family vacation.



[EdgewaterBeach.com](http://EdgewaterBeach.com) • (800) 822-4929



[RoyalDestinations.com](http://RoyalDestinations.com) • (850) 790-5002



[WaterColorResort.com](http://WaterColorResort.com) • (888) 734-9579



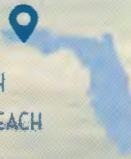
SOUTH WALTON  
FLORIDA

# TIME TO REFLECT

Take time to reflect on life's simple pleasures. Our natural beauty and breathtaking sunsets make time spent with loved ones more enjoyable. Find your perfect beach at [VisitSouthWalton.com](http://VisitSouthWalton.com).



MIRAMAR BEACH • SEASCAPE • SANDESTIN • DUNE ALLEN • GULF PLACE • SANTA ROSA BEACH • BLUE MOUNTAIN BEACH  
GRAYTON BEACH • WATERCOLOR • SEASIDE • SEAGROVE • WATERSOUND • SEACREST • ALYS BEACH • ROSEMARY BEACH • INLET BEACH





## A Gulf Coast Classic

*AN ESCAPE TO FORT MYERS, FLORIDA, PROMISES SUN, SAND, AND SIMPLE BLISS*

Sometimes, the best things in life are the simplest: a quiet stretch of coast, a breezy afternoon, a sunset that paints the sky gold. Throughout Fort Myers's islands, beaches, and neighborhoods, a laid-back region of Southwest Florida, life's simple pleasures are easy to come by. Along the Gulf of Mexico, it's not hard to leave your troubles behind, reveling instead in the joy of your surroundings: calm, turquoise waters, miles of sugar-soft sand, and perhaps even a dolphin cresting along the shore. From popular beaches to a chain of secluded islands, this pocket of Southwest Florida holds a wide range of adventures—and life in its purest form.

Most travelers to the Gulf Coast fall in love the moment they lay eyes on the beach, and the Fort Myers area has shores that are as varied as their shells. Those in search of true tranquility will find it at Lovers Key State Park, a protected escape with two miles of pristine white sand. The quiet shore is perfect for lying out in the sun, but when you're ready to get moving, Lovers Key also boasts calm waters for paddling and nature trails for hikers and bikers. On Sanibel Island, the picturesque Bowman's Beach is another popular locale, its largely undeveloped landscape giving way to some of the Gulf Coast's best sands for collecting seashells. Meanwhile, Bowditch Point Park, a beach and nature preserve on Fort Myers Beach, is also favored for its spacious shores and peaceful backwaters.

Beyond the beach, the open waters surrounding the Fort Myers area hold much to discover, especially with the help of a local guide. Since 1986, Adventures in Paradise has offered a slew of excursions out of Sanibel, including lunch and shelling cruises and sunset boat rides that might just feature a

dolphin or manatee sighting. To pick up some navigation skills of your own, book a course with the celebrated Offshore Sailing School, operating on Captiva Island, in Cape Coral, and on Fort Myers Beach for nearly sixty years. Founded by sailing Olympian Steve Colgate, OSS has immersive training programs for seafarers of all skill levels, dedicated to sparking a lifelong love in all its students. If quieter waters are more your speed, turn to Tarpon Bay Explorers, a company that leads guided canoe and kayak tours through the placid tides and mangrove forests of Sanibel Island's J.N. "Ding" Darling National Wildlife Refuge.

It's not just natural beauty that makes this strip of the Gulf Coast so special. Onshore, historical gems also abound, including the charming Edison and Ford Winter Estates, which welcome visitors year-round. Purchased by Thomas Edison in 1885, the classic Caloosahatchee River property features Edison's compound of historic homes, as well as a neighboring estate owned by his dear friend Henry Ford and his family from 1916 to 1945. Downtown, the local True Tours group leads explorations of Fort Myers's historic River District, illustrating the city's rise from humble fort to prospering coastal hub. After the tour, linger in the area for some of the city's best eats, be it fine Southern cuisine at the Veranda, a turn-of-the-century cottage turned award-winning restaurant, or a classic pie from Capone's Coal Fired Pizza.

With so much to soak in, every day in the greater Fort Myers area has the potential for greatness, and every getaway to this special oasis is one you'll surely remember.

*Discover more sun-soaked adventures—and plan your trip—at [VisitFortMyers.com](http://VisitFortMyers.com)*



*From top: A peaceful day on Captiva Island; the waters of Bowditch Point Park are perfect for paddling.*



Sanibel Island

# it's a good day

Catching up while  
slowing down.

fort  
**MYERS**  
ISLANDS, BEACHES  
& NEIGHBORHOODS

[visitFortMyers.com](http://visitFortMyers.com)



## Soak It All In

*HOME TO WORLD-FAMOUS BEACHES AND A UNIQUE URBAN SCENE, ST. PETERSBURG AND CLEARWATER ARE FLORIDA AT ITS BEST*

**W**hen asked to imagine their ideal beach vacation, many would conjure images of glistening turquoise waves, long piers jutting into the water, and fiery sunsets that give way to vast moonlit skies. In St. Petersburg and Clearwater, these scenes are more than a wistful daydream; along the two cities' thirty-five miles of coastline, every eager traveler's fantasies come to life, from long, lazy days on a towel to onshore adventures that rival a day in the waves.

Here on the Gulf Coast, a perfect day often begins in the great outdoors. Whether you're soaking up some rays at St. Pete Beach—voted among the best beaches in America many times over—or cruising out to Caladesi Island State Park, a pristine uninhabited island reachable only by boat, you're sure to find bliss in the area's coastal oases. For something a bit farther off the beaten path, perhaps venture to Sunken Gardens, one of Florida's original roadside attractions. Located in St. Petersburg, this century-old garden is home to more than fifty thousand of the oldest tropical plants in the region, as well as cascading waterfalls, butterfly havens, and hidden pathways to explore.

Access to the Gulf of Mexico is also a boon to the local culinary scene. Not only does the area have some of the best waterfront dining options in the state, its restaurants are blessed with a daily bounty of fresh-caught seafood. One of the region's best kept secrets, Olde Bay Café overlooks the beautiful Dunedin harbor and marina, serving up baskets of plump peel-and-eat shrimp, blackened scallop

wraps, and a slew of famous fish tacos. Other delectable eats can be found on the newly completed St. Pete Pier, a twenty-six-acre playground for foodies

and families alike. Overlooking Tampa Bay, the sprawling site features art installations, paths for walking and biking, an environmental discovery center, and an open-air market, as well as six waterfront restaurants where alfresco dining is a must. And if you're craving Mediterranean, head to the nearby city of Tarpon Springs, where the family-owned Mama's Greek Cuisine has been a local favorite since 1978.

A thriving hub for culture and creativity, St. Petersburg also boasts several world-class museums, galleries, and performance venues, together bolstering a vibrant community of artists and enthusiasts. Among the area's plentiful offerings are The Dalí Museum, the Chihuly Collection at the Morean Arts Center, the new Museum of the American Arts & Crafts Movement, and the James Museum of Western & Wildlife Art. "What you'll see is artwork depicting the people, land, and histories of the American West," says Caitlin Pendola, curatorial assistant at the James, which features the vast multimedia collection of founders Tom and Mary James. "It's a genre defined by subject matter and not by style or approach, which is unique among art movements."

For beer aficionados—or anyone in need of a cool sip—the Gulf Coast Craft Beer Trail beckons with more than thirty-five independent breweries, including some of the oldest in Florida. To make the most of the itinerary, visitors can download a Craft Brewery Passport, which grants exclusive offers at each Beer Trail location.

With a wealth of discoveries in store—both on the sand and in the heart of each town—St. Petersburg and Clearwater are bound to charm. After all, there's a reason so many travelers find themselves returning season after season: It's tough to beat a coastal reverie come to life.

*To plan your trip, visit [VisitStPeteClearwater.com](http://VisitStPeteClearwater.com)*

*From left: The beautiful St. Pete Pier juts out over the Gulf; a view of Dunedin Marina from Olde Bay Café.*



ST.PETE  
CLEARWATER  
FLORIDA

*Feast your eyes on art  
that defies expectations  
and gravity.*

Experience the most colorful and vivid vacation imaginable. Where America's Best Beaches meet a thriving and diverse arts community. From vibrant street murals and festivals to world-renowned museums and performing arts, discover the awe-inspiring beauty of a Gulf getaway in St. Pete/Clearwater.

[VisitStPeteClearwater.com](http://VisitStPeteClearwater.com)

## Rediscovering The Pearl

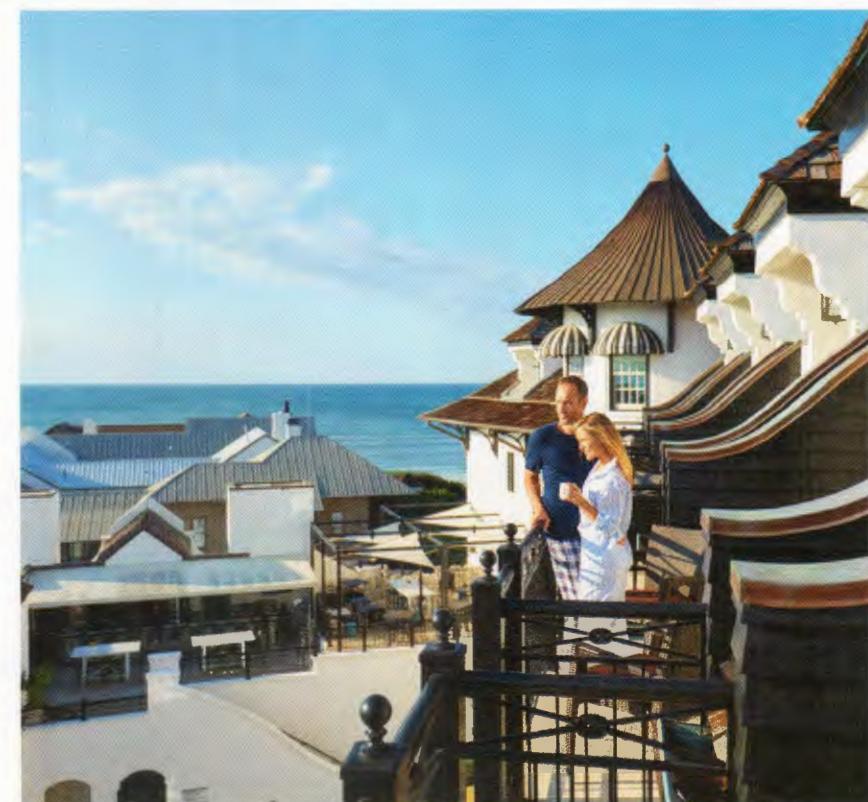
**FOLLOWING A STUNNING UPDATE, THE 30A RESORT HOTEL IS MORE ENCHANTING THAN EVER**

**A**long Florida's Scenic Highway 30A, Rosemary Beach is a coastal community in a class of its own. With its mix of New Urbanist and West Indies styles, the beachfront neighborhood is close-knit and highly walkable, every detail contributing a laid-back, romantic feel. The idyllic avenues are filled with charming cafés and stylish boutiques, and in the heart of Main Street, one of Rosemary's most treasured properties overlooks it all: the illustrious Pearl Hotel.

With its pointed turrets, sun-soaked terraces, and iconic black-and-white awnings, The Pearl is among Rosemary Beach's most striking sights. Just steps from the Gulf of Mexico's glistening waters, the hotel offers a unique guest experience, marrying the pleasures of a classic beach resort with the worlds-away feel of the islands that inspired its design. Starting the moment guests arrive, warmth and hospitality are found in every detail, from the refreshing cocktail offered at check-in to the freshly baked treats delivered before bed.

The Pearl has dazzled travelers since its opening in 2013, but this year, the hotel is proud to unveil its fifty-five newly reimagined guest rooms, its first major redesign. In keeping with the rest of the property, the new rooms exude a luxurious coastal style, enhanced by custom decor, an updated color palette, and tropical lounge areas—in addition, of course, to balconies overlooking the Gulf, the bustling town streets, or the inviting pool below. For a particularly special stay (and a bit of extra space), The Pearl also offers nine beautiful suites with spacious sitting areas, as well as the Pearl Suite, the hotel's crème de la crème, with a separate primary bedroom, dramatic Gulf-front windows, a private rooftop balcony, and a spa-style bathroom with a soaking tub and a rainfall shower.

At The Pearl, lovely accommodations are only the beginning. A slew of private resort amenities are also available to hotel guests, including golf at the nearby Camp Creek and Shark's Tooth golf clubs, as well as two serene pools and complimentary beach setups on the white sands of the Watersound Beach Club. To easily explore Rosemary Beach, guests are also encour-



aged to borrow from The Pearl's fleet of bicycles, perfect for cruising along the peaceful streets and trails.

When it comes to quintessential Florida dining, one of the area's finest restaurants is found on the premises. A AAA Four-Diamond restaurant, The Pearl's own Havana Beach Bar & Grill takes cues from El Floridita, one of Ernest Hemingway's storied Havana, Cuba, haunts. With a menu inspired by the Gulf Coast and the Caribbean alike, the laid-back destination encompasses a main dining room as well as a breezy terrace and rooftop, serving joyously prepared dishes such as lemon-kissed crab cakes, blackened local grouper over Carolina Gold rice, and shrimp and grits with an herby crawfish gravy. In addition, the recently completed Havana Lounge is the perfect hideaway for a pre- or post-dinner cocktail paired with shareable small plates.

It wouldn't be a restorative getaway without a few hours of pure relaxation, and at The Pearl, the poolside spa offers just that. Using the therapeutic elements of the water and the healing properties of pearl, the range of body treatments, massages, and facials promise to reinvigorate from the outside in. It is, after all, the true essence of a place like The Pearl: to take visitors beyond the hustle of the everyday; to slow life's ever-quickening pace in order to notice the true beauty all around.



*To book your stay, visit [ThePearlRB.com](http://ThePearlRB.com)*

*From top: The Pearl's Havana Beach Rooftop, still abuzz at sunset; a peek at one of the newly reimagined guestrooms.*



THE  
PEARL

hotel • dining • spa

The Pearl Hotel brings an adult-oriented ultra-luxury experience to Northwest Florida's Scenic 30A, featuring sophisticated accommodations, destination worthy cuisine, and an alluring spa.

1.877.307.2889 [THEPEARLRB.COM](http://THEPEARLRB.COM)



| 63 MAIN ST. | ROSEMARY BEACH, FL 32461 | Managed by STJOE® HOSPITALITY

Water so clear you can already  
see yourself here.



With miles of warm, clear water, wide open spaces, incredible food, live music, and outdoor activities for every interest, you'll find moments to treasure all year round in The Florida Keys & Key West.

[fla-keys.com](http://fla-keys.com) 1.800.fl.a.keys



#### Ocean Key Resort & Spa

Perfectly located on the harbor in Old Town. Stunning ocean views, upscale dining, and boutique spa. World Famous Sunset Pier.

800-328-9815

[oceankey.com](http://oceankey.com)



#### Margaritaville Beach House Key West

Paradise has a new address on Key West! Located just steps from Smathers Beach and the charm of Old Town.

866-237-5022 or 305-292-9800

[margaritavillebeachhousekeywest.com](http://margaritavillebeachhousekeywest.com)



#### Little Palm Island Resort & Spa

America's only private island resort. Thatched roof bungalow suites. Steeped in modern West Indies design. Consistently named among the world's best.

800-343-8567

[littlepalmisland.com](http://littlepalmisland.com)





A CELEBRATION OF SOUTHERN FOOD AND DRINK

# JUBILEE



ANATOMY OF A CLASSIC

## Brunch Brigade

A FIELD PEA CHOWCHOW  
BRINGS THE HEAT  
TO CHEF GREG COLLIER'S  
CATFISH AND GRITS

By Kim Severson





Southern food can be hyper-regional. Cooks season collards differently in Mississippi than they do in Tennessee. Barbecue styles shift from one side of a state to another. And then there are grits, which are often a matter of individual tastes.

The chef Greg Collier and his wife, Subrina, who own the lauded Leah & Louise in Charlotte and this spring will open a reboot of their popular breakfast restaurant, Uptown Yolk, both grew up in Memphis. He ate the savory grits his grandmother served with country ham; she lived in a household where sugar was an essential ingredient in the grits pot. "There's a time and place for both of them," Greg says. "Like when I'm cooking for her family."

But when it comes to one of his favorite brunch dishes—fried catfish and chowchow over grits—he likes an extra creamy version, mixing white and yellow grits (the former for texture, and the latter for sweetness and color) and simmering them with milk, stock, and

plenty of butter. He pays as much attention to the fish. Drawing from his training at culinary school in Arizona, he adds smoked paprika and two kinds of pepper to buttermilk before soaking the fillets overnight, and dredges them in a combination of flour, cornmeal, and cornstarch to give the crust crispness and flavor.

The real star of the dish, though, is a chowchow made with field peas and fired up with spicy red Fresno peppers. "With fried food or grits, your palate sort of falls asleep," he says. "This is like putting hot sauce on fish. It's fish with vinegar and spice."

The Colliers keep their Memphis roots, influenced by West African and Native traditions, in mind when they develop their menus. "We want to pay homage to our ancestors and Black culture and Black foodways, but with a new look that isn't so traditional," Greg says. Still, at the end of the day, he wants his dishes to remain familiar, like his fish and grits. "When I'm cooking food," he says, "I want my aunt or my mom or pops to get it." **G**

## Catfish and Grits with Chowchow

*Yield: 4 servings*

For the fish:

### INGREDIENTS

**2 tbsp. plus 2 tsp.** kosher salt  
**2 tbsp. black pepper**  
**2 tbsp. smoked paprika**  
**1 tbsp. cayenne pepper**  
**1 cup buttermilk**  
**4 catfish fillets**  
**1 cup each fine cornmeal, flour, and cornstarch**  
**4 tsp. onion powder**  
**4 tsp. garlic powder**  
Oil for frying (use peanut oil if you can)  
Cajun seasoning

### PREPARATION

Stir 2 tbsp. salt, black pepper, smoked paprika, and cayenne into buttermilk. Add the catfish, and soak at least 8 hours or overnight.

When you are ready to cook, whisk together cornmeal, flour, cornstarch, onion powder, garlic powder, and

2 tsp. salt. Place in a shallow dish for dredging.

Pour oil into a heavy frying pan (preferably cast iron) to the depth of about a half inch. Heat over medium-high heat until the oil reaches 350°F. If you don't have a thermometer, flick a little of the flour mixture into the oil. If it sizzles immediately, you're good to go.

Sprinkle both sides of the fillets with Cajun seasoning or salt and pepper to taste, then dredge them into flour mixture. Shake off excess and gently lay into the hot oil. Fry until golden brown, about 2 to 4 minutes, depending on how thick the fillet is. Using a metal spatula, gently turn the fish and cook for another 2 to 4 minutes. Note: Cast iron heats up and stays hot, so monitor the heat as you fry. You may need to lower the heat on the burner.

For the field pea chowchow:

### INGREDIENTS

**1/2 cup cane sugar**  
**1 heaping tbsp. Diamond Crystal salt**  
**1 tsp. smoked paprika**  
**1 tbsp. pickling spice (made with whole spices)**  
**2/3 cup white vinegar**  
**1 lb. cooked field peas**

fresh, frozen, or dried. (If cooking dried peas, add a cup of white vinegar to water and simmer for an hour to an hour and a half until tender but firm.)  
**1/2 cup each finely diced onion, bell pepper, carrot, and celery**  
**1/2 cup sliced red Fresno or other hot pepper**

### PREPARATION

Place sugar, half the salt, smoked paprika, pickling spice, and vinegar in a pot. Bring to a boil and then simmer for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, place the peas and other vegetables in a bowl and toss with remaining salt. Let sit for 30 minutes. Drain off any liquid. Pack into a glass jar or a ceramic container. Strain the vinegar mixture and pour over the pea mixture. Cover and refrigerate for 24 hours before using.

To serve: Spoon your favorite creamy grits into a bowl, place a fried catfish fillet on top, and then a generous spoonful of chowchow.



MEET THE CHEF:  
**GREG COLLIER**

*Hometown:*  
Memphis

*Kitchen obsession:*  
"I have a bunch of different types of spoons. I plate with spoons. I taste with spoons. I sauce with spoons."

*Travel wish list:*  
Spain, Paris, Vietnam, and the Blue Lagoon in Iceland.

*Advice to young cooks:*  
"Honor the craft, and never lose sight of improving it."



## Pensacola, Past to Present

WITH A REVERENCE FOR ITS HISTORY,  
THE FLORIDA CITY IS EVER EVOLVING

While sugar-white beaches are what first draw visitors to Pensacola, once they're here, it's the city's rich history that captivates. "Pensacola began as a truly multicultural place," says Rob Overton, executive director of the University of West Florida's Historic Trust and overseer of numerous historic sites. "What's unique about us is that throughout history, we've continued to be that way." As America's first European settlement, Pensacola was claimed by five different governments throughout history—first the Spanish in 1559, then the French, the British, the Confederacy, and the United States, in addition to the Native American population that resided there for generations prior. A product of these varied influences, Pensacola has always been a melting pot, and a peerlessly vibrant community.

Throughout the city, "remnants of these different cultures are certainly still felt," Overton says. To trace Pensacola's story, start by looking at its architecture, which still bears influence from the Spanish, French, and English. "One of our icons of historic preservation is Old Christ Church, built on Seville Square in 1832," Overton says. The oldest masonry church in the area, the structure underwent a restoration in the late nineties—a project that sparked new interest in these local treasures. "It really spurred this notion that if you take care of your historic structures, it brings a sense of pride to the community," Overton says. Another site he urges visitors to see is the striking Pensacola Museum of History, a one-time city hall built in Mediterranean Revival style circa 1907. "At that time, Florida's first skyscraper, the Seville Tower, was being built here, and the city was booming," he says. "We wanted a city hall that reflected that success and looked toward the

future." Today, the grand three-story building is dedicated to Pensacola's history, hosting several exhibits and regular tours.

Just a few blocks west of the city's Palafox Street hub, the Belmont-DeVilliers neighborhood bursts with history of its own. Pensacola has always celebrated the arts—with the thriving Pensacola Museum of Art and an exceptional symphony, ballet, and opera to prove it—but the tradition rings especially true in its historic African American neighborhood. A recognized stop on the Chitlin' Circuit, a collection of mostly Southern venues that were safe for Black performers during the Jim Crow era, Belmont-DeVilliers was home to legendary spots like the Savoy Ballroom and the Bunny Club, where the likes of B.B. King, James Brown, and Louis Armstrong were known to play.

"Belmont-DeVilliers is a place that valued people, period," says Robin Reshard, a local historian and community educator whose work centers on the neighborhood. "It was a place that welcomed you, inclusive of your skin color or ethnicity. While it was predominantly African American, throughout history you saw this amazing mix of people who lived and worked alongside one another here." Reshard's latest project, the currently in-the-works Ezra Gerry Museum and Research Center, will honor this cultural haven within the city. "It will be a place where the art, history, science, and technology of Belmont-DeVilliers converge," she says. "It's a small house museum, filled with historical artifacts of great significance to the community."

While cultural experiences are Pensacola's bread and butter, no visit to the city is complete without a stroll along the white-sand beach, or a meal at one of the culinary hot spots downtown, on Pensacola Beach, or in Perdido Key, which have sprung up in spades over the last few decades. "I've been here for twenty years, and in that time, I've really seen this community evolve," Overton says. "We have beautiful beaches, an incredible food scene, and more people visiting than ever before, but the same welcoming attitude remains. There's a lot happening in Pensacola."

Discover more at [VisitPensacola.com](http://VisitPensacola.com)

From top: Belmont-DeVilliers' rich blues legacy lives on to this day; Pensacola's restaurant scene represents its diverse history.



# THE WAY TO BEACH™



Everything changes the moment your toes hit the sugar-white sand.  
Make time for the getaway you deserve.

Pensacola  
FLORIDA

FIND YOUR WAY @ VISITPENSACOLA.COM



*Refined glassware, including selections from Vintage 329 in New Orleans.*

DRINKS

## Glass Menagerie

A TOPFLIGHT  
COLLECTION OF DRINKING  
VESSELS PAYS OFF  
BY THE SIP

By Wayne Curtis

You're a person of the world, but you're not snooty. You can enjoy a well-made cocktail served in just about anything. Silver-plated julep cup? Sure. That plastic go cup saved from your niece's wedding? Fine. It doesn't matter, really.

Except, well, I regret to report that it actually *does* matter. The vessel you choose to use will change the taste of the liquid in it. Don't take my word for it—ask science.

Studies have shown that the size and the shape of a wineglass can highlight some aromas and inhibit others. Other research suggests that a thin rim on a beer glass can channel more flavor to the center of your tongue where eager taste buds await, whereas a straight-sided, thick-rimmed pint glass can flood your mouth, prompting your tongue to involuntarily flee upward, unevenly distributing the beer across the taste buds, which may then perceive the beer as more bitter.

And cocktail glasses? Tradition is long but studies are few. A martini goes in a martini glass, of course. A highball goes in a highball glass. An old-fashioned goes in a rocks glass. Yet broader studies of beverage consumption assert that the quality of vessel within these hallowed traditions also matters: Water drunk from flimsy plastic cups satisfied less than the same water served by other means. Liquid sipped from a blue glass quenches thirst better than that from green, yellow, or red glasses.

A heavier drinking vessel may also imply quality, which then magically lifts the drink itself. Experience bears this out. I own a number of julep cups, some weightier than others. I'm pretty sure the juleps served in the heavier ones taste far superior to those in the cheaper tin knockoffs. This actually has some grounding in gastronomic science. In blind taste tests, identical foods invariably rate higher if eaten with heavier



cutlery. It follows that cocktail glasses that feel heavy when empty will result in cocktails that seem more heavenly when filled.

In fact, I'd be willing to go one step further. Cocktails served in well-proportioned vintage glasses taste better than those in basic glassware from big-box stores. That's not according to science, but according to me. At antique malls, I gravitate toward the clusters of old glasses, especially those with unique designs or logos from extinct liquors. If I'm feeling more aspirational, I'll swing by Vintage 329 on Royal Street in New Orleans. The shop has a back room with remarkable glassware on display, showcasing options from the past century, including, above, a striking green Starlyte collins glass by Culver, and opposite, a red Golden Arch double shot glass by Fred Press and Libbey's Starburst Atomic collins glass.

Heft plus history plus a riff on a classic drink: That's an algorithm that works every time. Ask science. Better yet, run the experiment yourself with this Bootsy Collins, a dual-liquor spin on a John Collins, created by Will Thompson at Jaguar Sun in Miami.

You may open your test booklet and start now. ☐

### Bootsy Collins

Yield: 1 cocktail

#### INGREDIENTS

1 oz. bourbon  
½ oz. Jamaican rum  
½ oz. lemon juice  
½ oz. simple syrup  
1½-inch cucumber chunk  
2 oz. club soda  
Sprig of mint, for garnish

#### PREPARATION

Muddle all ingredients except the soda. Shake with ice, then strain through a fine-mesh strainer into an ice-filled collins glass. Top with soda and garnish with mint.



WHAT'S IN SEASON

## Beyond the Pie

FRESH SPRING STRAWBERRIES BRIGHTEN UP  
A TANGY BARBECUE SAUCE

By Jenny Everett

**S**ara Bradley knew better than to ask for her mom's strawberry pie before spring. "It was my favorite, but I had to wait because it *had* to be made with fresh strawberries," says the chef and proprietor of the restaurant Freight House in her hometown, Paducah, Kentucky. "That was one of my earliest lessons in learning to cook." In the 1930s and early '40s, Paducah proclaimed itself the "strawberry capital of the world"—an annual festival crowned a strawberry queen, kids skipped school to help pick berries from the more than four thousand acres of fields, and some seasons the town was shipping out as much as 850 freight cars full. While Paducah hasn't had a strawberry queen in more than seventy years, Bradley still treats the berries like royalty when they're at their peak. Of course, she loves to make her mother's pie, but one of her favorite ways to use the

fruit is in a barbecue sauce (see recipe). "When we buy strawberries for the restaurant, we're buying thirty pounds at a time, they're picked right off the farm, and the ones on the bottom of the bucket are always a little squished," she says. "So we reserve them for sauce." In addition to using the tangy sauce to glaze ribs and lacquer chicken, she likes to drizzle it over grilled carrots on a bed of arugula, sprinkled with sliced strawberries. To keep strawberries fresh at home, put off washing until you're ready to use them, and tuck a folded paper towel into the container they're stored in. And when selecting them at the u-pick or farmers' market, grab dark, fragrant berries (they don't continue ripening once picked, so what you pick is what you get flavor-wise). If you're unsure, ask if you can have a taste...though it will be hard to stop at one. "It would be impossible to be in a field of fresh strawberries," Bradley says, "and not enjoy a few straight off the vine." ☐

THE CHEF  
RECOMMENDS:

### Strawberry Barbecue Sauce

*Yield: 3 to 4 cups*

#### INGREDIENTS

**2** *tbsp.* butter  
**4** *cups* fresh  
strawberries,  
stemmed  
**1** shallot, sliced thin  
**1** *can* fire-roasted  
diced tomatoes  
**½** *cup* red wine  
vinegar  
**2** *tbsp.* tomato paste  
**¼** *cup* maple syrup  
**2** *tbsp.* Worcester-  
shire sauce  
**½** *tsp.* garlic powder  
**½** *tsp.* ground fennel  
**½** *tsp.* onion powder  
**1** *tsp.* Aleppo pepper  
(or sub in a pinch of  
red chile flakes)  
**1** *tbsp.* kosher salt  
**½** *tsp.* fresh-cracked  
black pepper

#### PREPARATION

Melt butter in a large pot over medium-high heat. Add strawberries and shallots, and cook until shallots are tender and strawberries have broken down, about 8 to 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and simmer over low heat for 15 minutes. Let cool slightly, then pour into a blender and blend until smooth. If the consistency is thicker than you'd like, add water 1 tablespoon at a time until it feels right. Store in an airtight container in the fridge for up to 3 weeks.

RARE EXPERIENCES  
ARE NATURE'S HOSPITALITY.

RAISE A GLASS TO DAYS THAT ARE  
ANYTHING BUT ORDINARY.



**BLADE AND BOW**  
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

PLEASE SIP RESPONSIBLY. BLADE AND BOW Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.5% Alc./Vol. Stitzel-Weller Distilling Co., Louisville, KY.



BY JOHN T. EDGE

# Cortados and 'Cue

HOW DUSTY MILLER TRANSFORMED HIS FATHER'S DEER-PROCESSING BUSINESS INTO A HOTBED OF SMOKY FLAVOR

FORK in  
the ROAD

From the street, the flat roof on the corner building looks like a black iron lid floated over a gray brick pit. Smoke plumes upward, dissolving into the cobalt-blue Texas Hill Country sky. Viewed through roll-up doors, church groups drink coffee and thumb Bibles tagged with sticky notes. High school soccer coaches eat house-made sausages wrapped in comal-blistered tortillas.

Instead of pulling up at a drive-through window, commuters line the curb at Miller's Smokehouse in Belton, a courthouse-square town sixty miles north of Austin on I-35. Carhops with walkie-talkies clipped to their vests take orders with iPads. Katy Miller, a physical education teacher at Leon Heights Elementary, idles in a white SUV, her three boys seat-belted in the rear, waiting on her regular twofer of a drip and a latte.

Her husband, Dusty Miller, who began serving barbecue on the side at his father's deer-processing and taxidermy business in 2008, sits at a corner table. Wearing a green camo snap-back, he talks about the evolution from skinning hides and stuffing taxidermy to smoking jalapeño-cheese pork links and pulling creamy espressos for cortados.

The path to this location, which opened in late 2016, has been serpentine. Dusty earned a master's in accounting from Baylor. He worked a corporate job in Austin. He grew his hair out. He married and made a home out of an Airstream. Katy and he bought and

sold real estate. Dusty worked as a car parker, saving money to take his chance. When they started serving barbecue, he and his father cooked in an alley between two buildings. And their customers ate in bright yellow booths salvaged from a Subway.

"There were still secrets in barbecue back then," Dusty says of his beginnings, and of the early years of the twenty-first century, when the ongoing barbecue renaissance began. "Since then, books have been written. YouTube channels have been created. Hundreds of new people are now in the game, doing really good work. What we were doing then couldn't hold up to what we're doing now."

Dusty is a traditionalist. The crew at Miller's cooks on smokers made from retrofitted thousand-gallon propane tanks, fed by offset smoke boxes. And they stoke those leviathans with post oak if they can, pecan if they need to. He's also a modernist. Eight years back, Miller's switched to prime beef. That brisket is more expensive, he says, but it's threaded with fat, which gives it a better chance to emerge juicy from the pits.

"Everything is evolving," he says, smiling through his beard, eyes glinting with excitement for the work. In 2020 they added breakfast. Home from a trip to Charleston, South Carolina, Dusty developed a breakfast pimento cheese grits bowl in which sun-dried tomatoes, crumbled sausage, and blackened okra orbit an over-easy sun. Eating a sausage between sips of an espresso, Dusty noticed that smoked meat enhanced the chocolate flavors in the coffee. It worked the other

From left: A cortado at Miller's; Dusty Miller in the smokehouse; a platter of brisket, ribs, house-made sausage, buttered potatoes, and fixings.

way, too. That's how Miller's came to rub briskets with a roast from Brazil, the same grind the restaurant uses for cold brew coffees. The beans impart flavor; they also help form the all-important brisket bark.

For the past several years, Miller's has landed a spot on the *Texas Monthly* top-fifty list, spearheaded by the writer Daniel Vaughn. That attention draws luxury sedans and pickups to the parking lot. It also demands constant improvement. After Vaughn made fun of the grocery store tortillas Miller's once used for sausage wraps, Dusty and his team developed a recipe for Sonoran-style flour tortillas made with the tallow from briskets. (Tallow is also the secret to their crazy-delicious butter potatoes and squeaky green beans.)

Those tortillas make ideal wraps for their smoked meats, including a Memphis-worthy pulled pork with coleslaw. The best sandwiches are the baroque ones, like Tha' Curtis, named for a regular who liked to order a mix of chopped brisket, pinto beans, and Fritos, layered with onion and jalapeño slices, tucked inside a bun.

Miller's remains a family restaurant. Dusty's father, Dirk, walks the floor and works the pancake station. His mother, Lisa, makes biscuits and cinnamon rolls and bakes pecan pies that are models of restraint and delicate crust work. But the energy revolves around

Dusty, who runs the place like it's a laboratory for progressive business practices.

He asks big questions: "Can you use a business to grow the number of people who trust one another?" He theorizes: "If you're not happy in your life, work will become the object of your negativity." He social engineers: "The only way to grow a service-oriented business is for the people who work with you to like each other, maybe even love each other." It all sounds hopelessly idealistic until you recognize the ongoing yield of the people investments he has made.

Amadeo Chapa began chopping potatoes at Miller's when he was in college. Now he runs the restaurant's social media, roasts beans, and grows the coffee side of the business. To that end, Dusty has hired coaches to mentor Chapa as they imagine a future when a barbecue joint in Belton will be a third-wave coffee bellwether.

Proof of that good decision arrives in the form of a frothy cortado, served in a faceted glass on a black saucer. Chapa says that perfume makers, sampling their way through possible scents, clear their noses with a sniff of coffee beans. "Maybe that's what happens when you drink a cortado after eating barbecue," he says. "Coffee cleanses and gets you ready for the next scent." Just as Miller's gets you ready for the next big leap in barbecue. ■

## Beautiful Union

Barbecue with a side of the border

To complement their smoked beef brisket and pork ribs at San Antonio's **2M Smokehouse**, owners Esaul Ramos and Joe Melig top mac and cheese with crumbled chicharrones. They serve sides of pickled nopales. And gooey Mexican street corn. The effect is less fusion and more recognition that barbecue and Mexican border cooking are simpatico cuisines that will, in the years to come, help to shape Southern cuisine.—JTE





Best performance by a location.

f1rst that last **NC** north carolina

Get inspired by our documentary shorts based on a true vacation.  
Then plan your own trip at [visitnc.com](http://visitnc.com)

**ELEVATE**  
YOUR GETAWAY  
*Blowing Rock, NC*  
BLOWINGROCK.COM

**Away We Go**  
Discover our best offers at [CrystalCoastNC.org](http://CrystalCoastNC.org)

**the Crystal Coast**  
North Carolina's southern outer banks

**STIRRUP SOME EXCITEMENT**  
[VISITNC-SMOKIES.COM](http://VISITNC-SMOKIES.COM)

Maggie Valley • Waynesville • Lake Junaluska • Canton • Clyde

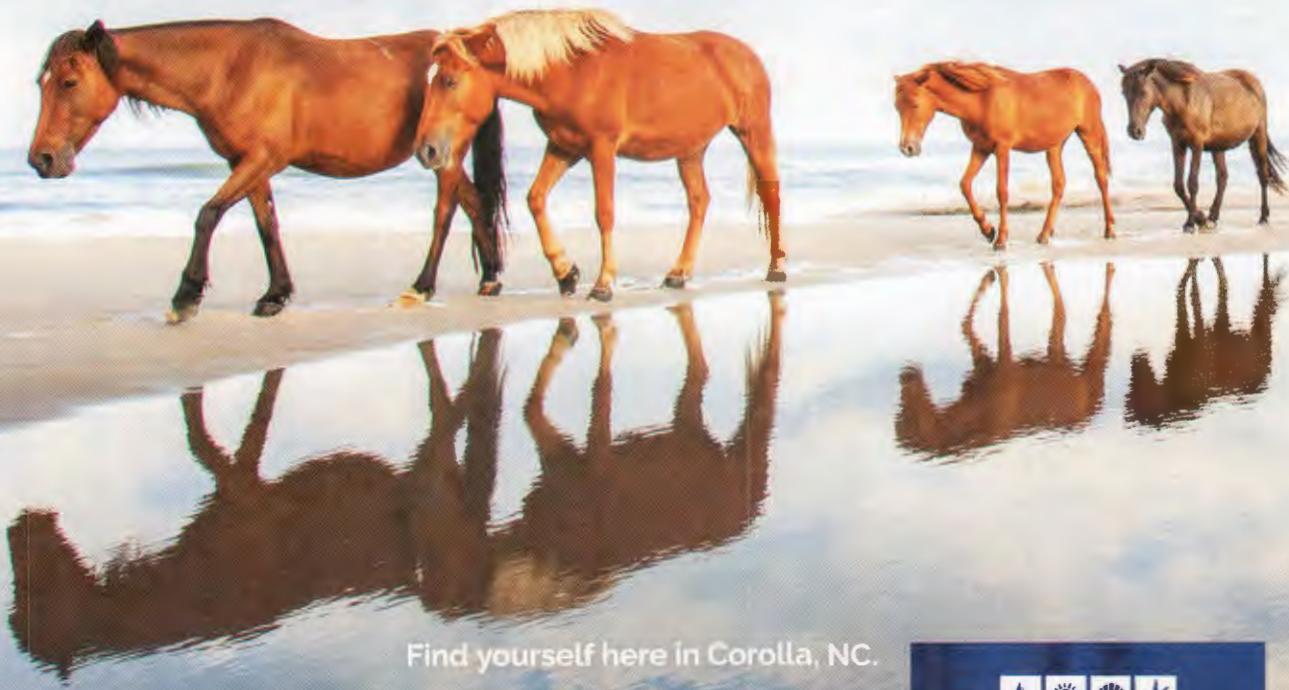
**W S** **Put Our Spring  
In Your Step**

Combining rich history and hip culture, Winston-Salem draws from its past to create unforgettable spring getaways. Whether you spend your days strolling through heirloom gardens or modern art galleries, sampling Moravian cookies or Yadkin Valley rosé, Winston-Salem is abloom with experiences new and historic this spring.

**VISIT**  
**Winston-Salem**  
NORTH CAROLINA

Plan your getaway at [VisitWinstonSalem.com](http://VisitWinstonSalem.com)

Legends Get Things Lined Up  
Around This Time of Year.



**Find yourself here in Corolla, NC.**

With folks reserving accommodations earlier than ever this year, there's never been a better time to line up a great place for your family's spring or summer getaway. It is nice to know that awe-inspiring remote beaches, legendary wild horses and iconic historical sites await you and yours in Corolla.



**CURRITUCK**  
OUTER BANKS, NC

Corolla • Carova • The Mainland

Call 877.287.7488 for information or for your free visitor's guide

Visit us online at [CorollaNC.com](http://CorollaNC.com)

THE BEST OF SOUTHERN HOMES, GARDENS, STYLE, AND MORE



# GOOD HUNTING

HOMEPLACE

## On Top of the World

LAUDED DESIGNER BETSY BROWN FEATHERS HER OWN NEST ON A NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAIN

By Caroline Sanders



# GOOD HUNTING



**T**he house didn't look like much on the internet—just a 1960s kit home, comprising four identical rooms. But Betsy Brown was getting desperate. For years, she had been searching for a place in Saluda, North Carolina, to no avail. The cabin seemed charming enough from the tiny photos online. And Brown, an award-winning interior designer based in Birmingham, felt confident in her ability to make any dwelling livable, so she made an offer sight unseen.

The location was the main draw. Brown's oldest

*From top: A chair by the Swedish mid-century architect Carl-Axel Acking sits beside a local stone mantel in the living room; a glimpse of the gorge through the cabin's front door. Previous page: The view from the oak-slab dining table.*

daughter, Sara Bell, had moved to Western North Carolina for college, fallen in love, and stayed, opening a kayaking and outdoor adventure company in Saluda, and Brown often found herself driving the nearly six hours from Birmingham to visit her grandchildren. "When I would go, I was sleeping in the top of a twin bunk bed with my granddaughter," she says. "I needed a place of my own."

A few days after she bought it, Brown met her daughter at the top of the long gravel road, and together they ventured up the steep driveway dappled in shadows and sunbeams streaming through the white oaks and pines. The house looked about as they expected. "But we walked around back, and our jaws just dropped," Brown says. "The view was staggering. Almost scary." They stood at the top of a mountain facing east, with lush foliage stretching in every direction. Below, in a gorge that's entirely public, untouchable land, the Green River's infamous Narrows—a kayaker's paradise—sparkled. On one ridge, they could just spot Bell's ziplining outfitter and, in the distance, the ridge where she lives with her family. "Up there you're above some of the weather," Brown says. "You see rainbows and storms coming in, moving across the mountains. But it doesn't ever get to you."

Brown tagged her longtime friend and trusted architect Paul Bates to rethink the home. "The house was just plopped there, without any invitation outside," Bates says. "It's all about the view, but at the same time, it just had a back door you had to open in order to see the gorge."

Their vision began with opening up and flipping the floor plan so that the living room and the kitchen, rather than the bedroom, faced east. "Paul suggested raising the ceiling in the living room and designed a kitchen that integrates seamlessly into oak walls," Brown says. "Steel-and-glass doors span the back of the house, making you feel as if you're hovering over the gorge when you're sitting on the sofa."

They also stripped the wood and drywall from the walls, leaving only the rustic logs and chinking that lined the entryway and the main bedroom. "Painted Sheetrock was not right for that spot," Brown says. "The house needed the weight of oak," which she and Bates sourced from reclaimed Amish barns in Ohio. Brown envisioned encasing the interior with hand-hewn beams, but they quickly decided their texture would overpower the small space. "Honestly, the cabin just evolved as we worked on it," Bates says. "We'd be standing there looking at something and decide on the spot what it needed." That included, with their contractor, Geoff Rose, replacing the rusted roof, rewiring, and transforming a storage shed into a small guesthouse.

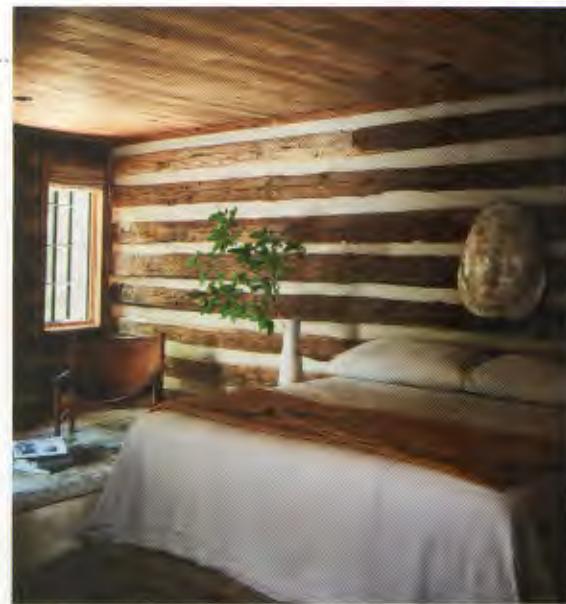
The two bedrooms, the kitchen, and the living room now join at a twelve-foot-wide center hallway that spans the length of the house. With Bates's new open design, you could shoot an arrow through the front door and

# CLAYTON & CRUME

HANDCRAFTED LEATHER GOODS



CLAYTON & CRUME WAS FOUNDED ON A SIMPLE IDEA –  
ALL LEATHER GOODS SHOULD LAST A LIFETIME.



As with the architecture, the decor converses with the world outside: hand-thrown vases bloom with rhododendron clipped from the hillside; a large tortoise-shell hangs in the main bedroom; local stone adorns the mantel; a Carl Auböck coffee table formed from a walnut tree moors the living room; and all the furniture angles toward the view like sunflowers chasing the light.

While the outdoors informs many of Brown's activities, as well—she spends most days hiking the trails between her house and Bell's, or on the river, cheering on her grandchildren as they kayak rapids or rappel down waterfalls—Brown cherishes the moments of stillness in the house on top of the world.

"The first time I stayed there, I was by myself and I woke up at five a.m.," she recalls. "The sun was coming up, and a huge arc of orange rays was rising over the mountains. It's so weird to be all by yourself and looking at something so phenomenal." One warm afternoon, Brown spread a quilt on the back patio and lay down for a nap in the sun. "I woke up not knowing where or when I was," she says. "It can be utterly silent up there except for the wind. The silence is intoxicating." ☐

*Clockwise from top left: Steel-and-glass doors span the back patio; the main bedroom; Brown's grandchildren; the guest bedroom; the kitchen.*

land it in the gorge. "When you stand at the front stoop, you don't look at the house—you look through it," he says. "That's my favorite detail."

A sixteen-foot-long table anchors the hallway. With its single slab of oak atop two wooden bases turned on a massive lathe in Birmingham, the table is vast enough for spreading out notebooks and blueprints as well as for hosting family Christmas dinners. Dining chairs by the French midcentury designer Charlotte Perriand gather around, and in the living room, a leather chair by Carl-Axel Acking, a Swedish midcentury architect, keeps watch over the fireplace. "Midcentury furniture pieces feel like they belong here," Brown says, "and materials like patinated cognac leather and natural oak feel like they were made for the mountains."

HERE, EVERY DAY  
*feels like an escape.*

Just east of Atlanta, Reynolds Lake Oconee is a private waterfront community where Members from around the country thrive, and where passions and friendships flourish. With six championship golf courses, a lakefront Ritz-Carlton® and a range of acclaimed restaurants, shops and amenities, the vibrant destination is a favorite choice for families looking to retire, relocate or even just change course and reset.



**BOOK YOUR REAL ESTATE PREVIEW** to experience our friendly community for yourself as part of our lifestyle visit. Enjoy up to three nights in one of our cottages or at The Ritz-Carlton®, two rounds of golf, a two-hour boat rental and more. Cottage packages are \$299 per night and hotel packages are \$399 per night.\*

Homesites from \$100K-\$2.5M • Homes from \$400K-\$5M+

REYNOLDSLAKEOCONEE.COM/GG • (855) 429.6493



\*\*Subject to availability; club credit for promotional purposes only. Park units and other amenities are owned by Oconee Land Development Company LLC and/or other subsidiaries and affiliates of MetLife, Inc. (collectively, "OLDC" or "Sponsor") and by unaffiliated third parties. Reynolds Lake Oconee, LLC ("RLOP") is the exclusive listing agent for OLDC-owned properties in Reynolds Lake Oconee. RLOP also represents buyers and sellers of properties in Reynolds Lake Oconee which OLDC does not own ("Rolle Properties"). OLDC is not involved in the marketing or sale of Rolle Properties. This is not intended to be a solicitation of offers to buy OLDC-owned real estate in Reynolds Lake Oconee by residents of HI, IL, OR, or any other jurisdiction where prohibited by law. As to such states, any offer to sell or solicitation of offers to buy applies only to Rolle Properties. Access and rights to recreational amenities may be subject to fees, membership dues, or other limitations. Information provided is believed accurate as of the date printed but may be subject to change from time to time. The Ritz-Carlton Reynolds, Lake Oconee is a private commercial enterprise and use of its facilities is subject to the applicable fees and policies of the operating DC properties; obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. WARNING: THE CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF REAL ESTATE HAS NOT INSPECTED, EXAMINED, OR DISQUALIFIED THIS OFFERING. An offering statement has been filed with the Iowa Real Estate Commission and a copy of such statement is available from OLDC upon request. OLDC properties have been registered with the Massachusetts Board of Registration of Real Estate Brokers and Salesmen at 1000 Washington Street, Suite 710, Boston, Massachusetts 02118-6100 and the Bureau of Consumer Financial Protection at 1700 G Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20580. Certain OLDC properties are registered with the Department of Law of the State of New York. THE COMPLETE OFFERING TERMS ARE IN AN OFFERING PLAN AVAILABLE FROM SPONSOR, FILE NO. HT14-0001. Notice to New York Residents: The developer of Reynolds Lake Oconee and its principals are not incorporated in, located in, or resident in the state of New York. No offering is being made in or directed to any person or entity in the state of New York or to New York residents by or on behalf of the developer, offeror or anyone acting with the developer/offeror's knowledge. No such offering, or purchase or sale of real estate by or to residents of the state of New York, shall take place until all registration and filing requirements under the Act and the Attorney General's regulations are complied with, or a written exemption is obtained pursuant to an application is granted pursuant to and in accordance with Cooperative Policy Statements #1 or #7, or a "No-Action" request is granted.



SOUTHERN STYLE

## Exceptionally Gifted

FIND A MEMORABLE WEDDING PRESENT WITH THE HELP  
OF THESE THREE SOUTHERN SHOPS

By Haskell Harris

Expert hostess **Lyndsey Zorich** brings her knack for setting memorable tables to the Avenue, her Houston shop and online collection of artisan-driven home goods. [onlyontheavenue.com](http://onlyontheavenue.com)

*Clockwise from top:*

■ **NAPKINS**

*The tiny tumbling florals on these D'Ascoli cotton napkins bring a bit of the garden to the party (\$36 each).*

■ **VASE**

*Add flowers to this sculptural ceramic design by Virginia Sin, or leave it empty as an objet d'art (\$268).*

■ **BOWL**

*Salads will seem even tastier when served in this hand-carved mango woodpiece (\$88).*

■ **FLATWARESET**

*Change up the knife-fork-spoon routine with bamboo-handled utensils (\$34 for a set).*

■ **TABLECLOTH**

*Traditional ikat motifs such as this sunny yellow-and-blue D'Ascoli design look at once bold and timeless (\$368-\$428).*

■ **TUMBLER**

*Short, seagrass-wrapped glasses make a great everyday addition to a cupboard (\$15 each).*

■ **WINEGLASS**

*Enliven the tablescape with Estelle Colored Glass stemware in an unexpected blush hue (\$7.50 for two).*



The  
**TABLE  
TOPPER**  
THE AVENUE  
Houston, Texas

CREATE YOUR SPACE.  
CREATE YOUR MOMENTS.

[belgard.com/rooms](http://belgard.com/rooms)



*Guys Night*

When you finally carve out time for a much-needed guys night — these are the moments that we remember. And these moments are why we created Belgard Rooms to help inspire your next hardscape project.



**The  
BAR STOP**  
REED SMYTHE & COMPANY  
Nashville, Tennessee

Last fall, the formerly online-only Reed Smythe & Company, dreamed up by the late *Garden & Gun* contributing editor Julia Reed and tastemaker Keith Smythe Meacham, opened a brick-and-mortar Nashville flagship, where uniquely Southern bar offerings shine. [reedsmythe.com](http://reedsmythe.com)

*Clockwise from top left:*

- TRAY**  
Corral glassware, bottle openers, swizzle sticks, and more on a handmade copper tray (\$250).
- LANTERN**  
A glass hurricane lantern looks handsome whether used as a votive or an ice bucket (\$300).
- MOCHA WARE BOWL**  
Stash cheese straws around the home during a party, in a bowl by Arkansas's S.J. Pottery (\$100).
- WISHBONE**  
A token of good luck, this hand-cast, sterling-silver wishbone by Helen Bransford can secure cocktail napkins in a breeze (\$450).
- BOTTLE OPENER**  
Pop a top with a cast bronze beagle, golden retriever, Lab, or springer spaniel (\$75 each).
- COCKTAIL MIXING GLASS**  
Stir up a batch of martinis in this antique-reproduction glass, which can double as a vase (\$80).
- MILK PUNCH SET**  
Whipping up milk punch for two comes easy with this set, which includes Julia Reed's recipe, tortoiseshell highball glasses, homemade cheese straws, and Belle Meade bourbon (\$175).

# SILVER LINENS JEWELRY

STERLING SILVER AND 14K GOLD  
HANDCRAFTED

*MAN'S  
BEST  
FRIEND*



## INSPIRED BY HISTORY

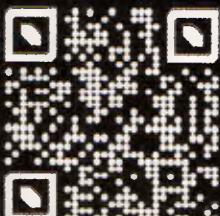
IT ALL STARTED WHEN A DEAR FRIEND, ELLEN SAID TO ME,  
“WHY NOT CREATE PENDANTS FROM ANTIQUE METALS OF DOGS?”

A LIGHT BULB WENT OFF IN MY HEAD! HONORING MY COMMITMENT TO HISTORY  
AND MY LOVE OF “*man's best friend*”, I STARTED A WORLD-WIDE SEARCH FOR ANTIQUE MEDALS FEATURING DOGS.  
ARMED WITH MEDALS FROM 1889 TO 1938, THE PENDANTS HAVE BEGUN TO FLOW.

LYNDA HENGLEIN – ARTIST

SCAN THE QR CODE TO VISIT SILVER LINEN'S GROWING KENNEL OF DOGS FROM AROUND THE WORLD THAT ARE IN NEED OF A LOVING HOME.

HAVE ONE IN MIND? YOU CAN EVEN DROP US A LINE TO SEE IF WE CAN ADOPT ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE FRIENDS.



[silverlinensjewelry.com](http://silverlinensjewelry.com) 903.356.4723

SCAN TO VISIT WEBSITE



*The*  
**SILVER BULLET**

CROGHAN'S JEWEL BOX  
Charleston, South Carolina

The shelves of the King Street landmark Croghan's Jewel Box, celebrated for its engagement rings and other fine jewelry, also overflow with silver utensils and pewter accessories—always classic gifts. [croghanjewelbox.com](http://croghanjewelbox.com)

*Clockwise from top left:*

■ **CHARGER**

*You might win the most original gift award with this braided pine needle charger trimmed in nickel (\$85).*

■ **TRAY**

*Paper may fade, but a wedding invitation's details and date engraved onto a pewter tray will last eternally (\$137).*

■ **OYSTER KNIFE**

*The shop engraves monograms, including on this sterling oyster knife (\$150).*

■ **VASE**

*No two of the shop's antique silver vases look the same, making one especially suited to gifting (\$300-\$1,000).*

■ **CHARLESTON RICE SPOON**

*This elegant Lowcountry spoon doles out the ideal serving of rice (\$50).*

■ **WINE COASTER**

*Rest or display a special bottle in this English silver-plated piece (\$125).*

■ **SALT AND PEPPER SET**

*You'll want to allow these good dogs at the table: regal Labrador retrievers made from lead-free pewter (\$51). *



LEATHER SINCE 1933

MOORE  
— & —  
GILES

MOOREANDGILES.COM

Shown: Isabella Bar Stool in Modern Saddle  
Available in 13 colors



During parties, Michelle and Leon Jones use their Atlanta folly as a bar.

In the United Kingdom, land of castle ruins, watchtowers, and country gardens, there's such a reverence for eighteenth-century follies—whimsical and sometimes charmingly pointless edifices—that an organization called the Folly Fellowship was formed “to protect, preserve, and promote follies, grottoes, and garden buildings.” In the American South, land of homegrown vegetables, pleasure gardens, and cocktail hours, follies have also enchanted landscapers for generations. “The earliest American follies were follies of fashion, copies of English country garden structures,” says Gwyn Headley, an architectural historian and the Fellowship’s cofounder. “You see, in Britain, we usually divide them into follies of *gesture* and follies of *passion*.” The South has no shortage of either type, whether it's a graceful gathering nook in Georgia, a stately potting shed in a Texas kitchen garden, or the plucky, funky folk-art manor two South Carolina antique dealers built for their devious chickens. “I believe there has to be a degree of eccentricity for a building to be considered a folly,” Headley says. Eccentrics, creatives, gardeners—all are welcome to take a gander inside these three Southern follies.

IN THE GARDEN

## Follies of Fancy

A TRIO OF GARDEN BUILDINGS CELEBRATE FORM, FUNCTION, AND A LITTLE BIT OF FUNK

By CJ Lotz

### The Skyline Sanctuary

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

When the onetime hurricane Irma came through Atlanta as a tropical storm in September 2017, forty-plus-mile-per-hour winds took down a large old red oak in Michelle and Leon Jones's backyard, leveling a little-used garage in the process. “I was sad about the tree, but the garage was old and too small,” Michelle says, “so I thought, *Now we have a clean slate.*” The family's yard in historic Brookwood Hills going from shady to sunny allowed the couple's landscape architect, John Howard, to reconfigure it with a lawn surrounded by hydrangeas and a view of Midtown Atlanta.

Working with architect Hoyte Johnson, the Joneses came up with a design for a multipurpose folly as a centerpiece. The new structure has three sides of windows and doors and a pyramid-shaped copper roof; small clerestory windows let in even more light. Its classic-meets-modern design includes copper lanterns and wood-planked storage walls, plus a back area to stash garden tools. Rosemary, creeping thyme, and Immortality iris in the adjoining garden add texture but don't overwhelm.

With Atlanta's mild weather, the doors stay open most of the time—although the



XPANDABLE™

PICCHIOTTI



ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC.  
JEWELERS

6401 MORRISON BLVD, CHARLOTTE, NC | 704.365.3700 | [ELIZABETHBRUNS.COM](http://ELIZABETHBRUNS.COM)



*Antique tobacco-drying sticks form the fence around this Texas potting shed. Below: Inside touches include timber beams from Waco.*

folly has heat and AC. “We use it almost every day,” Michelle says: as a workspace for their twenty-something daughters (“The setting is great for a Zoom meeting”), a lunch spot for a tennis group, a cocktail setting for friends, and as the scene of special-occasion dinners, including the Joneses’ annual Christmas brunch. Michelle loves simply putting around the garden—now that she has a place to relax in afterward. “I’ll go outside to pull one weed,” she says, “and next thing you know, it’s been eight hours.” —Lisa Mowry

*The*  
**Potager Garden’s  
 Potting Shed**  
 ERA, TEXAS

In a small town north of Dallas, Paige Bingham and her two brothers commissioned

the plans for a kitchen garden anchored by a custom potting shed and presented them to their mother as a remarkable Christmas gift. “She was thrilled,” Bingham says, “and even more so because she could be involved in the collaborative process of where we put the trellises and what vegetables to plant where.”

The family enlisted the help of the Dallas interior designer Lisa Luby Ryan, who envisioned installing symmetrical raised beds to lead the eye. “The shed is the focal point,” Ryan explains. “It’s what makes the garden so cozy and quaint, and yet it works. The family store their tools and bulbs and twine there—anything they need in the garden.”

Ryan hired Hillbrook Collections, a garden cottage builder in Pennsylvania, to create a curved-roof structure and deliver it on a flatbed partially unfinished. Then she added the final Texas touches of a Gran-



# SPEND SPRING IN MINT CONDITION



Created in Louisville, Mint Julep Month® is a month-long celebration leading up to the most exciting two minutes in sports, the Kentucky Derby. It's a delicious way to get in the spirit with fresh events, culinary delights, and juleps - both classic and modern - along the Urban Bourbon Trail®.

Join the celebration at [MintJulepMonth.com](http://MintJulepMonth.com)

Bourbon®  
C O U N T R Y



it in traditional molding,” Johnson says. “But then we decided to do it in a folk-art style, layering found objects to create patterns and shadows.” They glued rows of alphabet blocks around vintage bird figurines and stuck on rows of bottle caps and seashells and toy soldiers and golf clubs from South Carolina thrift stores. “And then,” Greene says, “we painted it all a bright lavender, because the color played so nicely with the greenery,” which

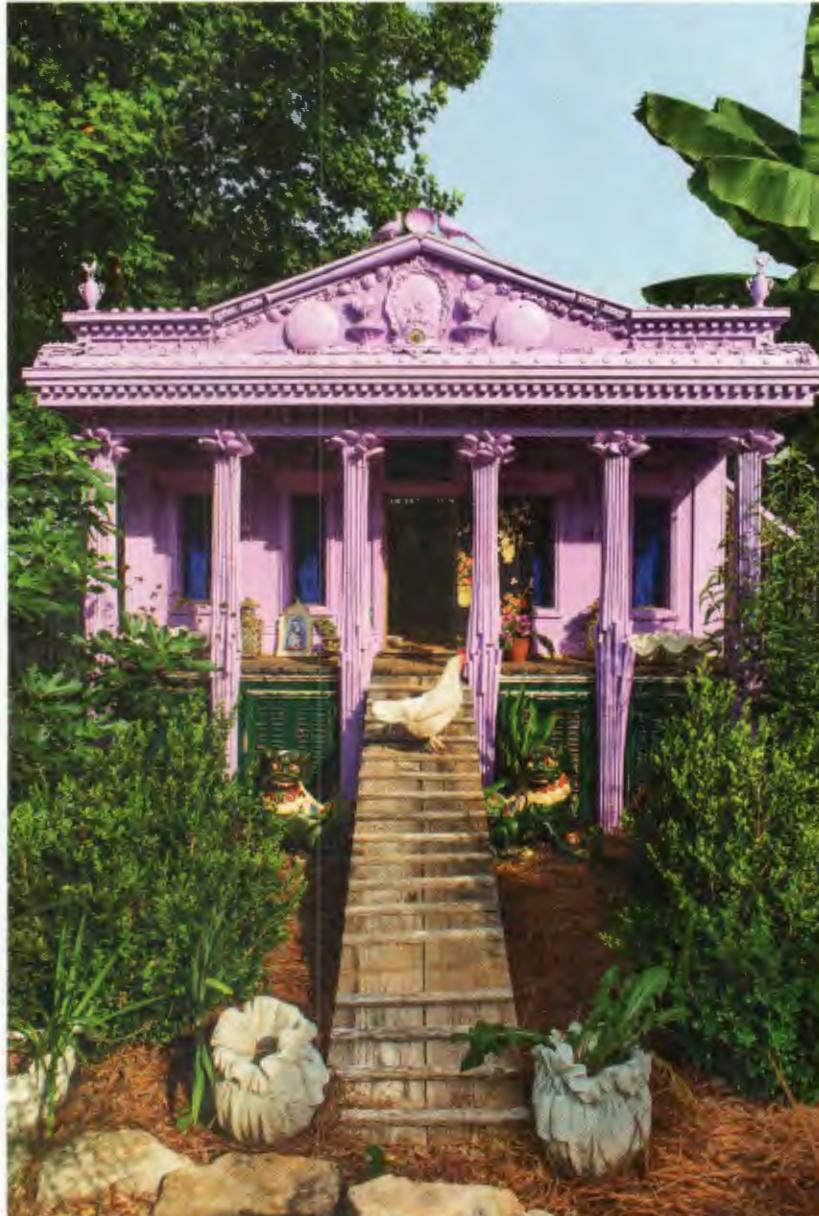
includes banana trees, boxwood, collards, and other pass-along plants that customers share. “We’ve had visitors from Charleston to China stop through just to see the chicken coop,” Johnson says. Artifacts opens its doors every day but Sunday and Monday and hosts regular outdoor art gatherings in the garden. Just keep an eye on Camilla—she’s forever on the lookout for accomplices who leave the back door open. ☐

bury limestone back wall, timber beams from Waco, and a textural rooftop made from paint grip, a bonderized steel that appears pleasingly weathered. “I wanted the cottage to look like it had belonged there forever,” Ryan says. She turned antique tobacco-drying sticks into a rustic fence, and the family seeded zinnias and lavender and planted onions, tomatoes, tomatillos, and cilantro—everything they might need to make a batch of *pico de gallo* to share.

*The*  
**Folk-Art Henhouse**  
 GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

“Omelette is bossy; Chequers isn’t too bright, but she’s fancy; and Camilla, she’s the queen and the mastermind,” says Michael Greene, profiling his three chickens and describing the schemes they hatch to sneak into his antique store, Artifacts Greenville. Greene can’t understand why they want to get inside so badly (perhaps to scour the shop for feather-edged platters or gold-rimmed deviled egg plates?), especially after he and his partner, Scott Johnson, built the birds a mansion of a chicken coop. “Well, it started as a chicken coop,” Greene explains, “and then the devil and bourbon got involved.”

The birds’ Greek Revival-inspired villa features columns, a ramp, a front porch, and a pergola perch. “Once we had the structure built, we talked about trimming



Camilla rules the roost, decorated with thrift-store finds (top left), at Artifacts Greenville.



PROMOTION



Clockwise from far left: G&G cofounder and CEO Rebecca Darwin; roseate spoonbills soar over Kiawah River marshland; a high-altitude vista near Cashiers, North Carolina (photo by Charles Johnson).

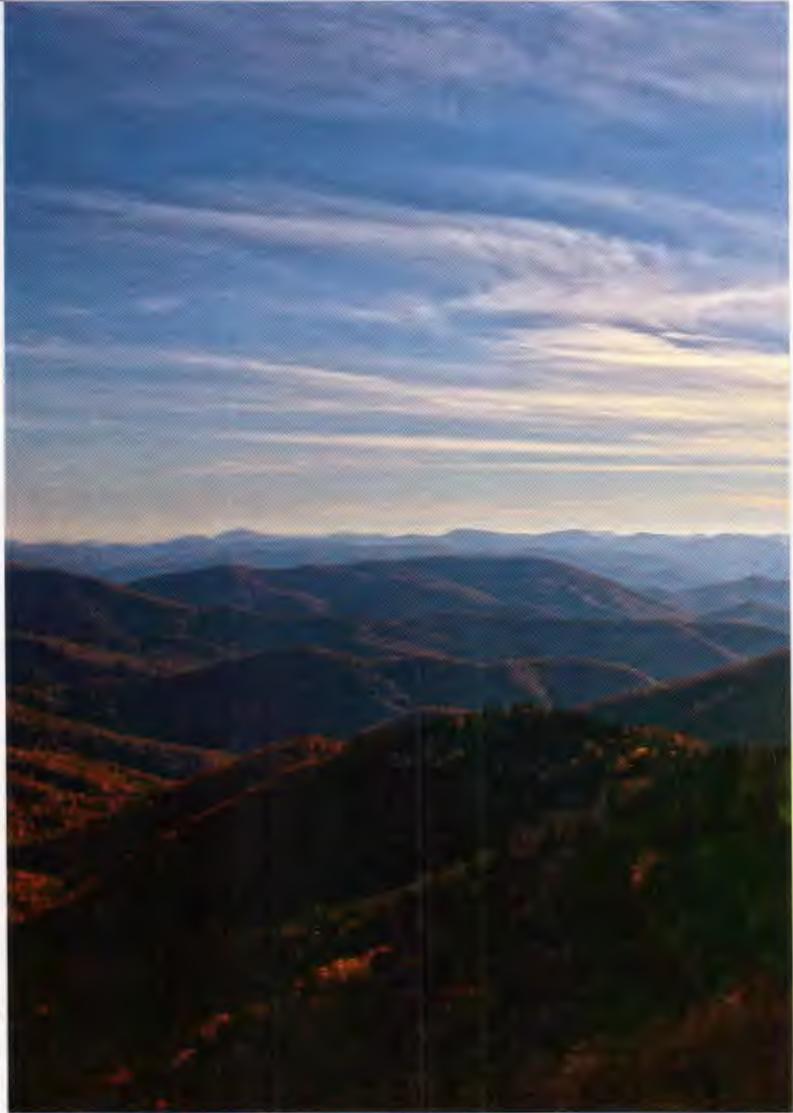
## Find Your Place

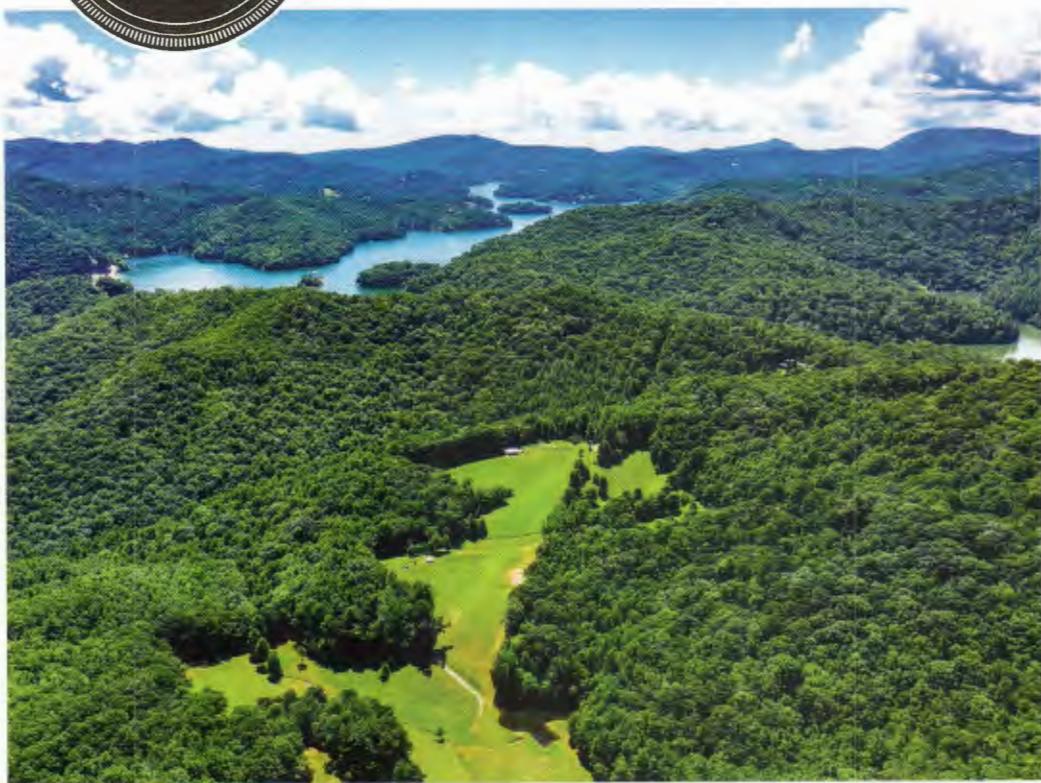
COMMUNITY-MINDED AND CONSERVATION-DRIVEN, THESE INSPIRED LOCALES OFFER SOUTHERNERS A NEW WAY OF LIFE

**H**ere at *Garden & Gun*, we wear our passions on our sleeves. Whether you've read one issue or fifteen years' worth, you know the idea of "land" is central to our understanding of the South. After all, our arts, our food, and our other most beloved pursuits all begin with a sense of place. It was with this ethos in mind that we created Garden & Gun Land. Celebrating the South's most treasured landscapes, the program highlights places that truly embody the G&G lifestyle. In the following pages, you'll discover properties that exist in harmony with the natural world, offering buyers something truly special: the chance to establish a home that respects the land. We are proud to showcase these beautiful destinations, and hope you'll find in them threads of the G&G spirit.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Rebecca W. Darwin".

Rebecca W. Darwin  
Garden & Gun cofounder and CEO





## Best of the Blue Ridge

AMID NORTH CAROLINA'S CASHIERS-HIGHLANDS PLATEAU, MCKEE PROPERTIES GUIDES BUYERS TO THEIR PERFECT MOUNTAIN RETREAT

**O**n the Cashiers-Highlands Plateau, life has a remarkable quality. Set against a sweeping Blue Ridge Mountains backdrop, the region's verdant lands offer something rarely found elsewhere: a genuine connection with nature, and the benefits of a vibrant community—the best, some might say, of both worlds. While area residents enjoy the perks of mountain living—crisp morning air, vast panoramic views, perhaps even meadows, creeks, and trails that lie within their property—they also have access to some of the finest shopping, dining, and recreation in the state, all just a short jaunt down the hill.

A beloved retreat since the 1800s, Cashiers caters to those seeking an outdoor way of life—days filled with hiking, biking, trout fishing, and explorations of the lush

Encompassing more than 200 verdant acres and a ninety-foot waterfall, Ethyl's Cove (\$6,950,000) is one of McKee Properties' most desirable listings. Contact Beth Townsend at 828-421-6193 or [beth@cashiers.com](mailto:beth@cashiers.com) for more information.

terrain. Tucked within the Nantahala National Forest, the area is rife with enviable trails, guiding adventurers to the breathtaking lookout at Whiteside Mountain, the thundering waters of Turtleback Falls, or the ever-popular splash zone of Sliding Rock, a favorite among families on warm afternoons. The area's lakes, including its centerpiece, the glistening Lake Glenville, make Cashiers all the more desirable, drawing neighbors and friends for a day of tubing or an evening cruise through the placid waters.

For those who fall in love with this four-season wonderland, the experience need not end after a weekend getaway, or even a summer retreat. Claiming a piece of this Blue Ridge haven is a viable possibility, especially with the help of McKee Properties, a local

real estate firm that has specialized in the mountain lifestyle since 1977. Experts in the riches of Western North Carolina, the McKee Properties team understands what people come to the region in search of: a home that's peaceful and private, but also in proximity to a flourishing town and its world-class draws.

The Cashiers area fulfills these desires perfectly, offering large tracts of residential real estate ripe for establishing a mountain home. "If you love being involved in the town but also want privacy, these parcels provide that," says Beth Townsend, broker and co-owner of McKee Properties. With impressive tracts ranging from ten to hundreds of acres, the company is in the business of bringing buyers' grandest hopes to life. Parcels this generous allow homeowners to create not only an abode but an estate, complete with space for barns, outbuildings, guest houses, or multiple family quarters. And when the time comes to build, Cashiers is home to a wide community of craftspeople eager to collaborate.

Regarding the company's larger land tracts, McKee Properties broker and co-owner Liz Harris stresses the beauty of the investment. Here, the rolling hills hold a sense of possibility—exactly what the team reveals to clients who visit the

Plateau. "It offers a range of opportunities," Harris says. "This land speaks to family, and is also a place for your soul to bloom." With many properties surrounded by conservation easements, homeowners can be sure that development will be kept at bay. The region's unique topography also means no two properties are alike. Some may feature old logging trails, a functioning barn, pastureland, or hidden waterfalls. And the views? Given the right address, they can be substantial.

Beyond its natural wonders, Cashiers has a delightfully close-knit feel, bolstered by a collection of thriving local businesses. The Cashiers Farmers Market, an open-air structure in town, carries local provisions and gourmet essentials for stocking the pantry, but when residents want to eat out, excellent restaurants are also abundant. The village holds its own in the culinary realm, from favorite area restaurants such as the Library Kitchen + Bar, the Orchard, Happs Place, and Cornucopia to the newly arrived Oak Steakhouse. And in the warmer months, Cashiers comes to life with a full calendar of events, including well-attended concerts at the Village Green, a grassy venue and gathering place in the heart of it all.

In addition to its more secluded offerings, McKee Properties has developed several clubs and communities with incredible amenities that new residents can take full advantage of. The Tom Fazio-designed Wade Hampton Golf Club, for instance, is consistently listed among the finest golf courses in the nation, while Cedar Creek Club, the area's first tennis community, is one of the ten most beautiful tennis clubs in America, according to *Tennis* magazine. These facilities and more are emblematic of McKee's greatest commitment: to place the beauty of the outdoor world at the center of its projects.

This, after all, is the true appeal of a place like Cashiers: Where else can you enjoy the rural beauty of every season as well as the splendors of a community on the rise? For more than four decades, McKee Properties has watched with delight as family after family has fallen for this very combination of wonders, and each member of its team believes wholeheartedly in the area's extraordinary nature. Case in point: Townsend's family purchased a gentleman's farm here nearly fifty years ago, a property the broker still nurtures to this day. As Harris says, "Cashiers has a certain magic to it that's hard to find anywhere else."

Find your mountain home at [McKeeProperties.com](http://McKeeProperties.com)



#### LITTLE ELLIJAY FARM

Nestled in the mountainside near Lake Glenville, this beautiful 63-acre farm is a true gem of the Cashiers/Glenville area. Full of charm, the property features breathtaking mountain views, rolling hills, a spacious main house with vaulted ceilings, and a large functioning barn, as well as gardens, a chicken coop, fenced-in pastureland, freshwater ponds, springs, and creeks throughout.

\$1,772,000

**Liz Harris**  
828-342-3194  
[liz@cashiers.com](mailto:liz@cashiers.com)

#### LICHEN ROCK

Approximately five miles from the heart of Cashiers, this 200-plus-acre tract is surrounded by three conservation easements at more than 4,000-foot elevation. This parcel features old logging trails, rock outcroppings, and a central "bowl" that is ripe for clearing as a meadow. A peaceful stream also has headwaters with several sets of small ripples and falls.

\$2,800,000

**Beth Townsend**  
828-421-6193  
[beth@cashiers.com](mailto:beth@cashiers.com)

#### WINFIELD FARM

Atop a sweeping ridge on the southern edge of the Nantahala National Forest, this beautiful 125-acre property is a multigenerational family farm. Just ten minutes from Highlands, the farm features long-range views, rolling pastures, heirloom orchards and gardens, a spring-fed lake, streams, and multiple structures including four charming homes, two working barns, and a historic lodge.

\$6,950,000

**Liz Harris**  
828-342-3194  
[liz@cashiers.com](mailto:liz@cashiers.com)



## A Charleston Countryside Abode

*AMID KIAWAH RIVER'S SEA ISLANDS LANDSCAPE, RIVERFRONT LIVING TAKES ON NEW MEANING*

**F**or the past ten years, Megan and Randy Hendricks have loved visiting the Lowcountry. Randy's job in waste management first brought him on business trips to Savannah and Charleston, but when winters back home in Pennsylvania took their toll, the couple decided to explore a part-time move down South. "We stumbled upon Kiawah River, and we liked what we saw," Megan remembers. "The property is beautiful, we love the community and people, but most of all, we love the wildlife we get to see every day while walking on the paths by the river."

Kiawah River offers two thousand acres of Sea Islands beauty just twenty miles from downtown Charleston. Here, the unspoiled view of the marsh takes center stage against the backdrop of a sustainably designed development. The work of some of the top architects in the Southeast, Kiawah River offers a blend of villas, cottages, and waterfront homes, all built in conscious harmony with the surrounding ecosystem.

Farm-to-table living is at the center of this sun-dappled community, exemplifying its distinction as an agrihood. As a perk, residents are invited to participate in Kiawah River Farm's Community Shared Agriculture (CSA) program. A collaboration with local Johns Island farms, the CSA is run by Lowcountry Farm Conservation founder Missy Farkouh, offering residents not only access to the freshest locally grown foods, but a chance to support local growers. Included in this cooperative is Rosebank Farms, run by Sidi Limehouse, who often opens the land to his Kiawah River neighbors. "He invited everyone out to the farm for a Lowcountry boil recently," Randy says. "He had two pickup trucks filled with oysters. It was great."

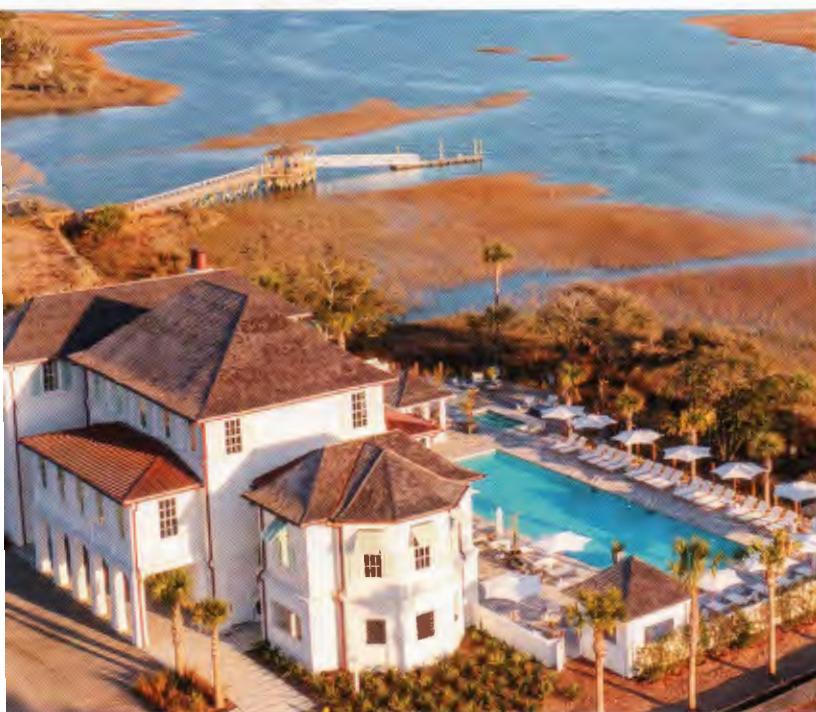
But the community's celebration of the natural world doesn't end there. Kiawah River also boasts its own Goatery, where Megan is an active volunteer. Next to the farmhouse village, the resident herd munches grass with a collection

*Clockwise from near right: An example of the property's signature Sea Islands architecture, constructed by Jackson Built Homes; Megan and Randy Hendricks at home in Kiawah River; a scene at the Goatery; the Spring House swim and fitness center overlooks the Kiawah River.*





*“It’s low-key, relaxing, and comfortable,” Randy says of his second home*



of other creatures, including a flock of chickens, some Kunekune pigs, and miniature donkeys. The Goatery follows the practice of creating refugia, or holistic habitats for animals that avoid pesticides and harsh chemicals, creating a healthy and self-sustaining ecosystem. When it comes to the natural world, this is just another example of the symbiotic relationship Kiawah River promotes.

This thriving environmental ethos extends to the community at Kiawah River as well. What the Hendrickses appreciate about their coastal home is the conviviality of their neighbors, and the sense of camaraderie the property fosters. “We love the social activities,” Megan says. The couple often find themselves at the Caribbean-inspired Spring House, the property’s waterfront swim and fitness facility. For cocktail hour, neighbors gather around outdoor fireplaces at the space, enhanced by a Junior Olympic-sized family pool, a full-service kitchen, and a shaded bar with poolside dining and programming. These casual get-togethers often lead to other invitations, says Randy, who recently joined a handful of residents for fishing one morning.

A welcoming atmosphere is woven into every aspect of Kiawah River, including the architecture itself for both turnkey and custom-built homes, with open floor plans, vaulted ceilings, and deep porches that encourage entertaining and time together. And for those looking to put their own mark on their property, the Kiawah River Builders Guild offers a referral roster of builders who understand the community’s vision, look, and feel, and can execute a buyer’s dreams while following a signature Sea Islands aesthetic.

The flavor of Johns Island and its rural heritage is echoed in every home, from wide, shady porches crafted to catch prevailing river breezes to screened-in porches made for sipping sweet tea on sleepy Sunday afternoons. “It’s low-key, relaxing, and comfortable,” Randy says of his second home. It’s also, he believes, a wise investment. The Hendrickses have witnessed the Lowcountry’s popularity grow since falling in love with the area a decade ago, and can see their own property’s value increase in real time. They believe the addition of Kiawah River’s burgeoning Dunlin resort by Auberge Resorts Collection is further confirmation that they made the right choice. Expected to open in 2024, the hotel will feature seventy-two “cottage-style” guest rooms and suites, nineteen villas, and a signature riverfront restaurant.

“That will be a nice addition,” says Randy. For now, the couple plan to enjoy their balmy winters together—spotting egrets, strolling the oak-lined paths, making new friends, and hosting their children when they too need a Southern escape. “Being able to walk on river paths, ride out into the outback, as we call it, fish whenever you want, or just enjoy nature,” Megan says. “That’s what makes Kiawah River a wonderful place to live.”

*For more information, visit [KiawahRiver.com](http://KiawahRiver.com)*



## A Riverfront Escape

AT SOUTH CAROLINA'S PALMETTO BLUFF, LOWCOUNTRY SPLENDOR IS ON FULL DISPLAY

Just beyond Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, Palmetto Bluff is a residential community, resort, and nature preserve unlike any other in the South. Tucked along the May River, the community is a true celebration of the Lowcountry, with care and reverence for the land in every thoughtfully planned detail. For homeowners, life here is fittingly centered on outdoor pursuits, be it shooting, largemouth bass fishing, or simply savoring the breeze from a wraparound porch.

Encompassing more than twenty thousand acres, Palmetto Bluff is the East Coast's largest remaining continuous waterfront property. Surrounded by three rivers and thirty-two miles of shoreline, the land has been fiercely protected by the Palmetto Bluff Conservancy since its establishment in 2003. As a result, the landscape is one of the most pristine in the country, brimming with natural wonders from century-old live oaks to wild turkeys and soaring birds of prey. Rare as this environment may be, more special still is the opportunity to make a home among it all.

Throughout the grounds, Palmetto Bluff takes cues from the architectural traditions of the Lowcountry, creating a harmonious feel between its several distinct

*A quiet moment amid the Palmetto Bluff marshland.*

pockets. Wilson Village, for example, was the Bluff's first development, and still functions as the community's heart. Extensive research into the South's small coastal towns culminated in the neighborhood's charming design, characterized by wide, welcoming porches and ample pedestrian paths, all beneath a canopy of wispy Spanish moss.

An extension of Wilson Village, the River Road neighborhood is especially desirable, lying adjacent to the 120-acre River Road Preserve. In what is known as the Garden District of Palmetto Bluff, this neighborhood is built around numerous shared green spaces—including Cove Park, a community garden, a playground, and a dog park—weaving elements of the natural landscape into everyday life with ease. Here, the architecture is slightly more classic, taking cues from the historic homes of Charleston and Savannah. A wonderful place for both adults and families, River Road also boasts the Lodge, a members-only facility with a fitness center, a private lounge area, and a zero-entry pool along the banks of the inland waterway.

Moreland Village is Palmetto Bluff's most recent addition. Located at the confluence of the forest, marsh, and waterways, the village is uniquely positioned for Lowcountry adventures. A set of carefully laid trails connects the community to amenities like the Moreland Bike Shop and the grab-and-go Canteen café, as well as picturesque gathering places along the water. With just a short walk or bike ride, residents can cast a fly on the river, meet up with their neighbors at the Village Green, or steer a kayak through the seven-and-a-half-mile freshwater trail that connects Moreland and Wilson Villages. Further emphasizing an appreciation for life outdoors, the neighborhood's homes blur the line between indoors and out, with bright, airy rooms and plentiful space for living, lounging, and entertaining alfresco.

Beyond these homey options, residents also enjoy access to many of Palmetto Bluff's members-only amenities, including several unrivaled sporting experiences. The Palmetto Bluff Shooting Club, for one, offers a world-class field experience with thirteen clays stations, an

elevated five-stand station, and a wobble deck field positioned throughout an expansive forty-acre hardwood bottom. For resident anglers and wildlife admirers, the community's seven-and-a-half-mile Inland Waterway provides some of the best fishing opportunities in the Lowcountry—and some of its most beautiful scenery. Meanwhile, Longfield Stables is a haven for equestrians, home to 173 acres of farmland perfect for training and leisurely riding alike, and golfers find bliss at the May River golf course, an eighteen-hole Jack Nicklaus Signature design that stretches more than seven thousand waterfront yards.

Hospitality is a core value around the Bluff, evidenced by a dazzling food and beverage program. The community's culinary operations are overseen by executive chef Rhy Waddington, a veteran of New York's storied Winged Foot Golf Club and an early innovator within the farm-to-table movement. Under Waddington's guidance, fresh ingredients sourced primarily from local growers are inherent to each of the Bluff's nine dining options, ranging from casual waterfront hangouts and neighborhood coffee spots to lively tapas and cocktail bars. In each locale, dishes draw inspiration from South Carolina's rich culinary legacy, as well as its bounty of native provisions, from Carolina Gold rice to red snapper and plump local shrimp.

Fueling this culinary ethos, Palmetto Bluff is also home to a working farm. A still-growing operation, the farm is guided by the region's agricultural history, focused on sustainable practices to cultivate its crops. In turn, homeowners and guests of Palmetto Bluff can reap the benefits, be it access to fresh produce and hands-on experiences or farm-hosted meals with their neighbors.

For those considering making the Bluff their home, a stay at the on-site resort, Montage Palmetto Bluff, is a wonderful way to get a feel for the property. A Forbes five-star hotel, Montage encompasses a charming collection of guest rooms, suites, cottages, and vacation homes, nestled peacefully amid the Bluff's natural setting. Here, guests can experience the breathtaking grounds in full, whether meandering through the vast nature preserve, chartering a boat at the riverfront marina, or settling in for a sunset supper overlooking the water. It's no surprise, then, that hotel guests often find themselves falling for this rare coastal enclave; the joy of the Lowcountry lifestyle is contagious, and nowhere is it clearer than at Palmetto Bluff.

Learn more about this Lowcountry oasis:  
[palmettobluff.com/garden](http://palmettobluff.com/garden) or 843-896-3638



#### 253 DAVIES ROAD

Set amid Spanish moss-draped oaks with tidal marshlands beyond, this custom Moreland Village residence is designed for modern outdoor living.

\$4,495,000

**Bryan Byrne**  
 843-896-3638



#### 126 AUGUST LANE

In the Montage Residences neighborhood, this charming new cottage features classic Lowcountry details such as a tabby stucco foundation and a large screened porch.

\$4,600,000

**Martin Roache**  
 843-896-3638



#### 34 WATERFOWL ROAD

This River Road neighborhood corner lot features a welcoming front porch, French white oak floors, spacious gathering spaces, and trail access to the Inland Waterway.

\$2,100,000

**Bryan Byrne**  
 843-896-3638



#### 67 TROUT HOLE ROAD

An extraordinary property in the sought-after May River Forest neighborhood, this homesite boasts riverfront views and abundant space for a custom build.

\$3,500,000

**Bryan Byrne**  
 843-896-3638



#### 188 VINSON ROAD

With preserved wetlands to the west and a canopy of live oaks, this homesite's timeless setting holds countless possibilities for future residents.

\$845,000

**Martin Roache**  
 843-896-3638



#### 398 DAVIES ROAD

Ready for a custom build, this Moreland Point lot is uniquely positioned to capture panoramic views of Lake Bales and the surrounding marshlands.

\$895,000

**Amanda Cutrer**  
 843-896-3638



## A Lakeside Oasis Emerges

*DISTINGUISHED BY ITS SYLVAN SETTING,  
THE HERITAGE AT LAKE MARTIN IS  
ALABAMA LIVING AT ITS BEST*

**T**he story of Lake Martin begins a century ago, when Martin Dam was built to provide energy and water to the state of Alabama. Today, thanks to the foresight of nineteenth-century-born innovator Benjamin "Mr. Ben" Russell, it powers a waterfront way of life where relaxation, play, and memory-making are as natural as the sunsets reflected off the lake's surface.

It's a lifestyle Mr. Ben pictured nearly a hundred years ago. A pioneering clothing mill owner turned visionary businessman, Mr. Ben saw the lake's potential far beyond hydroelectricity. When its construction was completed in 1926, he could scarcely believe his good fortune "to have a gigantic lake dropped on top of us" in his nearby home of Alexander City, Alabama. He saw recreational living as the future, and the creation of Lake Martin led to the establishment of Russell Lands, which became a separate entity from Russell Manufacturing Company in 1962. This change laid the foundation for a luxury residential real estate development surrounding the lake and its shores.

*Above and opposite:  
Centered on the  
beautiful Lake  
Martin, The  
Heritage promises  
adventurous  
days and peaceful  
waterfront nights.*

Today, Mr. Ben's legacy of community building continues at The Heritage, Russell Lands' newest residential development, located within an easy drive of metro areas such as Atlanta, Nashville, Birmingham, and Montgomery. With more than 1,500 acres along twelve miles of Lake Martin shoreline, the master-planned community will feature roughly 240 waterfront homesites and 130 wooded interior lots. Available to home buyers later this year, the properties are designed to give residents unparalleled views of the lake, the woods, and Wicker Point Golf Club, the centerpiece of The Heritage.

"There will be no greater tribute to Mr. Ben than The Heritage," says Ben Russell, Mr. Ben's grandson and Russell Lands' chairman of the board. "It will mirror my family's values in that it will be a place where multiple generations of families can revel in the surrounding beauty. It's been said that my grandfather was 'close to the land,' and while the name honors my family's heritage, we hope this community will be a place where others can build their heritage for generations to come."

As with all Russell Lands neighborhoods, new residents will have access to the company's network of masterful designers, contractors, and builders, whom they can work with to create a home that suits their needs—and personal tastes.

Throughout the development, the scent of longleaf pines and the gentle lap of fresh water create a prevailing sense of tranquility, and privacy is paramount amid the thoughtfully designed space. Ample lot sizes ensure solitude, while the natural wooded setting promotes a secluded, peaceful ambience. This feeling of rest and respite extends to communal areas as well, including the highly anticipated Bill Coore and Ben Crenshaw-designed Wicker Point Golf Club—the team's only course in Alabama. Slated to open in 2023, the private, one-of-a-kind course will give players a uniquely challenging environment of varying terrains, including natural creeks and pine plantations throughout. "They don't just take any project," says Tom Lamberth, Russell Lands' president and CEO. "It has to really inter-

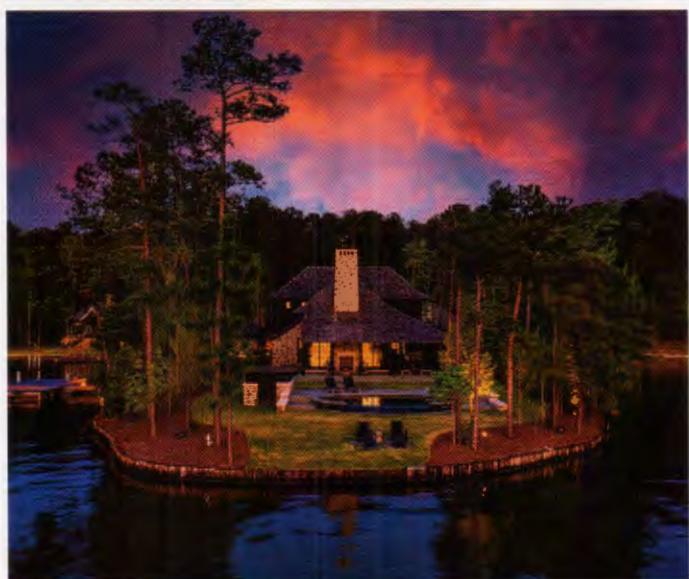
est them." But the minute Coore and Crenshaw saw the landscape, Lamberth says, they were sold. "I think the course is going to be second to none, and really some of the best golf in the state," Lamberth adds. Half of the holes are directly on Lake Martin, with the first view of the water occurring on hole eight, the second par-three on the course.

The Wicker Point Golf Club Clubhouse and Golf Shop, designed by Hank Long of Henry Sprott Long & Associates, will be the quintessence of the Lake Martin experience. To make players feel at home, its design will feature not only a stand-alone golf shop with accompanying men's and women's locker rooms, but also a "wind down" room complete with a lounge and bar. The invitation to come in and sit a spell continues on the club's wrap-around porch, built in a Craftsman style and perfect for dining or relaxing after a round. And to help players sharpen their skills, a large practice putting course completes the private complex.

Thanks to a soon-to-come lake club, Heritage residents will never be far from the promise of a crackling bonfire, or a boat ride departing from the community dock. With construction overseen by the Atlanta-based architectural firm Cooper Carry, the club's waterfront lawn and event space will include a catering kitchen and bar, making hosting friends and family easy. Neighbors can even greet each other daily at the club's fully equipped fitness facility, or play a game of pickleball before cooling off on the lakefront veranda. A warm afternoon is made even better by the club's saline pool, a refreshing place to take a dip following a tennis match on one of eight courts.

The greater network of Russell Lands neighborhoods offers additional facilities and amenities for Heritage residents, all capitalizing on the bucolic setting. "We want The Heritage to be an escape from the busyness of the outside world—a place where families can spend a day playing tennis, boating, swimming, hiking a trail, all the while connecting to the lake and the land," Russell says. Here, people can set down roots in a place that's committed to the environment, where activities like hiking, biking, and horseback riding are part of the community ethos. Following a day of exploration, neighbors can gather at The AMP, Russell Lands' open-air amphitheater, for live music, including the annual Alexander City Jazz Fest, or watch fireworks sparkle across the water on the Fourth of July. Still more memories are made over meals at Russell Lands' signature dining establishments, including the casual favorite Kowaliga Restaurant, which sits right on the lakefront, or a fine-dining venue like SpringHouse, which offers an exceptional farm-to-table menu to match its enviable panoramic views.

In this unspoiled environment, residents are invited to kick back, recharge, and focus their energies on what really matters: the joy of a perfect sunrise, a good meal with friends, some friendly competition, or a porch nap accompanied by the sound of the breeze blowing across the waters. This is what Mr. Ben foresaw all those years ago—a place where "when people hit the city limits of Alexander City, they can literally feel their blood pressure drop," Lamberth says. A place where the stunning landscape holds a spell over residents, an outdoor way of life powered by the lake.



*To learn more about The Heritage and its real estate opportunities, visit [russelllands.com/neighborhoods/the-heritage/](http://russelllands.com/neighborhoods/the-heritage/)*





# SOUTHERN CONCEPTS

Development & Management Company

 *Duck  
Bottom*  
HORATIO, SC

 *The  
VISTA*  
KIAWAH ISLAND, SC

*A private outdoor  
experience for one.*



[southernconceptsproperties.com](http://southernconceptsproperties.com)



BY DANA LISE SHAVIN

# This Strange Ballet

A WRITER AND HER AILING COCKER SPANIEL SHARE ONE MORE DANCE



**S**omewhere, there is the memory of a portal. It is the dog door he uses every day, and it will shuttle him from the inner sanctuary of the house out into the sunlit yard, if only he can find it. He looks for it in the belly of the kitchen cabinet, in the steel shine of the freezer, in the crevice beside the dryer. He searches and sniffs, his round, brown eye wide under the fringe of hair he hasn't let me trim since losing the other eye a year ago.

My husband sits at the kitchen island scrolling through his phone. The *tick tick tick* of toenails on hardwood sounds like little bombs going off in my head, but it doesn't breach the barrier of his consciousness. I watch them both as I stand at the sink peeling vegetables for dinner, and when I can't take it any longer, I sigh loudly. *Theo needs out*, I say. Without looking up, my husband puts down his phone, scoops up the dog, carries him down the steps to the yard, comes back in, sits down, and picks up his phone again. A

minute later, Theo bursts back in through the dog door and skids across the floor into my legs. The way in is not a mystery. Only the way out is lost.

I met Theo online. The last of my dogs—there had been seven over the years—had died six months earlier, and I'd been without one for the first time in three decades. It was time, I told my husband, who had asked for a single dog-free year to travel and regroup. I had reluctantly agreed, but five months in I was already obsessively scrolling cocker spaniel rescue sites. By the time I discovered Theo through Life's Little Paws, he was six years old and had been living in a South Georgia kennel for months, waiting for someone to want him. My husband and I drove the three hours from our home in Chattanooga to get him. When they brought Theo out, I couldn't believe how beautiful he was. *My little supermodel*, I would call him, although others would say he resembled Wilford Brimley. *Look at those long ears! Those gigantic brown eyes!* When we got home, Theo ran to the middle of the yard and rolled in the grass for the better part of an hour, mouth open wide, ears flopping, his bright white coat flashing in the sun like the underbelly of a trout.

These days, he's less active. Our walks are a slow dance—a meditation. The time spent on scents expands to fill an afternoon. He stumbles on the smooth pavement. Is startled every day by the same fire hydrant. Offers nothing but a blank stare when the UPS truck roars by. He hasn't barked, I realize, in months.

The change was gradual. So gradual, in fact, that it took me a while to realize something was wrong. Used to be, he would wake in the morning, fly off our high bed, and race into the kitchen, where he would commence a sharp and joyful barking—*breakfast! Now!* As time went by, he woke more slowly, until, I don't know when exactly, we had to start waking him for breakfast. Where he once thrilled to walks, he would now only go obligingly. He was ten by then, no longer young, but not old either. Finally, we went to the vet.

*Canine cognitive dysfunction*, he said. *Dementia.*

A few minutes into our strolls, Theo begins to spin. Every ten or twelve paces

“  
I HOLD HIS LEASH OUT WIDE, AND DOWN THE HILL  
AND AROUND THE DUCK POND WE GO, FOR TWO FULL MILES—  
WALK-STOP-PIROUETTE, WALK-STOP-PIROUETTE,  
A PAS DE DEUX FOR WOMAN AND DOG  
”

he stops and twirls, a series of steps executed so deftly it does not impede our forward progress. If I fight him, he will balk, so I hold his leash out wide, and down the hill and around the duck pond we go, for two full miles—walk-stop-pirouette, walk-stop-pirouette, a pas de deux for woman and dog. I imagine people passing in their cars or watching from their houses, wondering about this strange ballet.

Back home I try to feed him. Some days he will eat roasted chicken or canned beef liver, torn into narrow strips or balled up in my hand and pushed bite by bite into his mouth. Other days he doesn't understand food, what his mouth is for, or how one relates to the other. Sometimes while I am feeding him, he will walk away, *tick tick tick* through the kitchen to the door, where he'll wait, head down, body swaying, long ears brushing the floor. I dry my hands on a dish towel, follow him, squat down. *Where are we going?* I ask. *Who are we waiting for?* I am always in on his plans. Not very far in the future, I will separate my will from his, and steel my heart against the terrible plan I must make. For now, I guide him back to his bed, where he spins, once, twice, fifteen times, then lies down and sleeps the sleep of the dying.

Nights, my husband and I corral Theo inside the fence of our legs to keep him from falling off the bed. I love the feel of his tight, warm body against the back of my thighs, the sweet, dark smell of his slumber, the metronome of his breath; but with every shift or shiver, I bolt upright, ready to catch him midfall or whisk him outside before he can wet the bed.

It is the smallest thing, taking care of ailing dogs. It is building ramps in place of stairs. It is lifting brittle bodies onto beds. It is pushing pills down unwilling throats while your own catches with equal parts

gratitude and regret. It is remembering how, when they were new, they blazed their bright and boisterous way into all the graceless places of your heart, and it is knowing in those moments that it will be you who will show them the way out.

I try to appreciate that things are not worse than they are. I have watched a dog with lung cancer struggle to breathe. I have found a dog with heart failure drowned in his own fluids in the spare bedroom. This is not that, and for a little while I feel some relief. It can't last, of course. What aches in the moment is always more tender than what's already grieved.

One day I read that Theo's spinning could be something called positional vertigo, the result of calcium buildup in the inner ear. There is a medication that might help. For an entire weekend I float on a raft of possibility. Perhaps the dementia is in fact only dizziness! I take the vet my findings. I read from the original text as he listens, leaning against the counter with the ear swabs and the plastic heartworm model, looking older than I remember. In years past I came seeking cures for the lung cancer, the heart failure; once, I brought my dying dog in for a toenail trim, certain this small act of hygiene was a gateway to more and better years. When I finish reading, I look up. The vet's face is an apology.

I will release Theo. Not now, but a month from now. On that day my husband will lay him in my lap, and we will talk to him and rub his back and ears, and when the first needle goes in, he will sink into me, dense and heavy with sleep. Soon his head will drop, and with the second needle he will take a deep, vast breath and grow still. I will know then that he has found his way out, and I will close my eyes and watch him go, boundless and lithe and no longer lost, pirouetting, pirouetting, into a sunlit yard. ☐

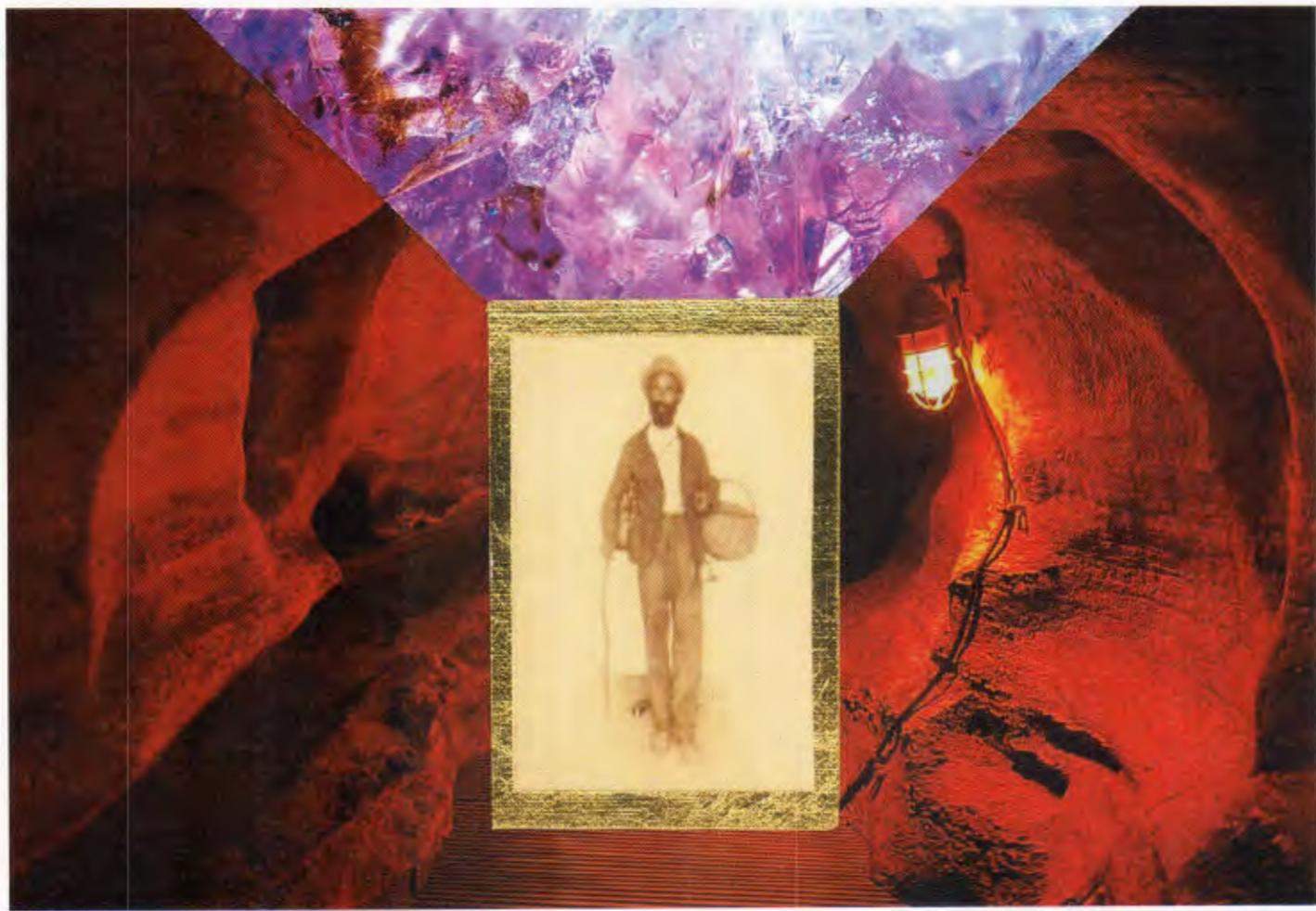
OUR MEMBERS  
*return each year*  
AS FAITHFULLY AS THE TIDES



Ocean Reef is more than a club, it's family; a family that holds tradition, privacy and belonging at its core. That's why generations of Members continue to connect and to enjoy the countless amenities all within this private club community.

There are only two ways to experience Ocean Reef Club's Unique Way of Life – as a guest of a Member or through the pages of *Living* magazine. Visit [OceanReefClubLiving.com](http://OceanReefClubLiving.com) or call 305.367.5921 to request your complimentary copy.





*Formerly enslaved Mammoth Cave guide Mat Bransford, photographed by Louisville doctor Mandeville Thum circa 1876.*

BY LATRIA GRAHAM

# Guiding Lights

*KENTUCKY'S MAMMOTH CAVE ECHOES WITH A HISTORY THAT WON'T BE SILENCED*

**P**lease make your best effort not to touch the cave formations or any of the rocks around you," says park guide Rachel Kem to our group of explorers, her hat bobbing as she makes eye contact with each of us. "The oils in our fingers can actually damage the cave features and discolor them. There is one exception to this rule." She pauses, allowing her words to linger. "If you're falling—well, grab onto something." With that she turns and walks with purpose toward the historic entrance of Mammoth Cave.

I nervously pull on my backpack's straps as Kem finishes the safety briefing. Was I, a fat, claustrophobic, risk-averse writer, really about to descend into the world's longest known cave system?

"Consider your limitations," Kem warns before we begin the descent. "Even at such a short distance as we're going today, medical evacuations can and will take several hours. We are about to go underneath the middle of nowhere in south-central Kentucky." Even though I am physically capable of making the journey, fear and reason are not friends. "Do it for the story," I whisper to myself.

In the stories we tell one another about adventure, caves serve many purposes: hideouts, treasure holders, prehistoric homes. They offer welcome respite for fugitives and runaways. Bears, bad people, and monsters make their homes there. Mammoth Cave, Kem explains, most closely resembles a time capsule. The temperature and humidity don't fluctuate much, slowing decomposition of anything left inside. "Artifacts and signatures from prehistoric

# NEW MOON™

THE WORLD'S FINEST TIBETAN RUGS



times, as well as from the early days of the cave's rediscovery," she explains, "are so well preserved that it gives us a good glance into our past."

About four thousand years ago, Indigenous people frequented the cave in search of minerals, such as mirabilite, gypsum, and epsomite, perhaps for rituals, and those grew there in unusual formations: shapes like tropical flowers, cotton candy, snowballs, even angel-hair strands. Equipped only with bundled cane reeds from the banks of the Green River as torches, they left evidence of their visits—petroglyphs and pictographs, gourd bowls, the mussel shells they used to mine, and sandals woven from a plant called rattlesnake master.

Walking along an ancient streambed, we push deeper. The cave's length, which with the surrounding land is protected as Mammoth Cave National Park, measures 420 miles, though surveyors often find new passages, so the total keeps growing. The park's name refers to the size of the cave's chambers and avenues, not the prehistoric elephant. Back in the time this valley served as the realm of mastodons and giant ground sloths, water created the subterranean network. Moisture funneled into underground streams, which cut through limestone beds as they wound to the Green River. Fast streams carved out twists and turns like Fat Man's Misery. Cascades dissolved limestone into tubular corridors like Bottomless Pit. And the steady drip of mineral-infused water rendered endless shapes and designs: calcium carbonate formations, rimstone pools, stalagmites, stalactites, sweeping curves, and golden-hued travertine patterned like folded drapery.

The people who have since plunged into this inky darkness left just as much of an impression, perhaps most so those who found themselves down here without much say in the matter. The earliest laborers in this cave were enslaved people. Before the War of 1812, nearby households rented them out as miners for saltpeter, found in bat guano and one of the three essential ingredients in gunpowder. With whale oil lanterns and lard oil torches, those workers

shoveled, hauled, and sifted the cave dirt, enduring long hours and poor conditions. You can still see the centuries-old leaching vats and hollowed-out tulip poplar logs that once aided the filtration process along the trail, those relics all that remain of those men's lives.

It takes a certain kind of courage to come down here with only a lantern in the hopes of beating back the earth's impenetrable darkness. In those early days, one wrong step or minor mishap and the cave could quickly become a grave. During our trek, Kem shuts off the guide lights and blows out her candle. We stand for a few minutes, engulfed by black, listening to our organs shift, our heartbeats the loudest things in the chamber.

The absence of natural light distorts the passage of time. I think back to the 1830s, when the demand for gunpowder waned between wars and enslaved men worked as guides for wealthy tourists eager to view this underground marvel. Stephen Bishop, one of the earliest documented guides, won praise for his skill and determination, and was the first to cross Bottomless Pit, a 105-foot-deep chasm that, until his feat, hampered surveying of the cave. These guides—folks like Mat and Nick Bransford, Ed Hawkins, Ed Bishop, and a man documented only as "Alfred"—stooped, crawled, climbed, and sometimes slithered, chins in the dirt, down winding passages in the name of exploration. Even if they did not own themselves, no one could take their achievements from them. Letters and journals written by white guests chronicled their

feats. When guides would discover a new route, they wrote their names in the rock, along with the year of their accomplishment. In an area now known as the Snowball Room, you'll find "TO, NICK THE GUIDE 1857 Aug 17th" etched into the wall.

When the men's owners died, inventories ascribed prices to the enslaved. Stephen Bishop, an estimated \$600. Nick Bransford, \$800. After manumission, the men and their descendants continued to work as guides, aiding in mapping the cave system. Around the time the area became

a national park, segregation was the law of the land. More than a hundred years after their ancestors' forced arrival at Mammoth Cave, the notion of the Black cave guide would go extinct for a time.

Today, two hundred or so years after the first modern humans entered the cave, thousands of explorers a year brave the harsh, unforgiving terrain here, searching for something beyond what they can see. The testimony of the rock, that enduring witness. The strange beauty of the deep, the menacing shadows the darkness holds. I find myself mapping my own personal topography relative to Mammoth—the at times all-encompassing fear of the things I cannot see, as well as the long trail of history that the park highlights even as our country grapples with it.

The most famous name in that chronology remains here still. Along the park's Heritage Trail, perched high on the ridge above the cave's entrance, sits the Old Guide's Cemetery. In it, a headstone reads: "Stephen Bishop, First Guide & Explorer of the Mammoth Cave. Died June 15, 1859. In His 37 Year." His grave, with its date of death off by two years, has a perfect view of the sunset.

In the precious hours of early morning, I make my way back to that same ridge to watch the Geminid, the spectacular annual meteor shower. As I sit on a bench and sip tea from my thermos, the faraway dust and rocks leave a luminous trail that lasts mere moments. We are here for only a few seconds, I think. But in the hours before dawn, I feel like a conduit, tethering the heavens above, the depths below—what luck, to be cognizant in an age when I can spot constellations in the sky and identify formations underground, both millions of years in the making, the timescale of their creation far exceeding anything we have endured and will ever comprehend. I ponder again the human life in the cave over the centuries, the thoughts of my predecessors, their ties to the sublime. What stories did they tell about peering over the cusp of the known world, of staring directly into the void?

Stephen Bishop, Mat and Nick Bransford, and other Black guides who worked in the cave system might have come the closest that an enslaved person could to immortality. At a time when it was rare for Black people to be allowed to write their names, they were able to leave their mark: to proclaim their existence. ■



## EXPLORERS BRAVE THE HARSH TERRAIN, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING BEYOND WHAT THEY CAN SEE. THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCK, THAT ENDURING WITNESS



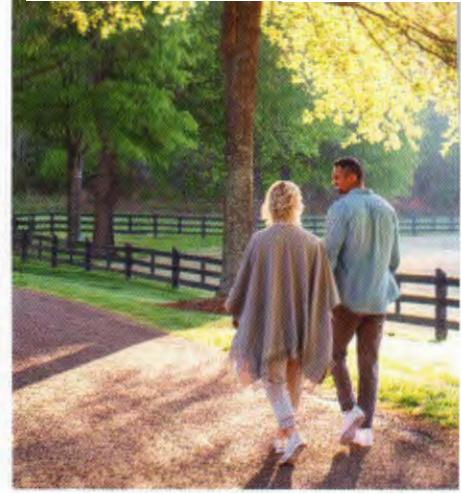
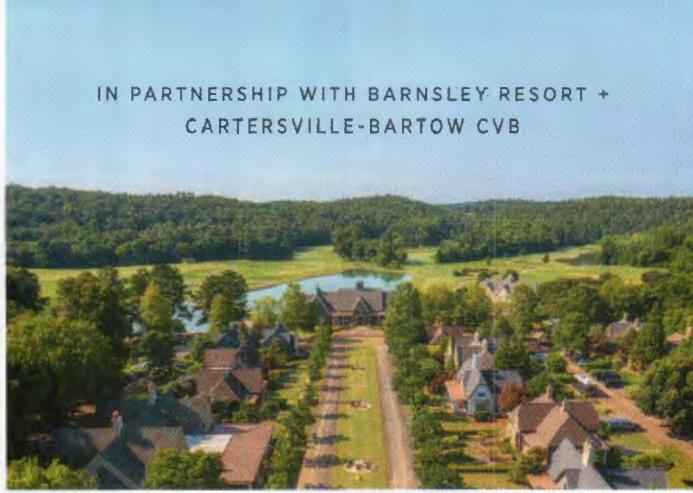


DESIGN YOUR OWN CHARM NECKLACE

MONICA RICH KOSANN

[MONICARICHKOSANN.COM](http://MONICARICHKOSANN.COM)

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH BARNESLEY RESORT +  
CARTERSVILLE-BARTOW CVB



# A North Georgia Gem

AT THE HISTORIC BARNESLEY RESORT AND IN THE NEARBY CITY OF CARTERSVILLE, LIFE'S SIMPLEST PLEASURES ARE WITHIN REACH

**N**estled in the rolling hills of North Georgia, just one hour from Atlanta, lies Barnesley Resort, a 3,000-acre former estate that marries heritage, natural beauty, and world-class outdoor activities. Originally built in the 1840s by British shipping magnate Godfrey Barnesley as a home for his Savannah-born wife, Julia, the resort was designed in a unique walking village layout where guests can choose accommodations in the fifty-five-room inn or one of the luxurious stand-alone cottages—some of which are even pet-friendly. For a perfect introduction to the resort, guests are invited to climb aboard a complimentary bicycle and cruise around the verdant grounds, or meander down the property's trails that wind along still ponds and over wooden bridges.

Once settled in and refreshed, guests can engage in a range of activities, including a session at the on-site Beretta Shooting Grounds. The facility offers premier open-field experiences, including quail hunting and sporting clays with two fourteen-station courses set under full tree canopies. If you prefer shooting of the quieter sort, a round or two at the Jim Fazio-designed championship golf course will fill the bill. The first two holes might give the impression that Fazio was designing a links-style course—until you arrive at the par-three third. Here, the course takes advantage of the hilly terrain and the expansive valley, giving way to a challenging layout with lush fairways and Bermuda grass greens, all in harmony with the natural surroundings.

Beyond these world-class sporting pursuits, Barnesley Resort offers plenty to do, including horseback riding with seasoned trail guides, hiking along carefully laid trails, introductory archery workshops, and disc golf on a nine-hole course. While parents, couples, and solo travelers will find bliss via amenities such as the newly redesigned spa, children are also welcome at the resort, which hosts dedicated activities for little ones such as lively bingo games, arts and crafts that make use of natural foraged materials, and family movie nights under the stars.

When guests have worked up an appetite, Barnesley Resort's three distinct dining experiences beckon, all bound together by utilizing ingredients from the care-

fully tended gardens throughout the property. Woodlands Grill serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner in a relaxed setting overlooking the golf course. Delectable pimento cheese beignets start any meal on the right note, while dishes like snapper sliders with jalapeño slaw and pepper bacon are among the memorable entrees. The more formal Rice House showcases the excellent continental fare of executive chef Javier Cuesta (who also hosts frequent fire kettle cooking demonstrations on the property, employing locally crafted ironware by Sea Island Forge). For something more casual, the open-air Beer Garden serves a rotating cast of craft brews while dishing out eight-hour smoked brisket and other masterfully barbecued fare, as well as pizzas such as the popular pulled pork and arugula pie.

When ready to roam beyond the Barnesley Resort grounds, visitors shouldn't miss a day trip to nearby Cartersville, or even an extended stay to explore the town. While small and close-knit, Cartersville is full of cultural gems, including several Smithsonian-affiliated museums. The Tellus Science Museum, for one, houses natural science and science in motion galleries, as well as a children's gallery and a digital planetarium. Another must-stop, the Booth Western Art Museum has the largest exhibition space of Western art in the country, as well as the only complete collection of one-page hand-signed letters from every U.S. president in history. To close the adventure, grab a meal at one of Cartersville's many acclaimed restaurants, then take in the scenery at the Etowah Indian Mounds State Historic Site, the most intact Mississippian cultural site in the Southeast. Interpretive trails and displays tell the story of the Native American community that thrived here from AD 900 to the mid-sixteenth century.

By the time travelers return home, it won't be long before they're daydreaming of their next North Georgia retreat. That's the beauty of a place like Barnesley Resort, and the charm of its surrounding area: It stays with you, becoming a treasured tradition for years to come.

*With world-class museums, beautiful sporting facilities, and acres of verdant land, Barnesley Resort and nearby locales make for a restorative retreat.*



## G&G Shoot-Out

May 21, 2022

This spring, G&G's annual golf tournament takes place at Barnesley Resort, featuring two rounds and a celebration to follow.

Learn more at [GardenandGun.com/  
event/garden-gun-  
shoot-out/](http://GardenandGun.com/event/garden-gun-shoot-out/)

*To start planning your trip, visit [BarnesleyResort.com](http://BarnesleyResort.com)*



BARNESLEY  
RESORT

BERETTA  
SHOOTING GROUNDS  
BY HIGH ADVENTURE COMPANY



## ESCAPE TOGETHER

*Hunt—or gather—in the glorious outdoors.*

Located on 3,000 scenic acres in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Northwest Georgia, Barnsley Resort offers the ultimate getaway for lovers of sport and leisure. Enjoy golf, hiking, biking, horseback riding, soothing spa treatments, sumptuous cuisine and more, surrounded by breathtaking beauty and Barnsley's signature southern hospitality. If a world-class hunting experience is more your aim, the iconic Beretta Shooting Grounds at Barnsley Resort is an

upland bird hunter's paradise. Just one hour north of Atlanta, in Adairsville, Georgia, Barnsley Resort beckons, with something wonderful—for everyone.

*Extend your stay to explore nearby Cartersville's marvelous museums and history.*

*For reservations or information, call 877.773.2447.*

RESERVE YOUR MOMENTS

  
Cartersville-  
Bartow  
County, GA  
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

BARNESLEYRESORT.COM

BY VIVIAN HOWARD

# Joy in the Journey

WHY RURAL FOLKS DON'T SEEM TO MIND LONG DRIVES



Even before the PBS series *A Chef's Life*, our restaurant in Kinston, North Carolina, had become a destination. Over the course of those first five years, word of mouth decreed Chef & the Farmer a "worth the drive" special-occasion spot serving hyper-regional Southern food in an unlikely, out-of-the-way, some-say-dying-others-say-dead town. Anybody attached to the experience we provided at Chef should have been patting themselves on the back a million miles a minute at such praise. But nothing made me feel more like a cat whose fur has been stroked the wrong way than when people greeted our restaurant's host, one foot in the door, with "We drove *alllll* the way from Raleigh, more than an hour and a half in the car!" Or "Can you believe we left the beach to

drive *here*? We must be crazy." They didn't say this, but you could see it on their faces: *It better be worth it.*

First of all, that people deemed driving a distance at full speed in the privacy of their own temperature-controlled car something worth noting was news to me. I love riding in the car, always have. I thought other people did, too. Desperate parents cram their screaming offspring into car seats and drive them around praying they fall asleep for a reason. Riding in the car is relaxing. Even babies know that.

Second, when you live in the country, getting where you need to go often takes as long as what you do once you get there, so people of the rural persuasion learn early on that driving time takes up a significant part of your day and should not be wasted. When I was

# SOAK it up

LET YOUR HAIR DOWN.  
Explore, discover and ... exhale.



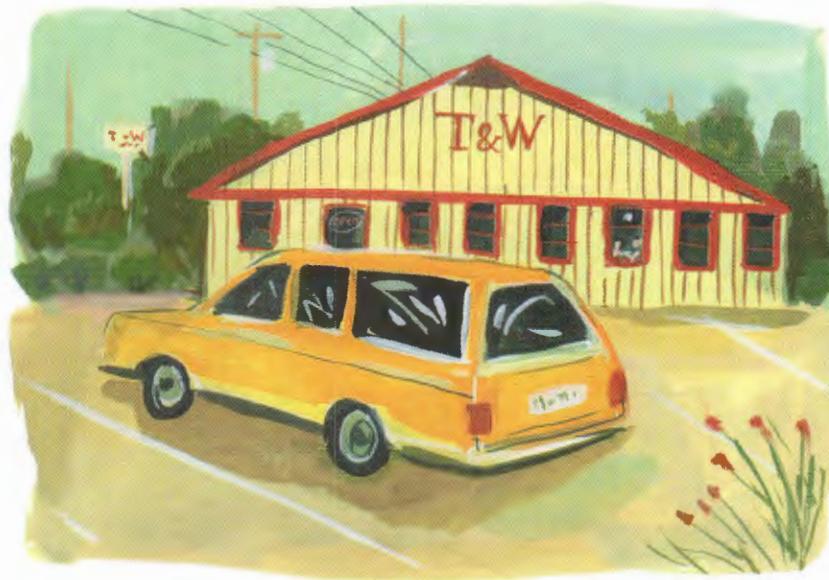
VISIT **LAKE**  
**CHARLES**  
LOUISIANA'S PLAYGROUND  
[VisitLakeCharles.org](http://VisitLakeCharles.org)

a kid, a trip to anywhere other than church or to O'Dell's store took at least thirty minutes each way, and since my parents led a music-free life other than hymns and *Hee Haw*, I had a mountain of quiet time to manage. I won Miss America, clogged in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, and beat out Stacey Stanley for smartest kid in the grade, all while staring out the window of my mom's yellow station wagon, tobacco fields and pine forests blurring before my daydreaming eyes. Furthermore, if you are accustomed to spending a half hour in the car to get to a legit grocery store, then you really get revved up for a ride when you're going to dinner at a restaurant. My sweetest memories of my parents acting like a couple are from Friday nights on the road to places like the T&W Oyster Bar, the Cypress Inn, or the Baron and the Beef. Each of these drives took longer than dinner did, and I relished every minute.

There is not a person on the planet who loves driving more than John Howard. A strong statement, I'm aware, but everybody who knows my dad will back it up. One of the only times he spanked me with a belt was after I pontificated at church about how he only pretended to be a farmer, because from what I could tell, he never got out of his truck. A man who prefers the middle of the road when it's available, Dad drove all week long in the name of work, and then on Sunday he did it for fun, zig-zagging clear across the state between tractor, truck, and car dealerships with my mom and me. Why? To look.

When Dad bought a stripped-down Tahoe, he made the void where the stereo should have been into a makeshift filing cabinet. Next, he installed a trash can and a cooler with bottled waters in the back and started doing what looked like some type of accounting on the Tahoe's ceiling just above his head. It was official: The road was his office. He drives to live and lives to drive.

As for me, I've very much created a world where I spend almost as much time in the car as my dad. I don't drive for pleasure as he does (though I did recently buy a 1987 Ford F-150 to make runs to the dump a lot more fun); most of my time on the road is practical. Drives to school are sacred to me—if not always pleasant, given the nature of mornings and fifth graders. But it's forty minutes a day I can count on being alone with my kids and whatever happens to be or not to be on our minds. I haven't



I FOUND MYSELF CANCELING MEETINGS, IGNORING CALLS, AND INSTEAD USING CAR RIDES TO BRAINSTORM, DAYDREAM, DEEP DIVE ON DEEP THOUGHTS, AND—MORE OFTEN THAN I'D LIKE TO ADMIT—CRY

moved any of my files or furniture into my SUV yet, but the constant shuttling to and from my restaurants in Kinston and Charleston, South Carolina, has made it a certain type of office. At first, I used the time to take work calls, chat with friends, and generally try to be productive. Then I found myself canceling meetings, ignoring calls, and instead using the ride and the silence it provides to brainstorm, daydream, deep dive on deep thoughts, and—more often than I'd like to admit—cry. In between I've earned what must be a PhD in podcasts and worn a hole through Taylor Swift Essentials on Spotify. All of it kind of feels like meditating with my eyes open.

Oddly, it's also Charleston that made me realize that guests' remarks about the drive to Chef & the Farmer bothered me for no other reason than the country-sized chip on my shoulder. I was just used to having the opposite point of view. When we made the two-hour drive to go back-to-school shopping at Crabtree Valley Mall, or when we made the same trek to indulge

in a celebratory dinner at the Angus Barn, I would have done everything in my power to make our server or salesperson think I lived inside Raleigh's beltline. If the lady at Belk knew I lived on a farm two hours away, she might assume I couldn't tell the difference between last year's Esprit and this year's Esprit. Or our server would think (mostly correctly) that we all wanted our steaks well done and our salads doused in Thousand Island.

So I mistook the fact that people were so quick to let us know how far they had traveled to eat at Chef & the Farmer as an insult, a means to set themselves apart, to make sure we knew how civilized they were. Now, in Charleston, people do the exact same thing. The first piece of information they need to get off their chests when they sit down for dinner at Lenoir is how far they've traveled to get there. That is, unless they're from the peninsula. Those people make sure you know that, too. Now I understand it as the compliment it always was. ☐



It's never too late  
to begin a family tradition.

TWO CLASSIC RESORTS.  
ONE STEP FROM THE BEACH.

A family favorite for generations, Ponte Vedra Beach Resorts bring world-class golf & tennis, celebrated dining, heated swimming pools, an epic spa and an atmosphere of gracious southern hospitality – all just steps from the finest beach in North Florida.

PonteVedra.com 844.648.8833



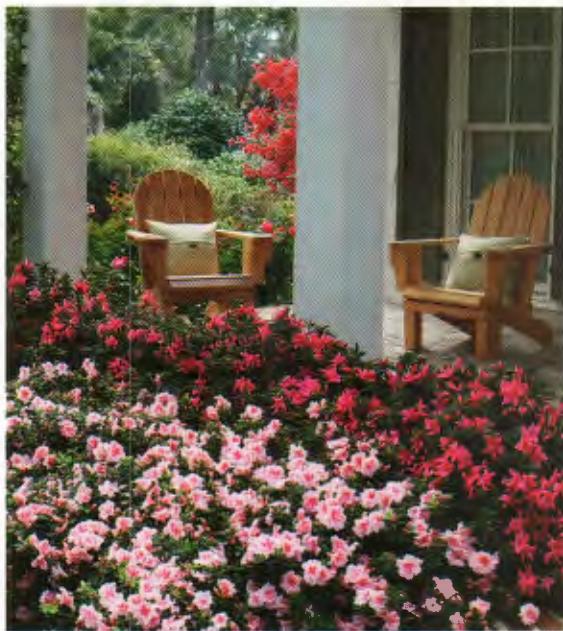
Ponte Vedra Inn & Club

Four Diamond  
Award



The Lodge & Club

Four Diamond  
Award



## Miracle Blooms

*A DAZZLING HYBRID, THE ENCORE AZALEA THRIVES NO MATTER THE WEATHER—OR SEASON*

In October 2020, celebrated garden designer Linda Vater watched from her window as a once-in-a-lifetime ice storm hit her Oklahoma City neighborhood, sending the limbs of her front yard's century-old oak tree crashing to the ground. Some were more than two feet in diameter and destroyed the azalea plants underneath—blooms she had been carefully cultivating for years. The oak tree had provided copious amounts of shade, but now that it was shorn, the amount of sunlight had increased dramatically. So, when it came time to replant, she chose Encore azaleas, a hybrid of traditional spring-blooming azaleas and a rare Taiwanese summer-blooming variety that grows to a more manageable size than its traditional counterparts and yields striking flowers in spring, summer, and fall. “The benefit is obviously that they bloom more often, but they are also much more tolerant of heat and sunlight,” Vater says. “I couldn’t go back to those old-fashioned azaleas when Encore azaleas are such a wonderful alternative.”

Vater calls herself a “gardening evangelist.” She’s self-taught and has meticulously maintained the grounds of her 1932 English Tudor house in one of Oklahoma City’s most historic neighborhoods. After growing up in Tennessee, she says azaleas are the quintessential Southern plant. “They are a very important part of what I consider to be the orchestration of spring,” she says. “I plant about one thousand

tulips in my front yard, and I don’t know how many linear feet of creeping phlox, pansies, and emerging hostas. The Encore azaleas are a beautiful backdrop to that entire spring show.”

Encore azaleas are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary in 2022, having come to market in 1997 via the work of Louisiana horticulturist Robert “Buddy” Lee. Bred to be tougher and more forgiving of environmental challenges, they rebloom well in full sun and partial shade, giving way to vibrant reds, pinks, purples, whites, oranges, and bicolors that are far superior to those of typical azaleas.

The Encore azaleas also provide a seamless design effect both outside and inside. Southerners enjoy a tremendous amount of outdoor living time, and the emphasis on usable outdoor space has never been higher. In turn, the brilliant, long-lasting palette of Encore azalea blooms offers the opportunity to be as creative with garden design as many are with their interiors. “A perfect use for them is in containers surrounding a pool,” Vater says. “They also make a beautiful cut flower that can make the interior of the house much more dramatic.”

In February 2021, Vater’s city was hit with another historic cold spell. This time, however, the Encore azaleas she had planted in the fall were able to survive. “They were a little bruised and battered, but I would definitely put Encore azaleas in the category of warrior plants,” she says. “They’re just amazing.”

*To learn more about these extraordinary plants, visit [EncoreAzalea.com](http://EncoreAzalea.com)*



*In an array of vibrant hues, Encore azaleas give life to garden beds in spring, summer, and fall.*

# Plant Your Masterpiece™



ENCORE®  
AZALEA®

♦ More Blooms, More Often ♦

Our palette, your brush...Encore Azalea takes traditional azaleas up a notch with cold hardiness, winter color, and three seasons of spectacular blooms. Take inspiration from our 33 evergreen varieties in all colors and sizes, and create your own garden masterpiece.

Learn more at [EncoreAzalea.com](http://EncoreAzalea.com)



JENNIFER M. BAKER  
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT



**SILVERCREST**  
ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP

SILVERCREST ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP LLC  
1330 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019  
(212) 649-0600 • (212) 649-0606  
[WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM](http://WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM)

RICHARD R. HOUGH III  
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER



**SILVERCREST**  
ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP

SILVERCREST ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP LLC  
1330 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019  
(212) 649-0600 • (212) 649-0606  
[WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM](http://WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM)

**THANKING OUR CLIENTS  
FOR PUTTING TRUST IN US FOR 20 YEARS.**

SCOTT BROWN, JR.  
MANAGING DIRECTOR



**SILVERCREST**  
ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP

SILVERCREST ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP LLC  
1330 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019  
(212) 649-0600 • (212) 649-0606  
[WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM](http://WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM)

BART A. JOHNSTON  
MANAGING DIRECTOR



**SILVERCREST**  
ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP

SILVERCREST ASSET MANAGEMENT GROUP LLC  
1330 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019  
(212) 649-0600 • (212) 649-0606  
[WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM](http://WWW.SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM)

**SILVERCREST**  
 **20<sup>TH</sup>**  
**YEAR**

[SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM](http://SILVERCRESTGROUP.COM)

Garden &amp; Gun Presents

# Southern Futures

SINCE THIS MAGAZINE'S DEBUT IN 2007, THE SOUTH HAS CHANGED IN WAYS PLEASURABLE AND PROFOUND, FROM THE BISCUIT AND BOURBON BOOMS TO RECKONINGS CENTURIES IN THE MAKING. THAT PROGRESS CONTINUES, LED BY VISIONARY SOUTHERN CREATIVES, DESTINATIONS, AND IDEAS, ALL FORGING THE FUTURE OF THE REGION FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS AND BEYOND



# Brittney Spencer

THE ON-FIRE SINGER-SONGWRITER IS PUSHING COUNTRY MUSIC TO THE NEXT VERSE

It's a balmy, blustery winter night in East Nashville, the kind of weather that makes locals jittery following the deadly tornado outbreak of March 2020. But inside the Basement East, rebuilt after those storms demolished it, the backstage dressing room is jammed as Brittney Spencer, resplendent in a floor-length leather jacket and white cowboy boots, basks in the glow of her first-ever headlining show in her adopted hometown. A who's who of Black Nashville country artists, including Jimmie Allen, Blanco Brown, Reyna Roberts, and Tony Evans Jr., whoop it up as flashbulbs pop. ¶ With respect to then music critic Jon Landau's words when he discovered Bruce Springsteen, I have seen the future of country music, and its name is Brittney Spencer. Along with her effervescent personality and unshakable drive, she can straddle a range of styles and, with a voice as powerful as it is poignant, make just about any song her own. In a cutthroat industry that has been maddeningly slow in its attempts to become more inclusive, Spencer has also endeared herself to a huge swath of fellow artists, opening for Jason Isbell on a recent tour and playing at the Ryman as well as stealing the show from the likes of Keith Urban and Luke Combs at a flood relief benefit concert organized by Loretta Lynn. But it's hardly been an easy journey for the Baltimore native, who dreamed of country music stardom after hearing the band then known as the Dixie Chicks as an early teen. She left Maryland for Nashville on her own in 2013, teaching herself how to play guitar, and busked on Lower Broadway while attending Middle Tennessee State University. At one point she was so broke she lived out of her car for a semester. ¶ She began posting Twitter videos of her cover songs, and in 2020 she uploaded a Highwomen track, "Crowded Table," which caught the eye of Highwomen members Amanda Shires and Maren Morris, who invited her to sing with them at a show. She self-released her single "Sober and Skinny," a sly tale of a couple dreaming of a way to repair their relationship, and listening to it, it would be easy to imagine a sold-out crowd at Bridgestone Arena in a year or so, waving their phones in the air and singing along. Now, as she readies her yet-to-be-titled debut album and an opening gig with Reba McEntire, the stakes are high, the attention almost overwhelming. "It's not easy being a Black woman," she says, "in an industry that's learning how to have Black women." —Matt Hendrickson

*It was amazing to see the diversity of the crowd at your Basement East show.*

I have a motto, which is: Do you want to hang out with us? I didn't ask Black people or gay people to come to my show. But the greatest gift in the world is to see so much of who I am and what I stand for without having to always talk about it. There are a lot of Black artists coming into Nashville, and we are so excited. If we can see through race, there's a big sonic renaissance happening here. Because we're bringing culture. We're not just bringing complexion.

*Before you played your song "Compassion," you said, "This is a song Nashville hates." Why?*

I didn't think anyone liked it. I submitted it for a popular songwriting competition in 2019, and they scored it like at a five out of ten. Because it's not talking about just being nice to your neighbor. It's saying: Hey, we must be empathetic and put ourselves in other people's shoes to help inform us how to lead better lives. It talks about systemic changes. I wanted to find ways to humanize these really big ideas.

*Did your family worry when you left for Nashville?*

They were a little fearful for me, especially my dad. "Are you going to be okay, living down in the South? And particularly as a Black woman doing country music?" But I left and started volunteering at songwriting workshops at places like the Bluebird because I couldn't afford to pay. Then I started busking in downtown Nashville, where I got to hear in real time what [people thought] when I would play the Pistol Annies, then Adele, Beyoncé, and Johnny Cash. I was too afraid to play at venues. I was too afraid to even dream about playing the Ryman. It was much more comfortable just to sing outside of it.

*Your songs seem so effortless, but they can't be easy to write.*

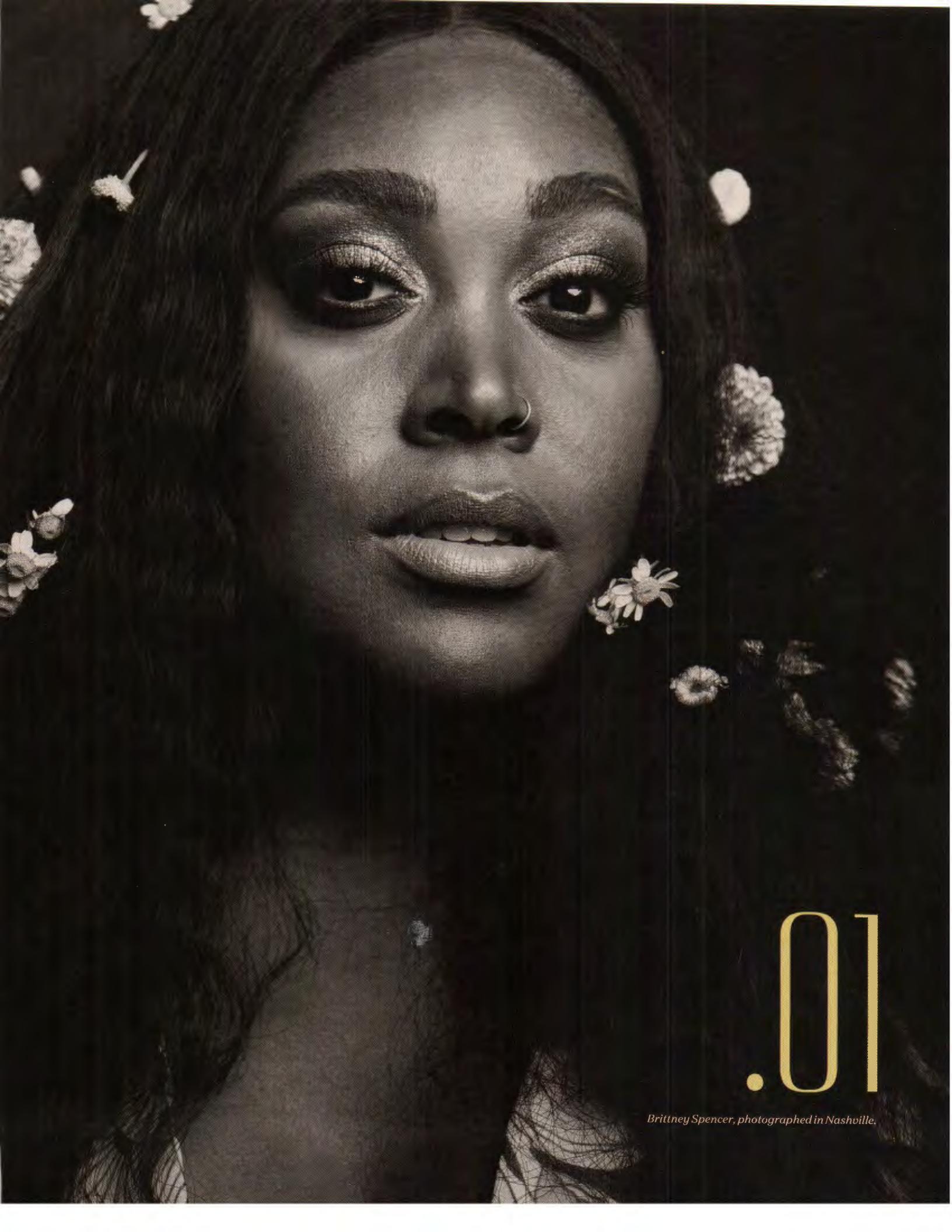
No! They're not easy at all, because I like catchy, but I don't like cliché. I want to have songs that meet us in different areas of life. I want songs for having fun. I want wedding songs. I want songs for when there's grief. I want songs for when you're by yourself and it's a long drive and you're looking at the world and you don't always like what you see. I want songs for when you feel hopeless and you have an issue that you know you can't do a damn thing about.

*Is there a song on the album that particularly resonates with you?*

"Bigger Than the Song" is one I'm really proud of. It's my love song to country radio. And I mention people in the lyrics whom I've loved: Reba. Dolly. I'm a huge Whitney Houston and Britney Spears fan. My sister's name is Whitney, so I love that reference. Maren Morris is in there, and she means the world to me. Country radio isn't that hospitable to women, but I want them to play the song. I tried to take a different approach and say to country radio, "Hey, I love you so much. Why don't you love us?"

*"When I Think about Love" has a vivid line about bending over backward to kiss someone. How did that come about?*

I haven't been in love in a long time. My brother and his partner were in New York City, and they were imitating the image of a soldier bending a nurse over to kiss her in Times Square at the end of World War II. My brother took a photo and posted it, and



01

*Brittney Spencer, photographed in Nashville.*



I thought it was so beautiful. Usually when you hear somebody talking about bending over backward, it's kind of in a negative context. But just this idea of, I'm bending over backward because you got my back, you're holding me, and I love you. I thought that was so beautiful.

***What do you do to unwind?***

I go to Knoxville. [Laughs.] It's a quick get-away for me. A friend has a small guest-house and I've made it my own, so we hang out and write songs. I like that there are still so many places where I can go and just sit in the woods. I know [Knoxville] looks huge on the map, but the part where I stay feels like a quaint little town. Sometimes my world feels so big in Nashville, I just need it to feel small again.

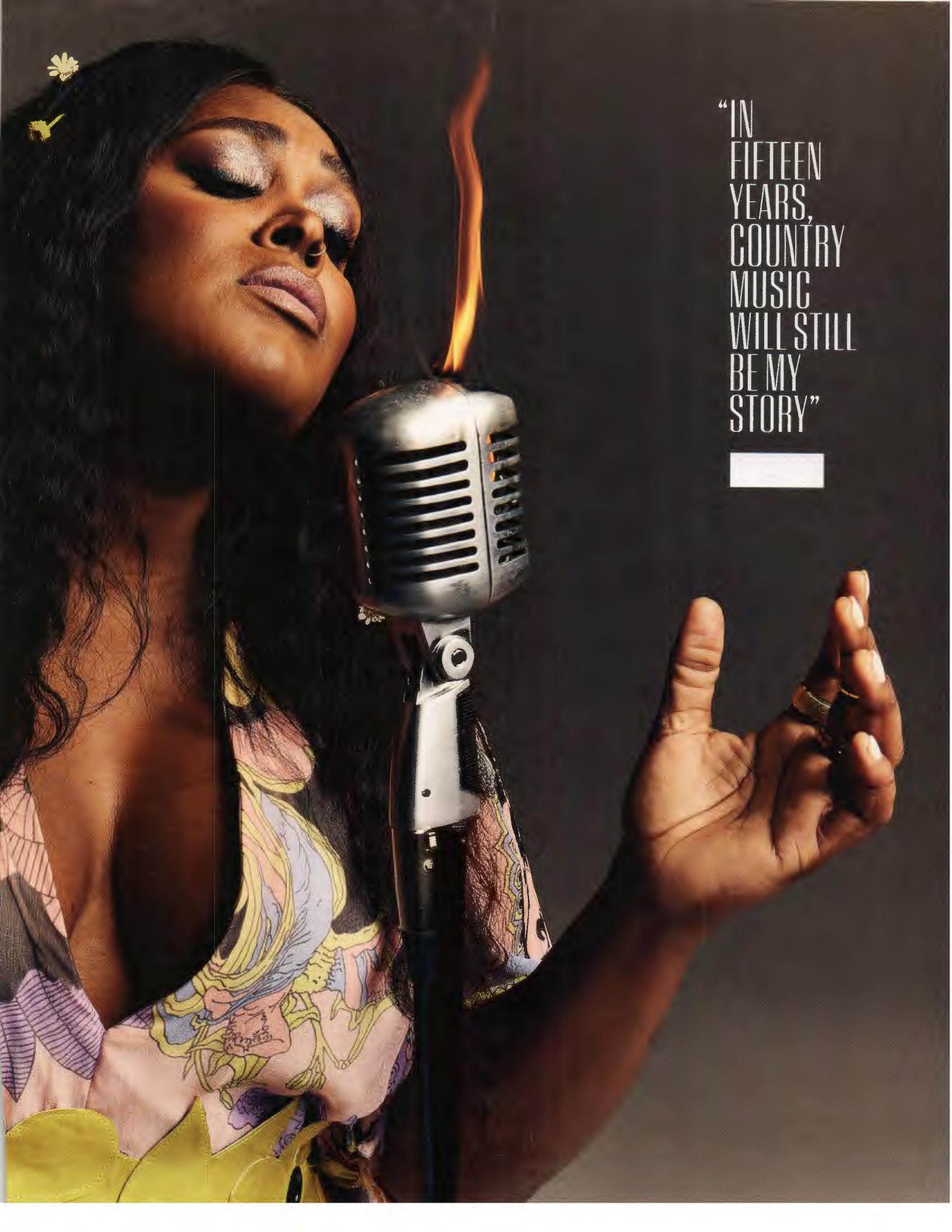
*You've sung at the Grand Ole Opry, which recently booked Morgan Wallen, even after a video surfaced last year of him using the n word.*

It's put me in an awkward position. I love singing there. I hope to one day become a member. Why should I give up my dream because somebody else screws up? But at the same time, if I do sing [there], what does that say about me? I don't want to be a person who aligned themselves with something that goes against my best interests as a Black woman. I'm in a constant state of tension.

***Where do you see yourself in fifteen years?***

Somedays I'm just like, "God, how do I get to tomorrow?" Or "How do I get to tonight?" [Laughs.] Other days, I think about what it will be like to watch someone onstage who was directly impacted and influenced musically by something I did fifteen years ago. I do see moments for myself when I put out albums that made an impact. In fifteen years, country music will still be my story. I see country music as this inclusive space, and it reflects what I see in our country every single day, which is a little bit of everything.





"IN  
FIFTEEN  
YEARS,  
COUNTRY  
MUSIC  
WILL STILL  
BE MY  
STORY"

.02



# BOURBON'S NEXT GOLDEN AGE

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ITS BEST DAYS ARE AHEAD

If you're pacing your consumption of bourbon—especially if your doctor advises you to do so—we suggest you plan for ramping up your intake in, say, a decade. Because by that time, the range and abundance of sipping whiskeys will almost certainly be extraordinary. Yes, even more so than now.

Whiskey is a curious product. What comes out of the still today may not go into a bottle for eight or ten or twelve years. It needs time in a barrel to lose its callow impudence and become an amber statesman. Which also means that makers need to predict demand that far out.

Distillers, alas, have a spotty track record as prognosticators. For the most part, they failed to predict the past decade's boom in demand for whiskey, leaving some cherished brands hard to find and the cost of indulging in the South's favorite twilight pastime rising astronomically. "Prices have been nuts," says Lew Bryson, author of *Whiskey Master Class: The Ultimate Guide to Understanding Scotch, Bourbon, Rye, and More*. "It's like college tuition."

Producers have responded to the demand by vastly expanding their output. "Every major distiller has doubled its capacity in the past ten or fifteen years," Bryson notes. Kentucky alone now has something like ten million barrels of bourbon aging in warehouses, quietly awaiting the coming Golden Age.

Bourbon is surging outside Kentucky, too. (Bourbon does not need to be made in Kentucky, despite what your brother-in-law insists.) The prospect of non-Kentucky bourbons—many from new craft distillers experimenting with bold new approaches, including barrels made from non-Ozark oak—thrills Bryson: "There are stave mills being built east of the Appalachians. You're getting completely different flavors."

Luckily, the refilling of the bourbon supply pipeline may mean a break on prices. That would be doubly true if fickle American consumers lose interest in whiskey and switch to drinking organic pond water chilled with pink quartz crystals, or Lord knows what else, in the future. All that excellent whiskey may go unloved and unwanted, resulting in a glut like the one that visited the industry in the 1980s, resulting in high quality at bargain prices.

But don't count on that. Bourbon tabs will continue to rise if more consumers clamber into the market or the international trade in whiskey booms, as many predict. To hedge your bets, we suggest buying two bottles of each of your favorite whiskeys today. Drink one, slowly, at a rate that will appease your general practitioner. Hide the other away for fifteen years. Because the one thing we know is, well...you just never know.—Wayne Curtis

A bourbon old-fashioned, photographed at the Bar at Husk in Charleston, South Carolina.



the Women Culinary & Spirits Program to equip them with tools for leadership and advancement through externships in female-led restaurants and on farms, mentorship programs, media training, and classes on subjects including butchery and product development. "We started out only in Kentucky, but last year we expanded nationwide, and we have seen so many careers skyrocket," Lee says. "Someone's now leading the culinary department at Maker's Mark. Another alum is the head of the culinary department at the Louisville public-school system. Someone else just opened a super successful food truck. They already had the talent and drive and passion; we just helped them realize a confidence that they didn't see before."

Then came COVID. "Now the restaurant industry is hurting financially, and chefs are quitting careers or not getting into the business at all," Lee says. So the LEE Initiative evolved to meet the challenge; 610 Magnolia and a host of partner restaurants funded by the program served two million meals to out-of-work restaurant workers.

All their goals—supporting racial justice, dishing up meals after tornadoes and ice storms, introducing restaurants to sustainable purveyors—hinge on how best to boost relationships. "We all need positive encouragement, and we need to aspire to something better," Lee says. "If not, that's when the industry withers. The beautiful, radiant thing about restaurants is that we get to have a great time. All your troubles go away for the two hours you're sitting at your table. In the next fifteen years, the industry itself will take on a different life—it has to—but the main thing we want to preserve is that jubilance."

—Caroline Sanders

## THE REAL NOURISHMENT

*Edward Lee*

Nonprofits like the LEE Initiative are changing the way chefs take care of their communities

3 of 15

16 FOR 16: SOUTHERN FUTURES

"When times are tough, just look at how swiftly the restaurant industry comes together," says Edward Lee, the chef-owner of the renowned Louisville hot spots 610 Magnolia and Whiskey Dry, as well as Succotash in Washington, D.C., and Maryland. "I can name you twenty nonprofits started by chefs." He rattles off a handful: the Abundance Setting, cofounded by Beverly Kim, advocating for working mothers in the culinary and hospitality industries; the Power of 10, created by D.C.'s Erik Bruner-Yang, supporting restaurants hurt by the pandemic; José Andrés's World Central Kitchen, offering meals in times of crisis; Chris Shepherd's Southern Smoke Foundation in Houston, and Atlanta's Giving Kitchen, both of which lend a hand to workers who have fallen on hard times.

That list also includes Lee, who cofounded the LEE Initiative, with his then general manager Lindsey Ofoacek, in the wake of the Me Too movement to promote diversity and equality within restaurants. "Toppling the hierarchy and getting rid of bad apples is a necessary correction," Lee says. "But our function is to raise up good chefs and nurture the next generation."

For Lee and Ofoacek, that began with supporting women. In 2017, they launched

THE STYLE SETTERS

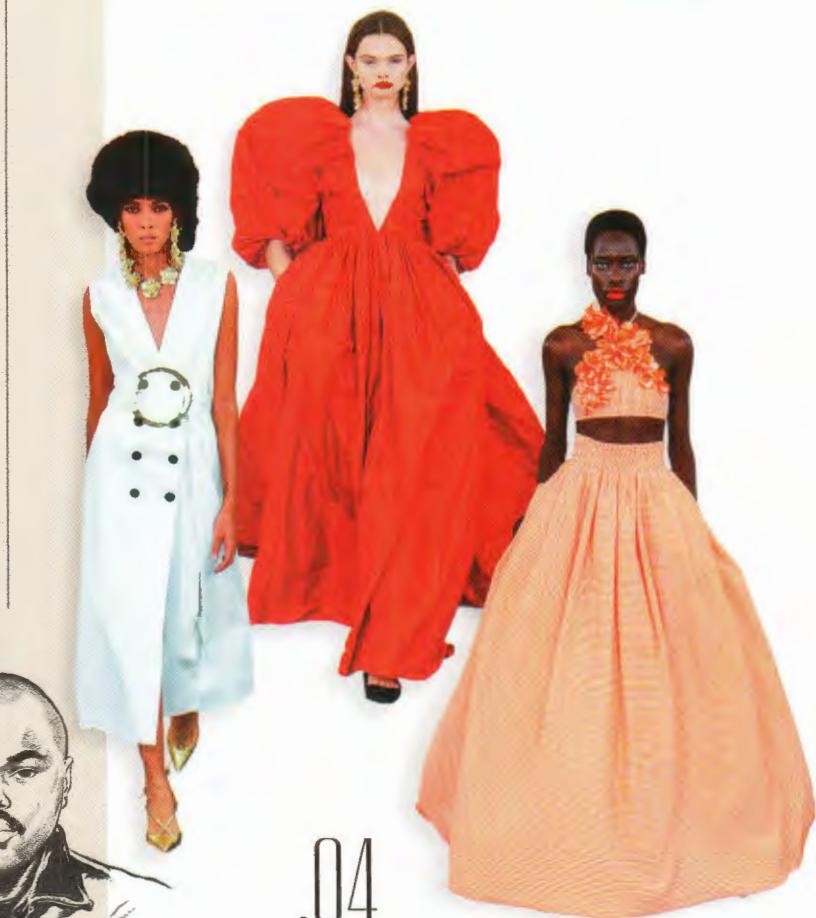
# Runway Hits

THIS TRIO OF SOUTHERN DESIGNERS HAS THE FASHION WORLD ON NOTICE

16 FOR 16: SOUTHERN FUTURES



**P**aris, New York, and Milan may get most of the love as beacons for what's next in fashion, but the American South has held its own in the new century as an influential force, fostering the rise of regional icons Billy Reid, Alabama Chanin, Sid and Ann Mashburn, Miron Crosby, Imogene + Willie, and others. Now three young designers with Southern bona fides have made their way to international catwalks and fashion houses with designs and perspectives that nod to their roots: Atlanta's Wes Gordon succeeded Carolina Herrera at her iconic fashion house; Emily Bode, also from that city, is reimagining the language of vintage textiles; and there is perhaps no brighter spotlight on runways at the moment than the one shining on Louisiana native and Savannah College of Art and Design graduate Christopher John Rogers, who has championed racial diversity in a traditionally very white industry while turning out jaw-dropping silhouettes that embrace a Southerner's love of color. Together their designs speak in a compelling dialect, at once authentic, glamorous, and eccentric in the best possible way.—Haskell Harris

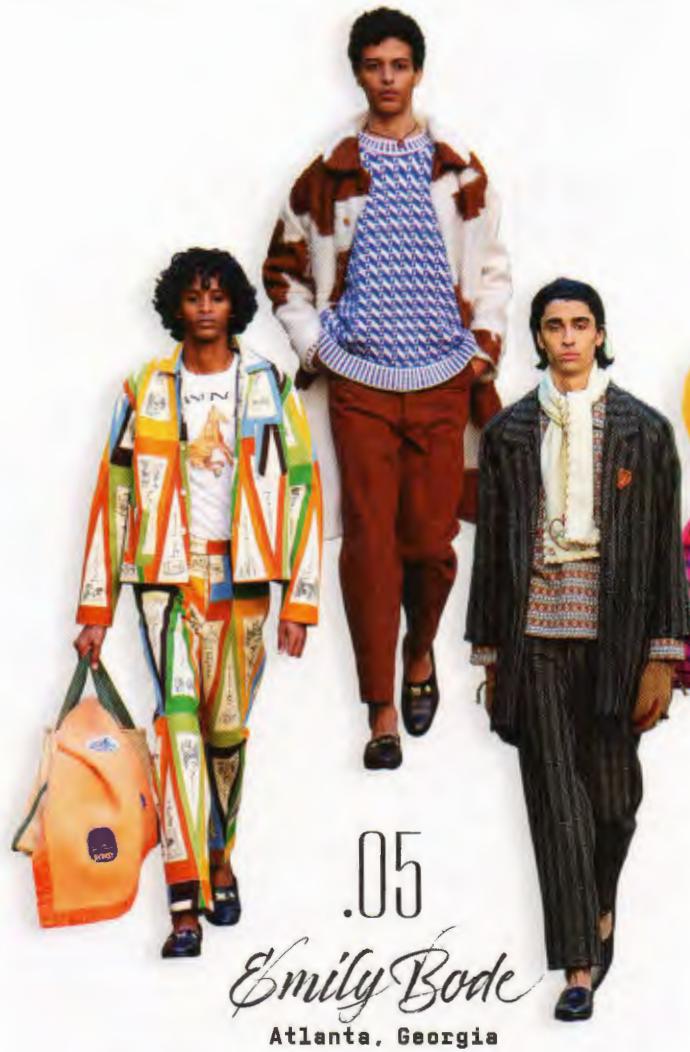


.04

*Wes Gordon*

Atlanta, Georgia

Taking over a storied brand like Carolina Herrera might have been impossible for any designer except Wes Gordon. Now thirty-five, Gordon began his own eponymous line in 2009, after graduating from London's Central Saint Martins, a college known for its fashion program, and major department stores such as Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman soon snapped up his women's wear. In 2017, he joined Herrera as a consultant, and stepped into the role of creative director seamlessly the next year, a transition that reinvigorated the fashion house, thanks to the way he has honored the founder's career as a designer and muse in his collections. Discerning stylists have since sought out his looks for red carpet events, including Meghan, Duchess of Sussex, Karlie Kloss, Taraji P. Henson, and Sarah Paulson. "I can tell you that he was raised well, and not only respects but also adores women," says Laura Vinroot Poole, owner of Capitol boutique in Charlotte. "Each collection praises the history that Mrs. Herrera created, with a twist of his own ingenuity and sense of optimism." Even during a global pandemic, Gordon conjured beauty in the form of exuberant color and draping (and welcomed his first child to boot). It's no surprise that his designs for 2022 are as bold as ever.

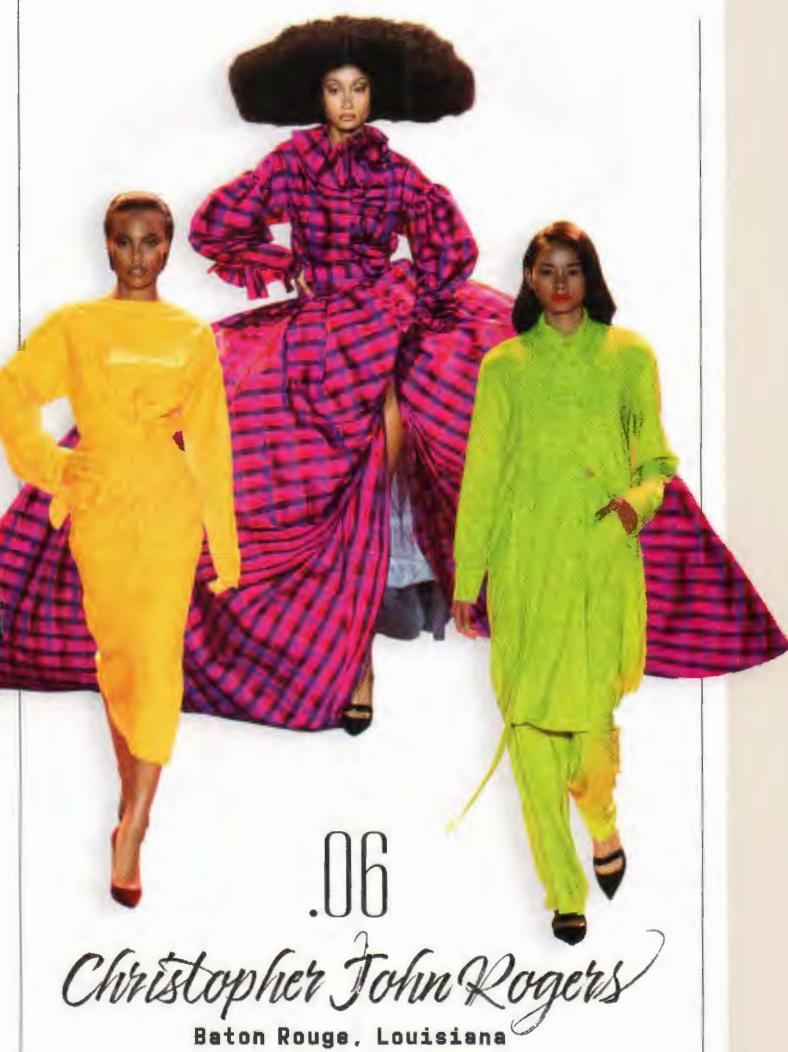


.05

*Emily Bode*

Atlanta, Georgia

Repurposing textiles through quilting and patchwork is intrinsic to Southern culture, from the quilters of Gee's Bend in Alabama to the resurgence of the craft during the pandemic. But the thirty-two-year-old Atlanta native Emily Bode carries it a step further by using antique and vintage textiles and the traditionally female-centric art form to reinvent the vernacular for luxury menswear. As she explained once, "I want to make the beautiful useful again." A Central Saint Martins grad, Bode released her first collection in 2016, and two years later became the first female designer to show at New York Fashion Week: Men's. A voracious following ensued, with an appetite forming for Bode's jackets sewn from antique quilts—so much so that Bode won the CFDA's American Menswear Designer of the Year Award last fall, and one of her suits currently stars in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute exhibition *In America: A Lexicon of Fashion*. Women too love the line, including Laurel Pantin, fashion director at large for Austin, Texas's ByGeorge boutique. "When I saw the Bode jacket I have on the men's runway, I had to have it," Pantin recalls. "People are yearning for things that show the maker's hand, that feel a little more personal—which all of her pieces do."



.06

*Christopher John Rogers*

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Any designer entering the fashion fray must have confidence, the word that perhaps best sums up the career and aesthetic of Christopher John Rogers. Fresh out of the Savannah College of Art and Design, Rogers first brought his visions to life in 2016 with the help of a close-knit group of his fellow recent graduates. "They all met freshman year," recalls SCAD president and founder Paula Wallace. "He even called upon a SCAD architect based in Barcelona to design the set for his first show in New York, where Christopher memorably danced down the runway." Rogers, who is now twenty-eight, has credited his grandmother and the Sunday best he witnessed at the Baptist church he attended in Baton Rouge with influencing his style, which revolves around the idea of "mixing high drama or being your best self with something incredibly pragmatic," he told his hometown CBS station last year. That viewpoint has led to a slew of high points: winning the prestigious CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund award, designing a Target collaboration, landing a frock in a prime spot in the Costume Institute's *In America* exhibition, and dressing the likes of Michelle Obama, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Adele in his trademark kaleidoscopic pieces.



THE STORYTELLERS

## Sarah M. Broom & Dee Rees

On the page and on-screen, this talented couple exalt history's buried tales

When Sarah M. Broom's *The Yellow House* won the 2019 National Book Award for nonfiction, she thanked her family "for allowing me to call your names, because it is no small thing to recover the names." For African Americans, slavery and segregation made records hard to keep; therefore these stories must be recovered. In her memoir, Broom does just that, recounting her family's history in New Orleans, from post-Emancipation to Hurricane Katrina. She nestles their experiences in the cradle of American history, marking World War II, the establishment of the suburbs, the Space Race, and other milestones, peeling away over the course of the book how Blackness gets stripped by the bulldozer of American progress.

"But namelessness is a form of naming," she writes, and restoring Black people's place in history is the intersection where she and her wife, the writer and director Dee Rees, meet: Both women through their art bring into focus Black people who dare to name themselves in a country that would leave them nameless.

Rees's 2011 debut feature film, *Pariah*, for instance, tells a coming-of-age story about a teenage girl struggling with how to come out as a lesbian and be herself among her family and community; last year, it received a Criterion release, making the Nashville native the first Black woman to have a film added to the esteemed collection. In Rees's Oscar-nominated *Mudbound*, a sharecropping family in the Mississippi Delta struggles to make ends meet and combat injustice in the Jim Crow South. In the biopic *Bessie*, starring Queen Latifah, Rees unearths the

trials and tribulations of blues legend Bessie Smith. The actress and comedian Mo'Nique, who earned an Emmy nomination for her role as Ma Rainey in the HBO film, describes Rees as a fearless artist. "When I read that script, I saw it," Mo'Nique says. "That's how brilliant a writer that young sister is. She made everyone humanly beautiful, even in their flaws."

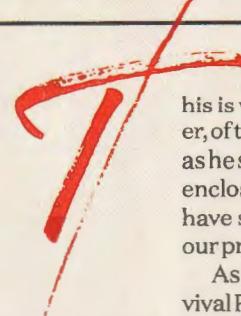
Broom and Rees—both descendants of those who were denied the written word on this continent for centuries—craft stories so meticulously, with such a sense of urgency, that they cannot be denied. And the upcoming slate for both promises more bold, Southern-inflected storytelling: Broom now has a three-book deal with Penguin Random House's Hogarth imprint that will include a focus on the history of Black homeownership in New Orleans. Rees's future projects include a fantastical movie musical, *The Kyd's Exquisite Follies*, and the small-screen adaptation of Alexis Schaitkin's suspense novel, *Saint X*. She also plans to remake the Gershwin opera *Porgy and Bess*, which follows a vagabond and the prostitute who captures his heart as they try to carve out a life in 1930s Charleston.

In 2017, Rees won the Sundance Institute's Vanguard Award, and in her acceptance speech, she spoke about documenting history—the raw material she and Broom constantly wrestle with. "Our history is perpetually being rewritten as we live it," she said. "We won't know what it is until we look back and chart our slow trajectory by the rhythmic unbroken line of now, now, now, now. Our voices are all that we have." —**Kelundra Smith**

## A CONSERVATION BLUEPRINT

# RED WOLF RENAISSANCE

THE NORTH CAROLINA ZOO'S MISSION TO SAVE THE ENDANGERED CANID RENEWS HOPE FOR NATIVE SPECIES



his is what I like to see," says Chris Lasher, of the North Carolina Zoo in Asheboro, as he surveys a seemingly empty wooded enclosure that holds four red wolves that have scattered from sight, disturbed by our presence. "They're being red wolves."

As the coordinator of the Species Survival Plan, which cares for 230 red wolves across forty-nine partner organizations, Lasher works to ensure that captive red wolves stay as untamed and unacclimated to humans as possible. The ultimate goal: reintroduction into the wild at Alligator River National Wildlife Refuge, in the swampy forests of northeastern North Carolina.

Red wolves—lithe, red-hued, golden-eyed, and shy—are the only wolves with a historic range fully in the United States; they once roamed from New York to Texas in family groups of a bonded-for-life pair and their offspring. But human eradication and habitat loss hacked at their numbers until they disappeared from the wild completely in 1980.

Using fourteen founding wolves taken into captivity before then, scientists brought them back over several decades, only to face enough political opposition and restrictions that the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) recovery plan—though proving successful—came to a virtual halt. In 2020, the wild population in Eastern North Carolina fell to seven known wolves.

Today there's renewed hope, though the American canid remains the most endangered wolf in the world. USFWS has recommitted to reintroductions, and Lasher has healthy wolves at the ready from years of careful genetic matchmaking. In March, biologists were slated to release nine individuals, including one family group, into the Alligator River refuge, a number that doubles the known population and gives the species a chance to regain a toehold in the wild.

Red wolves aren't a danger to people, Lasher stresses (they avoid us); don't compete with hunters for deer (they pick off the weak); and if reestablished, would curb growing numbers of non-native coyotes. "These wolves belong here," Lasher says. "They are a true benefit to our ecosystems." He hopes the future will bring more reintroductions and release sites, and the continuation of captive breeding at places like the North Carolina Zoo, which is expanding its breeding and holding spaces for wolves. "Someday, I want people to walk Southeastern forests and hear a red wolf howl," he says. "I want them to stop, listen, and take pride in this magnificent wolf that is uniquely ours." —**Lindsey Liles**

.09

*Flint, one of the  
endangered red wolves  
at the North Carolina  
Zoo in Asheboro.*



# Paducah, Kentucky

A RIVER TOWN SURGES THANKS TO SOUTHERN ARTS AND CULTURE

**C**ape Town, Cairo, Beijing, Montreal, and...Paducah? That's right—UNESCO designated the small Western Kentucky town right beside those global heavyweights as a Creative City in 2013, a hub of innovation, where arts and culture drive thoughtful twenty-first-century development. If you're surprised to find Paducah (population: 25,000) on that elite list, you simply haven't recently visited the vibrant burg at the confluence of the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers. ¶ "Paducah has all the cultural advantages of a bigger city without any of the disadvantages," says Matt Collinsworth, CEO of Paducah's acclaimed National Quilt Museum, the unlikely anchor of the town's dynamic creative community. Neither folksy nor homespun, the sophisticated museum is a contemporary art gallery at its core, focusing on the cutting-edge work of the country's current fiber artists. The museum is a revelation—much like Paducah. But it's not the only attraction in town for quilting and fiber arts enthusiasts. Thousands descend here each spring for the Yeiser Art Center's international *Fantastic Fibers* juried exhibition during QuiltWeek (April 27 to 30), hosted by the locally based American Quilter's Society. Other cultural highlights include the hip, gallery-dotted Lower Town Arts District, the indie Maiden Alley Cinema, the long-standing Paducah Symphony Orchestra, and the Market House Theatre, the award-winning community playhouse at the heart of the historic downtown's revitalization. ¶ Today downtown Paducah is all small-town charm and retro Americana. An interesting mix of shops and galleries line its brick sidewalks and cobblestoned streets, as do a growing number of acclaimed restaurants, including chef Sara Bradley's farm-to-table spot, Freight House. Main thoroughfares such as Jefferson and Broadway—parts of which lie in the city's new Entertainment Destination Center, which allows to-go cocktails as incentive to support downtown businesses during the pandemic—dead-end at the Ohio River with unspoiled views of the Shawnee National Forest on the opposite bank. And when horrific tornadoes ripped through neighboring towns last December, residents and businesses put Paducah's creativity to work, transforming their community into a temporary home base for everyone from displaced residents to power company employees to the Red Cross.

—Elizabeth Hutchison Hicklin



## HOT SPOTS

15 FOR 15: SOUTHERN FUTURES

10 of 15

### SEE & DO

#### Hotel Metropolitan

Now functioning as an appointment-only African American heritage museum, this restored home opened in 1908 as the first hotel in Paducah operated by and for African Americans. The 1940 edition of *The Green Book*, an annual guide for Black travelers during segregation, listed it, and notable guests included Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Thurgood Marshall.

#### Lower Town Arts District

By the 1990s, this twenty-six-block, downtown-adjacent area in Paducah's oldest neighborhood lay in disrepair. So a pair of innovative locals conceived the Artist Relocation Program, which offered working artists of all disciplines moving incentives, including historic homes for as low as one dollar, fueling a brilliant turnaround. Today the neighborhood

supports a colorful blend of eclectic studios, galleries, and funky shops, including the crafts workshop center Ephemera Paducah.

#### The National Quilt Museum

The National Quilt Museum is nothing like your grandmother's quilt collection. Founded in 1991, the 30,000-square-foot space attracts thousands of domestic and international visitors each year and highlights the creativity and skill of cutting-edge contemporary artists such as, this spring, Sheila Frampton Cooper. [quiltmuseum.org](http://quiltmuseum.org)

#### Paducah Wall to Wall Murals

Erected in the wake of the 1937 flood, Paducah's floodwall remained an eyesore for decades before then mayor Gerry Biggs Montgomery invited the Louisiana muralist Robert Dafford and his team to paint the story of Paducah on its bare expanse. Today more than fifty panels are complete, and this spring, Dafford

returns for a twelve-day workshop, where attendees will assist in the creation of the final ten murals. [paducahwalltowall.com](http://paducahwalltowall.com)

## EAT & DRINK

### Barrel + Bond

Paducah's new whiskey walking tour, Forgotten Spirits, which explores the impact of African American, Jewish, and Italian immigrants on Paducah's unique bourbon history, begins and ends at this downtown whiskey lounge, opened by Brian Shermwell, founder of the Paducah Bourbon Society, and Tom "Fish" Adams in 2019. Today, Barrel + Bond stocks more than 1,300 American bourbons and other whiskeys from around the world, many of which come from the owners' personal collections, including Moonlite, a private short barrel from Wathen's in nearby Owensboro. [barrelandbond.com](http://barrelandbond.com)

### The Coke Plant

This art deco gem in the heart of Paducah's Midtown sat empty for nearly twenty years before Ed and Meagan Musselman rescued it from architectural obscurity in 2013. These days, locally owned small businesses such as Pipers Tea & Coffee and Dry Ground Brewing Company fill the revitalized Coca-Cola bottling plant. One of two recently opened craft breweries, Dry Ground focuses on Paducah-inspired collaborations, including the Kirchhoff Kölsch, a partnership with the city's 150-year-old German bakery and deli.

### The FoxBriar Cocktail Bar

Creativity is the only requirement for the specialty cocktail menus this speakeasy-style bar rolls out quar-



terly; a recent list showcased nine surprisingly sophisticated offerings inspired by the bartenders' favorite childhood foods. If you'd rather skip the hard stuff, the FoxBriar also maintains a robust wine list, with an in-house sommelier to help you navigate its impressive range. [thefoxbriarbar.square.site](http://thefoxbriarbar.square.site)

### Freight House

Sara Bradley cooked under Michelin-starred chefs in New York and Chicago but returned home to Western Kentucky to make her culinary mark, opening Freight House downtown in an abandoned agricultural depot in 2015. Bradley's seasonal menu offers globally influenced interpretations of her family's Jewish and Southern Appalachian food traditions, but it's her network of local farmers that form the backbone of this Paducah mainstay. [freighthousefood.com](http://freighthousefood.com)

### Kirchhoff's Bakery & Deli

Kaiser rolls and hoagies. Plaited ohallah, whole-wheat Vollkornbrot, sourdough, and dimpled focaccia. For five generations, the Kirchhoff family has been rising early and turning out pillow-y scratch-made breads, flaky pastries, fruit pies, and other old-world sweets. You can grab a loaf to go or join regulars for lunch

at the deli on downtown's Market House Square. Insider tip: Order the chicken salad on cranberry walnut. [kirchhoffsbakery.net](http://kirchhoffsbakery.net)

## STAY

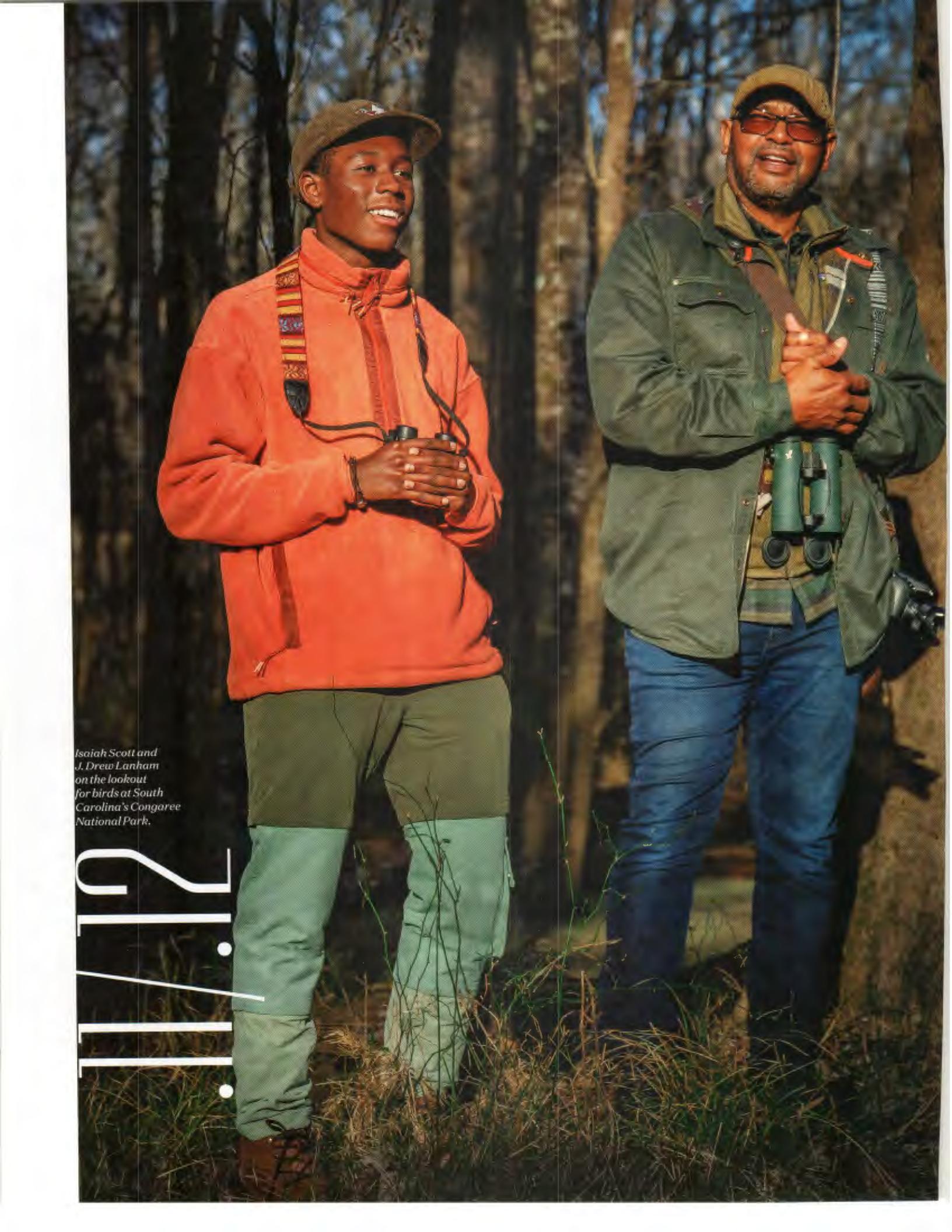
### The 1857 Hotel

Take full advantage of downtown's walkable layout and make this centrally located boutique property your base camp. Situated a block off Broadway with views of the Ohio River, the haberdashery and tractor repair shop turned handsome in-town hotel houses just ten guest rooms, all unique with exposed brick walls, vaulted ceilings, local art, and modern industrial design elements that complement the building's historic bones. [the1857hotels.com](http://the1857hotels.com)



*Clockwise from top:*  
*Pipers Tea & Coffee; the*  
*Miss Simone cocktail and*  
*the bar at the FoxBriar;*  
*Market House Theatre;*  
*Freight House fried oysters;*  
*a stunner at the National*  
*Quilt Museum. Opposite:*  
*Downtown Paducah.*





*Isaiah Scott and  
J. Drew Lanham  
on the lookout  
for birds at South  
Carolina's Congaree  
National Park.*

TIME

THE VIEW FINDERS

# J. Drew Lanham & Isaiah Scott

TWO BIRDERS LOOK BEYOND WHAT THE BINOCULARS REVEAL

**T**he country has been in the grip of a freeze, and South Carolina has not been spared. To avoid black ice, J. Drew Lanham, a writer, poet, and wildlife biologist, has advised Isaiah Scott to arrive at Congaree National Park in the warmer afternoon to bird-watch. Lanham, a son of Edgefield, South Carolina, is meeting Scott for the first time. Scott has traveled up from Savannah to meet his mentor-from afar; the eighteen-year-old enrolled last fall as a freshman at Cornell University, majoring in environment and sustainability and working with the Lab of Ornithology there, inspired in part by Lanham's work. ¶ In latter years, Lanham, the author of *The Home Place*, has turned to visual art, poetry, and creative nonfiction to express and explore the joys of nature and bird-watching and the complications of birding while Black. Scott, also a skilled artist and leader of his own bird-watching hikes, harnesses social media to tell his story. On the one side, each is a birder and nature lover; on the other, each navigates being a Black birder and Black nature lover, specifically. It is not a choice, but a tenuous balancing act. A coexistence that cannot be disentangled from the very landscape upon which they converge, the knees of Congaree's bald cypresses recalling the rising hands of the enslaved Africans, known as Maroons, who once escaped and sought refuge here.—Chase Quinn

**J. Drew Lanham:** Congaree is South Carolina's only national park and the largest old-growth forest in the Southeast. This is also the site of a lot of Black history, with the Maroons—how our ancestors really knew this place. How it sustained them, in body, mind, and spirit. Birds do that for us. They inspire us. You inspire me, Isaiah.

**Isaiah Scott:** [Grins.] You inspire me. I looked at Congaree history, and one of the first articles I found was one of the basic ones from the National Park Service. The first thing was prehistoric peoples. Then it was all about how logging companies were logging the area, but they couldn't do a lot of logging because the water made it difficult. It didn't mention anything about Maroon communities here. People who escaped slavery and pretty much saw this place as a safe haven to build communities and live off the land.

**Lanham:** For a lot of people, Black history is "slack" history. They're like, "Oh, how long will it be before you mention the s

word [slavery] or should I say the word [enslaved]?" You're dealing with public space, and people are reluctant to deal with that bitterness. So, in some of the places around the state that enslaved people built—for example, all of these rice impoundments down the coast—signage still reads, "servants" or "workers." Hear that?

*A high-pitched war cry peals across the forest bed.*

**Lanham:** A pileated woodpecker. The closest thing to an ivory-billed [woodpecker] but smaller. There are actually three or four of them in there.

*While Congaree does include history about Maroons on some pages of its website and map guides, and in its gift shop, Lanham and Scott's point is not lost. Lanham, in fact, has made it his mission to relate social history to nature and ecology in his teaching and writing.*

**Lanham:** The big deal now that nobody's talking about is this snowy owl in D.C. Heard about it?

**Scott:** I actually haven't.

**Lanham:** It's perched near the [National] Mall on flagpoles. It's doing its thing. And so birders are going there to see it. You've got birders stepping over homeless people with \$10,000 lenses in their hands. My friend told me about a homeless man who was making bird calls to try to get their attention. The point is, you have to take your binoculars down and not just think about the next bird on the list.

*Scott discovered the ornithologist's work through Lanham's YouTube tutorial "The Rules for the Black Bird-watcher," in which Lanham explains the essential tools for birders: "your binoculars, your spotting scope, your field guide. And if you're Black," he adds, "you're gonna need probably two or three forms of ID."*

**Scott:** I love that video. I was like, "Oh my gosh...there are Black birders. This is awesome." It really encouraged me to keep going, and I was really inspired by that, when I discovered you through that video. And things you talked about, like pretty much never wear a hoodie.

*A "teedle teedle toodle teedle toodle" cuts the brief silence.*

**Lanham:** Do you hear that? That is a ruby-crowned kinglet singing.

*Scott listens, and as they continue along the boardwalk, he tells Lanham about his own project.*

**Scott:** I'm working on a book that I received grant funding for through Drexel University called the Eckelberry Fellowship. The book is an illustrated guide that traces the connection between African peoples and birds throughout time, from the West African coast to Barbados to Charleston and the Gullah Geechee corridors. The rice fields that enslaved Africans forged, for example, created a habitat for a lot of rail species, like black rails and king rails and a lot of other waterfowl during the winter. And today these rice fields are still used for bird conservation and creating habitats for migratory waterfowl and shorebirds, but we don't talk about the human toll.

*Lanham, too, is currently working on a book project, one that will advocate for*

*a more humanistic approach and sensibility to birding.*

**Lanham:** I mean, your binoculars—you can see things really great [with them], but it's a really limited field of view. What is the broader context? The same place that we can go in this state—Allendale County—to see twenty to thirty swallow-tailed kites at once, fifty or sixty Mississippi kites, is also one of the poorest counties in the nation. But birders will go there and see swallow-tailed kites and Mississippi kites and leave without having impacted the people.

*Beyond books and articles, Lanham, and particularly Scott, have used social media to reach new audiences. The pandemic and the renewed reckoning with racial injustice have created opportunities for Scott to amplify his voice.*

**Scott:** [Through Instagram], I began to get recognized by companies and organizations to do talks. L.L.Bean reached out through DM [direct message], like, “Hey, we’d love to work with you.” Nocs binoculars’ founder, Chris McKleroy, reached out to me and wanted to do content with his binoculars, and now he’s a good friend. **Lanham:** That’s one of the things that you can learn from his generation, from younger folks, is how to leverage what you love.

*The pandemic provided time for Scott to paint, including his line of note cards featuring gouache birds. For Lanham, the pandemic brought more introspection.*

**Lanham:** For me, honestly, it’s been a struggle. Luckily, I’m still breathing. We’re dealing with a viral pandemic, injustice. Breathing is a blessing. I think, for me, birding became intensely local. I wasn’t able to travel all over the country, the world, like I had been doing. Suddenly, the backyard became the world, and the birds had to bring the rest of the world to me.

*At the visitor’s center, teacher and protégé reflect on their time together.*

**Scott:** You know, Drew, I wouldn’t be doing this if it weren’t for you. Just knowing there was another Black birder out there, doing great things. I wouldn’t have been encouraged to keep birding and keep going.

**Lanham:** Well, I’m an Isaiah fan. You’re all about birds, you’re all about beauty, you’re all about the love of all this. Conservation comes down to how we care about something. So I’m grateful to you, inspired by you, as you open new frontiers for birding.

#### THE NEXT BISCUIT

# ROLES DE CANELA TO COVET

THIS LOUISVILLE PANADERÍA’S ETHEREAL PASTRIES WILL HAVE YOU RETHINKING BREAKFAST



ix days a week at seven in the morning, the future of Southern baking emerges from a convection oven in Louisville and goes on display in a six-slot pastry case that looks like a grade-school gym cubby.

Sold from a walk-up window, the *rol de canela con lechecilla* from La Pana, a Mexican American bakery in Logan Street Market, translates from the Spanish as a cinnamon roll with cream. Speckled with pecans, baked until russet and crisp, slit along the side while still warm, piped with chilled vanilla custard, and dusted with cinnamon and powdered sugar, it translates on the tongue as an improvement on a beloved sugar-and-joy delivery vehicle that previously seemed to require no intervention.

La Pana proprietor Diego Hernandez grew up in the city of Oaxaca, Mexico, where his mother, María López Altamirano, and his father, Genaro Hernandez Montesinos, still operate the bakery La Flor de Oaxaca. Brioche dough is the base for cinnamon rolls there. Hernandez respects the traditions of his birthplace, where his grandfather Felix Hernandez sold empanadas and doughnuts on the street. At La Pana, he refashions what his parents taught him, building his cinnamon rolls, instead, with a laminated dough, folded and refolded until flour and butter become one and glow a soft yellow in the morning light.

Mexican American *panaderías* will soon be more common across the South than old-guard bakeries turning out thumbprint cookies and strawberry cupcakes. Most of those *panaderías* cater to a Mexican American audience and stock a dozen or more pastries. La Pana limits its menu to just five, plus coffee, and showcases what cultural crossover makes possible.

While Hernandez learned to bake from his parents, a backpacking trip through Europe, staying in hostels and following his curiosities, inspired him to make baking a career. In Brussels, he studied the work of a family that baked strudel. Traveling Madrid, he fell for the Parisian croissants there, and soon, high-fat cow butter instead of the goat butter often used in Oaxaca.

The world shrinks at the La Pana window. Drawn by those *roles de canela*, along with doughnuts and apple strudels, disparate communities connect, says the bakery’s co-owner Joshua Gonzalez. “Dominicans, Haitians, Mexicans, they hear the music and sense something familiar,” he says. (Most mornings, La Panablasts local station 107.7, where “Running with the Devil” is in heavy rotation.) Among the converted is Louisville mayor Greg Fischer, who marked the grand opening by declaring December 4 La Pana Day in the city.

“Bread is life,” Hernandez says, pulling another tray of cinnamon rolls from the oven, repeating the refrain of his father. That phrase is ancient, but this taste of warm puff pastry and cool custard and raspy cinnamon is new. And glorious.—John T. Edge

THE WORLD SHRINKS AT LA PANA. PEOPLE CONNECT OVER THE PASTRIES



.13

Crawford fly fishing for redfish in a tidal creek in Charleston, South Carolina.



THE GREEN GUIDE

# Rick Crawford

HOW A LOWCOUNTRY NATIVE MODELS THE FUTURE OF SUSTAINABLE BUSINESS



It wasn't the sexiest summer gig. After graduating from college in 2008, a time when decent employment prospects were few, Savannah native Rick Crawford landed a job as a waiter and housekeeper at a resort ranch in Wyoming. His roommate, he recalls, "was the cool fly-fishing dude, and when he introduced me to fly fishing, I was completely enamored. I loved everything about it, but what I really liked figuring out was the entomology. Everything in fly fishing is so interconnected, which made it a great crash course in systems thinking. And that's pretty much what I do today."

Many would say that Crawford has the cool job now: His Charleston, South Carolina, company, Emerger Strategies, helps fishing guides, shops, lodges, gear makers, and others in the fly-fishing and outdoor recreation industries go carbon-neutral and zero-waste. Drawing from his MBA with an emphasis in sustainable business and his decade of experience in solar energy, biofuels, and green software development, Crawford has assembled a skill set that he uses to empower fishing companies to take an active role in dealing with climate change and environmental initiatives.

That process begins with conducting a forensic analysis of a company's performance across detailed sustainability metrics. "You can't manage what you don't measure," Crawford says, and his approach is all-encompassing: He looks at energy and water use, examines environmental impacts of a company's supply chain, and runs a detailed analysis of waste and refuse. There are even targets for a business's community impact and volunteer hours logged by employees.

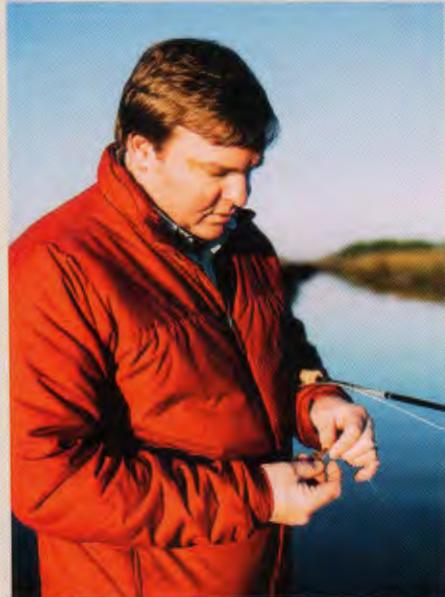
When he started Emerger Strategies in 2016, Charleston's Flood Tide Co. apparel line became his first client. Abaco Lodge in the Bahamas was the first fly-fishing lodge to sign on. Now Emerger Strategies has worked with some of the



leading brands in the business, including RepYourWater, Z-Man Fishing Products, and Bajío Sunglasses. But the outreach doesn't stop there. Crawford also guides conversations about green business practices on his podcast, *The Sustainable Angler*, which landed Patagonia founder Yvon Chouinard as its first guest, and in 2020, he founded the Fly Fishing Climate Alliance, composed of fly-fishing businesses that commit to going carbon-neutral by the end of the decade.

"I'm from the Lowcountry, and I have a real passion for this place: for oyster roasts and the marsh ecosystems that bear more fruit than people can imagine," Crawford says. "But we are among the first to see the impacts of sea-level rise. I help companies understand that there's nothing political about this. Reducing your carbon footprint is a good business decision."

—T. Edward Nickens



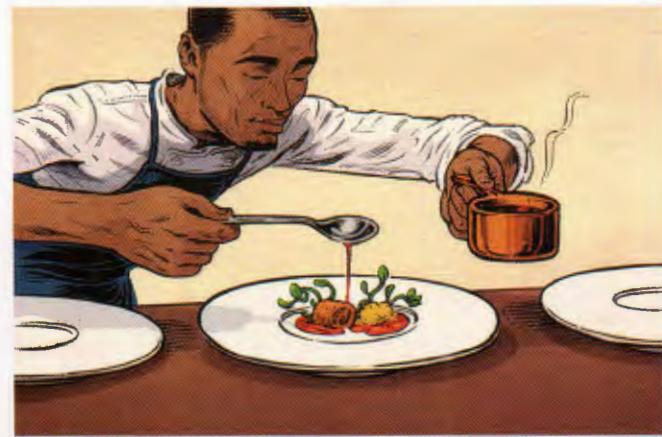
15 of 15

16 FOR 16: SOUTHERN FUTURES

THE PIONEER RESTAURANT

# SOUTHERN SOIGNÉ

MISSISSIPPI HOSTS A BOLD TASTING-MENU EXPERIMENT



"The ideas I have in my head will take a long time to catch up to," says Zacheaeus Golden, a twenty-eight-year-old chef with a New Testament name, a wrought-iron frame, and a headlamp-bright smile. "This is my laboratory," he says of Southern Soigné, which opened in Jackson, Mississippi, last December. "This is where I'm trying to figure things out."

Set in a Victorian cottage three blocks from the state capitol, on a street lined with the offices of the Mississippi Asphalt Pavement Association and the Mississippi Manufacturers Association, the tasting-menu restaurant is run by Golden with only one other person—his mother, Margie.

She works the door, walking guests down the wide hall and through the four dining parlors, beaming with pride over the modern art her son displays on the walls and presents on the plates. He works the kitchen with a wood-fired pizza oven, a ceramic-lined Japanese box grill, a sous vide setup, and a four-burner electric stove that looks like it was pulled from a college rental unit.

Conceived to serve twelve diners each night, the seven-to-twelve-course, \$95 menu pinballs from dishes like fried chicken on a stick topped with caviar and served on a strip of chicken wire folded to recall a coop, to wood-fired lozenges of red Wagyu swaddled in redeye gravy, to candied butternut squash crowned with a mascarpone bouffant. Though tasting-menu restaurants have long been associated with expense accounts and bucket lists, more approachable ones like Soigné have become vogue among young Southern chefs with big ideas and small budgets, including Alex Perry and Kumi Omori of Vestige, down-state in Ocean Springs. And while dinner here can reveal faults—the overhead lighting beams runway bright, and the menu sometimes veers into top-everything-with-caviar

baroqueness—spend a night in Golden's company and you will witness a special alchemy: the power of youthful obsession, the promise of Black genius, and the possibilities underdog cities present.

"I could have never done this any other place," says Golden, who grew up an hour away in Belzoni, speaking of the low rent and the local farmers and artisans who root for him. Jackson gives. But it also takes: Around 25 percent of citizens here live in poverty.

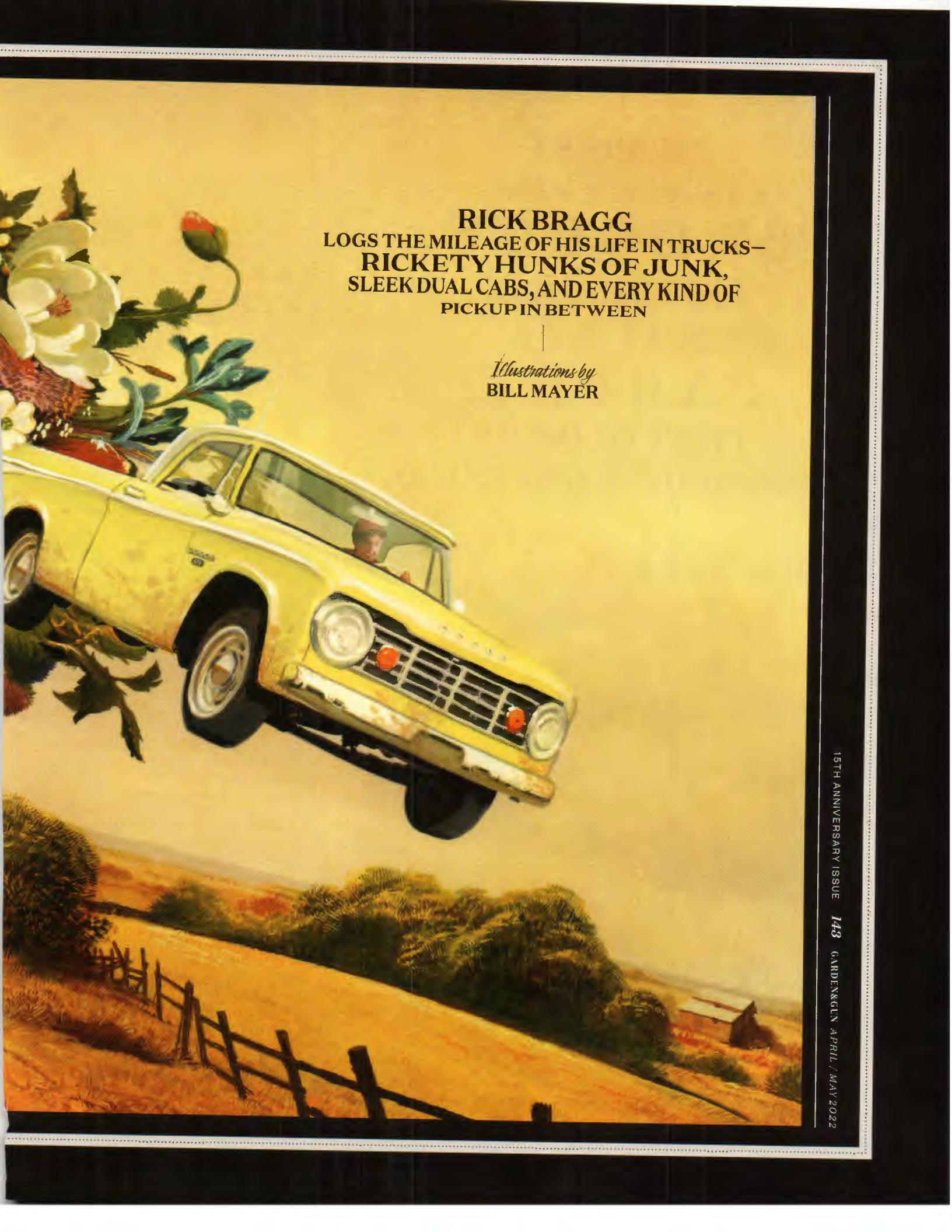
That challenge inspires Golden, who was in his late teens when he won his first restaurant job, flipping burgers at a Sonic, and has since cooked at the Inn at Little Washington in Virginia and the French Laundry in California. He wants to make Southern Soigné into a destination restaurant like those places, one that generates pride in place and helps spur economic development.

He says his restaurant can be a step forward for a city that is now showing new energy. But he also recognizes the value gained by leveraging the past. In homage to Leah Chase, the late grande dame of Creole cuisine, he cooks a verdant gumbo of mustard greens, turnip greens, and beef neck-bone meat, topped with seared foie gras and served with a side skillet of cornbread. To pay tribute to his grandmother Dorothy Ingraham, he refashions the banana pudding she made when he was a boy, folding vanilla wafers into panna cotta to make the custard, and torching the meringue tile on top like a s'more.

In every dish he cooks, Golden broadcasts the creativity and idealism of an early-career Sean Brock or Patrick Clark, jousting at windmills and pretensions. If he figures out how to figure this out, and if Jackson throws its support behind this bold experiment, Mississippi, and the South, will be better for the effort.—JTE

The  
L  
O  
N  
G  
H  
A  
U  
L





RICK BRAGG  
LOGS THE MILEAGE OF HIS LIFE IN TRUCKS—  
**RICKETY HUNKS OF JUNK,  
SLEEK DUAL CABS, AND EVERY KIND OF  
PICKUP IN BETWEEN**

*Illustrations by*  
**BILL MAYER**

MY FIRST  
TRUCK WAS A  
'67 DODGE,  
THE COLOR OF  
SHAG  
CARPET,  
THE COLOR OF  
GUACAMOLE GONE BAD.



I like green most of the time—deep green, emerald green, British racing green—but this was just wrong, tragic, as if some stoned autoworker on a long-ago Detroit assembly line painted it that color on a bet.

"Do it, Hubbard. Do it. *I dare you.*"

*Squirt-squirt-squirt...*

"Ohhhhh, man! I didn't think you'd really do it."

It could make you queasy just looking at it, the only pickup in Calhoun County, Alabama, that no one—not even the most shiftless of men—wanted to lean on, in case that paint job would rub off and spread like science fiction.

It was an impulse buy, as I recall. I traded a silver '74 Firebird for it, but only after two nitwit teenagers—befuddled on Boone's Farm and bereft of insurance—sideswiped me on a rainy night in '79. There is nothing sadder than a beautiful car all beat to hell, and I couldn't afford to fix it. The pickup was ugly, yes, but it was honest about it; it wasn't puttin' on airs. At least, I remember thinking, it was probably mechanically sound.

It was not. It needed shocks and a new front end, which would not have mattered if I lived in a state with smoother roads. But Alabama is not famous for its infrastructure; at one time, as I remember, about two dozen elected officials were indicted for taking kickbacks on concrete pipe. All I know is, every time I drove off the lip of a pothole, it felt like I was driving off a cliff, and it hit so hard at the bottom I would momentarily lose control and find myself, on the bounce, in the path of oncoming cars.

"Want to ride with me to town?" I asked my little brother, Mark, one day.

"In that?" he asked.

He swears, even today, that the Dodge cracked at least one tooth. I learned, by painful experience, not to clench my teeth when I hit a rough spot, but I still managed, a dozen times, to almost bite off my tongue. The pothole violence jolted the wires off the plugs and cracked the distributor cap, so it ran rough when it ran at all, and rattled like a bag of marbles in a galvanized coffee pot. The heater didn't work. The radio didn't work; didn't even hiss. The seats seemed to have been stitched from asbestos and cat hair. It rolled on four bald tires, purchased, at five dollars apiece,

from a man named Houston Jenkins; they should have cost more, but I guess he felt sorry for me.

It was, ecologically, a rolling Superfund site. It smoked, leaked oil, ran hot, and spewed antifreeze, and I carried a case of oil and gallon jugs of water in the front floorboard. I spent long hours staring under its hood on the side of some desolate, godforsaken highway. Which is exactly what you want to do when you have the ugliest vehicle on earth. You want to be seen with it.

I can't remember what happened to it; odd, that I can't. I do recall that as soon as I took possession of it, I put a Briggs & Stratton lawn mower in the back to take to the repair shop. Two years later it was still there, still unrepaired, still bucking with me over those ruts. It was still back there the day I drove the truck to the Weaver First United Methodist Church to get married the first time.

It was not a good truck, but I miss it, sometimes, because it was part of me, and the best I could do at the time. I think trucks are like that down here, not just a way to get from one place to another—which is never a sure thing, in a Dodge—but a kind of rolling, bouncing box to hold our stories. We even name them. In my family, there was Red, Old Red, Little Red, Blue, Big Blue, Little Boy, Norman, and a '63 Chevrolet we called Cadillac, I guess to be ironic, though I don't think we knew what that was back then. But in every crumpled fender and crease of rust, there was a story, the history of a stiff-necked people. We knew our trucks had about the same fuel economy as a 747 and wouldn't fit in a Birmingham parking garage on a bet, but we could haul eight hundred pounds of fertilizer, a half ton of cement block, a dollhouse, or a live alligator. I just know that, in the South, the pickup truck is the chariot of our people, rich and poor, old and young, Black and white, and there ain't no romance in an SUV, is there?

My big brother, Sam, passed away last year. I miss him more than I can say, miss his wisdom. He explained to me once that life was just better in a truck; or, maybe, the world just looked better.

"You're up high," he told me as we walked through a car lot one Sunday afternoon, just looking. "You see everything in

a truck." You see farther down the road, he said, and deeper into the woods.

"People wave at you, in a truck," he said, "cause they can see you better." He made the windshield sound like some kind of magic mirror. I told him I doubted if people would be any friendlier just because I was in a truck, and he told me, well, yeah, you may be right.

I bought a new pickup recently, a dove-gray 4x4, and took a long ride through the mountains of North Alabama. *No one will know it's me, in this new truck*, I remember thinking. But everyone waved.

*Well, I'll be damned...*

A large, stylized, cursive script of the word "The" is centered on the page. The letters are fluid and expressive, with varying line weights and some decorative flourishes.

floorboards were so rusted my mother can remember looking down when she was a girl and seeing the red dirt passing underneath, so fast that, surely, they would drive off the edge of the world.

"The farthest we ever went was to town," she said, so she reckoned the end of the world was somewhere beyond that. Either way, there was nowhere on this planet, she believed then, you couldn't go in a flatbed Ford.

My mother's people were movers. The old-money people rolled their eyes when they saw their old truck go by, sagging with everything they owned. My people never owned any dirt of their own, no place to sink roots. My grandfather made liquor in the mountains and swung a hammer when he could find the work, and a man like that, in the Great Depression, had to keep moving to survive. Usually it was on the day the rent came due. He made his first truck from a Ford Model A, using a blowtorch and

a hacksaw to cut the rear off the car and replace it with a wooden bed. And about once a month, he loaded up his wife, seven children, kitchen table, hog, chickens, dogs, mattresses, rocking chairs, and everything else they owned onto that homemade truck and moved—a whole life in one trip, or two—through dusty main streets and down pulpwood trails. You can't move a whole life in a car, unless you are willing to leave part of it behind.

"We come back for the cow," my mother said, "and the horse." She cannot recall the name of the truck, or the cow. "But the horse's name was Bob," she said.

Once, during an attempt to load a five-hundred-pound hog, the creature got a running start and hit the steel bumper headfirst, keeled over, and died. The whole family stood around, stunned.

"Suicided itself, by God," my grandma said.

Still, my mother never sees a truck loaded with beds or Barcaloungers or Frigidaires that she does not think of her daddy, and her great family, and spareribs.

A second stylized, cursive script of the word "The" is positioned to the right of the first one. It has a similar fluid, expressive style with varying line weights and decorative flourishes.

first truck I ever drove was my uncle's dark blue '67 GMC, which only looked blue in the aftermath of a thunderstorm. Red dust shrouded it most of the other time, like a second coat of paint.

It was the seventies, and in the summer I worked on his crew. We did bulldozer work, cutting roads and knocking down trees. I

---

**IN THE SOUTH, THE PICKUP TRUCK  
IS THE CHARIOT OF OUR PEOPLE, RICH AND  
POOR, OLD AND YOUNG, BLACK AND  
WHITE, AND THERE AIN'T NO ROMANCE  
IN AN SUV, IS THERE?**

---



always drove the pickup to the jobsite, mostly because my kin thought my chances of killing anyone in it were less likely than in one of the giant dump trucks.

Time froze, in that truck. It had the same empty can of brake fluid rolling around in its bed for seven years, the same six-foot length of logging chain going to rust, the same Poulan chain saw in the passenger floorboard. The cab always smelled like oil, gasoline, and Winstons. I would wonder, when I was a boy, if one day my uncle would snap open his chrome Zippo lighter and—BOOM—smoke us all straight to hell.

I ran a saw and swung a pick and hand-loaded sticks of pulpwood on a flatbed dump, but mostly—because I was supposed to be the smart one—I was in charge of lunch. I collected money and headed for the nearest fast food, elbow out the window, singing the Eagles at the top of my lungs: “It’s a girl, my Lord, in a flatbed Ford / Slowin’ down to take a look at me.”

I came back with sacks of hamburgers and cardboard caddies of ice-cold RC Cola, but, somehow, never as many french fries as there should have been. The crew gathered around for their change, and we sat in the dirt and ate and talked about good dogs and mean women, and snakes. They were all good to me, looked out for me, and now they are all gone.

I would like to tell them it was me that ate all those fries, but I reckon they knew, reckon they thought it was my commission. At the end of the day, wore slap out, we would crawl into the cabs of the trucks and head home, but the GMC—we called it Blueboy—had a three-on-the-tree, and the gears always hung up on me in the middle of town. I would get out and raise the hood and work the linkage free, careful not to let it mash my fingers, and I would wonder if the people passing by sneered at me because I

was so sweat stained and begrimed.

Now, after all this time, I know I was in the best of company, squatting in that dirt, working on that old truck, just another mover in a long line of movers. And I know what they have always known: that you can’t carry much of anything with you that’s worth a damn in a little-bitty car.

The GMC fell to rust and ruin.

The grass grows over the men I worked beside.

And I am moving, still.

# New

trucks are different somehow, or maybe I am just so old I distrust anything that is still shiny, that rolls without a limp.

GMC now offers a tailgate that flips fourteen different ways. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. I thought a tailgate was intended to keep things from falling out. GMC says it is a good place to rest your laptop. Kill me now.

Ford makes a truck called the Platinum. It is very, very shiny. If I had driven a truck called the Platinum, I am fairly positive that someone would have kicked my ass.

They have trucks now that, they say, can light up a whole house, trucks with movie screens in the back seat for unruly children. I just can’t imagine gathering around them, in the glow of the GPS, to talk for three hours about the weather.

Dodge seems to be very popular now, to be taking over the world. I watch their television ads and start to nod along, and then I come to my senses. What the hell was I thinking? At least they seem to have abandoned the avocado color scheme.

They sell new trucks now that get jacked up into the heavens—at the factory. In the

old days, you had to really have redneck in you to jack a truck that high. They dress them up with wheels that look like they were wrenches off the Batmobile, or a spaceship—at the factory.

The people who drive them don’t need to know where they are going, or where they’ve been. The GPS talks to them. It does not have a Southern accent.

I guess I’m as bad as everyone else. I tried to find the most honest truck I could, a gray Tundra 4x4, with stock steel wheels that can take a lick when I have to bounce across a creek or through the pasture. I haul ready-mix, gravel, and hog feed, and diesel fuel for burning brush in the pasture. I take my mother to the doctor, and my little brother to the parts store.

Sometimes I wait for him in the truck, and people walk by and stare.

“Nice truck,” they say.

“Preciate it,” I say.

But what I am thinking is: *You’re damn skippy, it is.*

I can get Buck Owens on the SiriusXM radio.

A good friend of mine, who has owned a few dozen pickups himself, crawled into the cab recently and whistled.

“This is the last one you’ll ever need. It’ll take you on out of here.”

I reckon so.



do have one good memory of that old green Dodge. I was running late for a date. We were going to the Shoney’s for a hot fudge cake. I had some pretty serious hair back then, blond, spun gold, and it was still wet when I jumped in the old truck.

I hit a smooth patch of asphalt on Highway 21, and I hung my head out the driver’s side window to dry my hair. And as the hot wind flowed past my face, I guess I was as free as I have ever been.

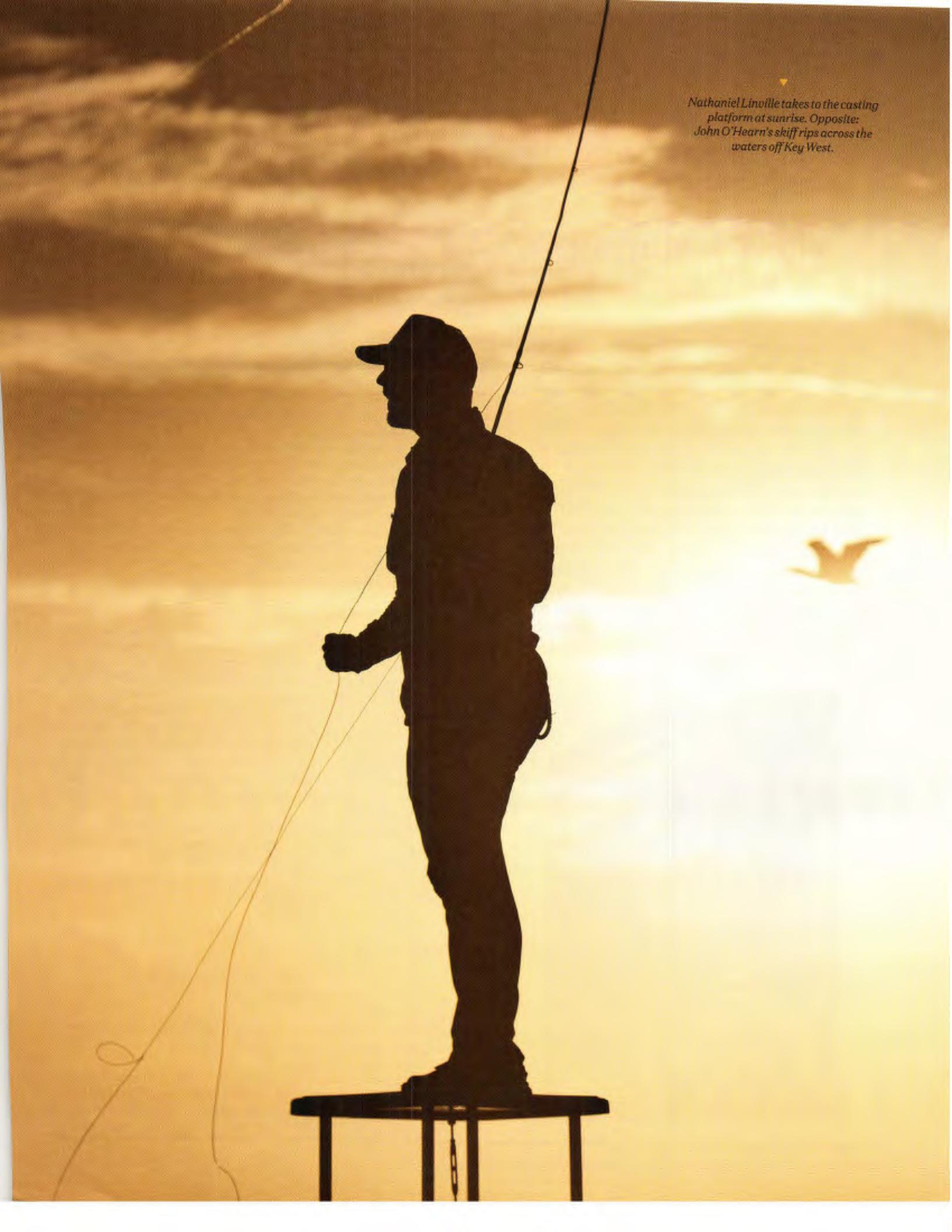
*Take it easy, take it easy  
Don’t let the sound of your own wheels  
drive you crazy. ☐*

**I WAS JUST ANOTHER MOVER IN A LONG LINE OF MOVERS. AND I KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN: THAT YOU CAN’T CARRY MUCH OF ANYTHING WITH YOU THAT’S WORTH A DAMN IN A LITTLE-BITTY CAR**

# A Second Great

MANY  
CONSIDER  
PERMIT TO BE THE  
PINNACLE OF FLY  
FISHING.  
BUT IT TOOK  
HITTING ROCK  
BOTTOM BEFORE  
*Nathaniel Linville*  
COULD TRULY  
BEGIN HIS QUEST  
TO BECOME  
ONE OF THE BEST  
PERMIT  
FISHERMEN  
ALIVE

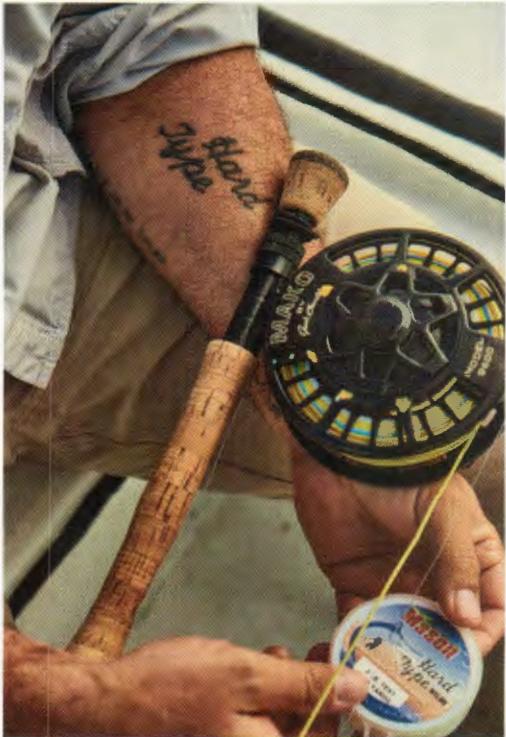
BY  
*Monte Burke*  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
*William Hereford*

A black and white photograph capturing a fisherman in silhouette against a vibrant sunrise. The fisherman, wearing a cap and a dark jacket, stands on a small, simple wooden platform. He is in the middle of a casting motion, with his right arm bent and his left hand gripping the fishing rod. The fishing line is visible, extending from his rod to the left. The background is a dramatic sky filled with wispy, orange and yellow clouds. In the upper right corner, a single bird is captured in flight, its wings spread wide. The overall composition is minimalist and evocative, emphasizing the tranquility and focus of early morning fishing.

*Nathaniel Linville takes to the casting platform at sunrise. Opposite: John O'Hearn's skiff rips across the waters off Key West.*

# THE BEGINNING OF THE END COMES ONE SULTRY NIGHT IN KEY WEST.

An evening like so many here, Nathaniel Linville thinks, even as he wonders if he'll be around to ever witness another. Linville has just used the last of his cocaine. It's only a temporary fix, though, something to stave off the crushing, terrifying pain of withdrawal from his other addiction, heroin. He walks out of his apartment—its floor covered with newspapers, a month's worth of dirty clothes, and scattered piles of needles—and into the darkened streets. He has a hundred dollars in his pocket, what's left of his money. He owes far more than that amount to every dealer in town, so this is a fishing expedition, and a blind one at that.



In the shadows, just off a backstreet, he spots a man sitting on a piece of old coral rock, exactly the type of man, Linville knows after all of these years, that he's looking for. He sits down next to him. The man pulls out a crack pipe, takes a hit, and then offers it to Linville. Linville inhales a hit and wipes his dripping nose—a telltale sign that the dope sickness is already beginning—and then tells the man that he is looking for that "boy," slang for the heroin he so desperately wants.

"I got you," the man says. "I got you."

Linville hands him all of his money. He knows better, but the cocaine and the fear and the sickness override any logic. The man walks away, swearing he'll be right back. *Just wait right here.* Linville does as he's told. The hours tick away. He eventually returns to his apartment, empty-handed, and sits on the edge of his bed. He is totally broke, out of drugs, and shaking with the sickness. He decides at that moment that he needs help.

**I**t's eleven years later now, the winter of 2021. Nathaniel Linville is standing in the bow of a skiff that's floating on a turtle grass flat near Man Key, just off of Key West. He is tall and dark haired, with maybe a week's worth of scruff on his face, and stout from the weight lifting he does religiously.

The water ripples as it hurries off the flat with the falling tide. Linville scans the area, looking for any disturbance in the matrix of brown and green grasses, white spots of sand, and turquoise-stained deeper holes—a mud, a mooning flash of silver, a tail—any sign of the maddening and obsessed-over fish known as a permit.

On the platform on the back of the skiff, scrutinizing the flat from his higher perch, stands John O'Hearn. He is a forty-eight-year-old native Baltimorean who has been guiding in Key West for twenty-two years. He has carvings of permit on his belt buckle and necklace.

Linville and O'Hearn have fly fished for permit together for nearly four hundred days over the past dozen years. Of the astounding 254 permit Linville has caught in his life, around half have been with O'Hearn, including a sixteen-pounder that is the standing world record for the fish on two-pound tippet. In recent years, they have won three permit tournaments, which rank among the most competitive fishing competitions in the world. Today, they are "trying to solve another problem that has never been solved before," as Linville describes it. That is, they are attempting to catch a permit of over twenty-four pounds with four-pound tippet, *the fish that would break a world record that has stood for thirty years.* Success would bring Linville's fly rod world record count to five: Along with the two-pound tippet permit record, he also has the six-pound record for tarpon and the two- and four-pound records for whaler sharks.

Linville, who is thirty-nine, is now clean and sober. He owns a business (the Angling Company, a Key West fly shop), and is a husband and a new father. He is intense, articulate, and assertive in his beliefs. He is also, as the fly-fishing icon Andy Mill has described him, "probably the best saltwater fly angler in the world right now."

**I** see something," O'Hearn says.

"*Donde?*" Linville asks.

"I had a tail to the left there, about eighty feet."

"That darker section out there?"

"Yeah, right in front of it."

Linville stares, craning his neck forward and standing like a fencer, one arm behind his back, the other pointing his rod.

"That's where he is," O'Hearn says.

A moment later, the permit shows itself, its scimitar-like tail popping up, slashing the air, as if accepting a duel that's tipped decidedly in its favor. The fish doesn't look quite big enough for the record, but there's



*Lindville slows down for a moment during the busy winter season. Opposite: Tools of the trade.*





Casting to a tailing permit at dawn.  
Above: O'Hearn and Linville share a laugh as they motor out to the flats.



only one way to know for sure.

Linville begins his cast. Unlike many flats fishermen, he is not rushed or overcome with anxiety when he spots a fish. His casting stroke is long, graceful, and, most notably, slow. "Nat is unquestionably the best caster I've ever seen," O'Hearn says. It is a remarkable thing to witness, this illusion that those at the top of a sport can create—think of Michael Jordan in midair—of slowing down time.

After two false casts, Linville lays down the fly maybe two feet to the left of the fish, so the current will swing it in to it. He makes a series of long, slow strips. The fish swoops over for a look at the fly...and then zips away, off the flat, ending a fairly typical encounter.

"I maybe could have led him a bit more?" Linville says.

"Maybe," O'Hearn says. "But I think you did everything right."

**P**ermit possess neither the sleek shape of a bonefish nor the beautiful brawn of a tarpon. They look like oversize pompano; both fish are members of the jack family. They live primarily in the western Atlantic's deep water, from Massachusetts down to the eastern coast of South America (they have closely related family members in both the Pacific and Indian Oceans). But in certain parts of the world, they come shallow, cruising the flats in search of food, like crabs and shrimp. It is on those flats where true permit fanatics come into contact with them. And there is no place more hallowed for chasing permit on the flats than the Florida Keys.

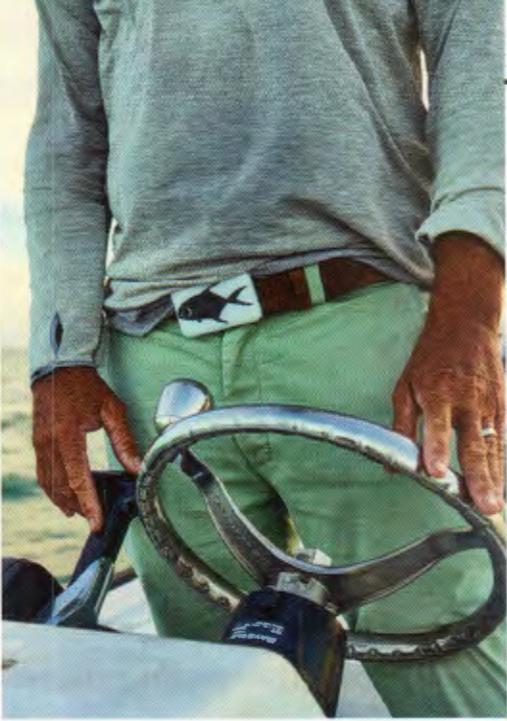
As the sport of flats fishing for bonefish and tarpon began to ascend in the 1960s and '70s, permit were mostly an afterthought, regarded as no more worth a cast than the barracuda or jacks that also sometimes come shallow. Even when some anglers began to target them, they remained a back-burner fish, primarily because of their difficulty. They can be—in the Keys, especially—an exasperating fish, hard to find and harder to fool. Weeks and even months can go by without catching one, or even really having a good shot. Even the best permit guides, like O'Hearn—who fishes for them maybe sixty days a year—catch very few, maybe twenty-five a year. The most famous story ever written about the species (Thomas McGuane's "The Longest Silence") is about all of the time you spend *not* catching them. The famous flats fishing guide Steve Huff describes permit as "dishonest" fish. "You can do everything exactly right," he says, meaning the cast, and the placement and movement of the fly, "and they will still screw you."

Despite his sentiment, it is Huff and the angler Del Brown who are widely credited with popularizing fly fishing for permit in the 1980s. Other anglers had, of course, fished for them well before then, but it was the duo's single-minded pursuit of the fish—and the proof that the nervous Nellies could, indeed, actually be caught with relative frequency—that caused their esteem to soar.

During his fishing career, Brown, who is considered the GOAT of the discipline, caught 513 permit (the vast majority of them with Huff) with a fly rod and once held seven world records for them (all but one with Huff). Two of those records still stand, nineteen years after his death, one of them the four-pound record that Linville is attempting to break. The other is the biggest fly rod permit ever recorded by the International Game Fish Association (IGFA)—the keeper of fishing world records—a 41-pound, 8-ounce giant caught near Key West on a flat that has since been known as Scene of the Crime.

Permit are deeply polarizing fish. One is either madly obsessed with them or wholly put off by them. Linville and O'Hearn stand firmly within the former camp. The difficulty, they believe, is the entire point. Permit encompass both the *why* and the *why not* in life, according to Linville. "You look at them and realize how difficult they are to catch and ask yourself, 'Why would I try that?'" he says. "But then you look at them and realize how difficult they are to catch and wonder, 'Why not?'"

Many sportsmen and -women like to wax poetic about their quarry,



an impulse that dates back to the cave paintings rendered by our long-ago ancestors. Not Linville. "Permit are beautiful and everything, but the fact is that success is rare with them, and the less likely the chance for success in an endeavor, the more valuable the endeavor becomes." When one decides to fish with a fly rod, one has already put oneself at a disadvantage. Fishing for permit with a fly rod amplifies the disadvantage, making it perhaps the purest expression of the sport. "They are unfair, but I adore that about them," he says. "Who wants fair?"

**L**inville grew up in Norwalk, Connecticut. His father founded and ran a sailcloth company. His mother worked as a buyer for a retail skiing company. She is also an ardent angler and was, for many years, the president of the Woman Flyfishers Club, the oldest such club in the country. She was the one who introduced Linville to fly fishing. Family photos show him holding a fly rod at age five. Fly-fishing luminary Joan Wulff was a family friend. When he was twelve, he got a casting lesson from Lefty Kreh.

Linville's early love for fishing could not keep him out of trouble, though, which began in earnest in his teens. "I had a tremendous amount of anxiety and depression, and the drug abuse was starting and it was horrible," he says. He was kicked out of a high school. He tried college but only lasted a few months. "That's when it started to get out of hand," he says.

He moved around, from Costa Rica to Panama to Australia, before ending up in New York City, where he "pretty much concentrated full-time on the destruction of my life via cocaine," he says. Sometimes he combined it with other drugs. One night he went out to dinner with friends, took some Ambien along with cocaine, and nearly had a nervous breakdown, convinced he was at his high school reunion. "I had a complete break with reality that night," he says.

In 2005, when he was twenty-two, Linville moved to Key West, in the hope that another move—and one to a place where he could fish a lot—would help. Instead, he discovered opiates, drugs that torment addicts because of the withdrawal symptoms, the sickness that comes when the high dissipates. "You get addicted to feeling the opposite of sick, that shift," Linville says. Soon enough, he was using opiates and cocaine daily and living a life of desperation. "I lied, cheated, and stole," he says. He sold much of his most prized fly-fishing gear to procure more drugs.

Somehow, within that fog, Linville managed to open the Angling Company in 2009. But soon afterward, he says, "it all came crashing down." There were times, he's sure, when he came close to dying, from overdosing and suffocating. "With opiates, a lot of it is about luck, like what position you are in when you pass out and if you are able to breathe," he says. He had addict friends die in that manner and in other ways. In 2010, after hitting rock bottom, he decided to get clean and signed over his shop and control of all of his assets to his mother.

He quit the drugs cold turkey and entered a rehab program. It took a few weeks to get over the withdrawal symptoms. He worked for his



mom in the shop during the days and fished around some docks with a friend in the evenings, at one point going out for a hundred straight nights, "just to occupy my time," he says. It took him six months to feel okay physically, he says, and another year before he felt normal mentally, "when I could rely on my feelings."

**A**fter getting clean, Linville set a goal: He wanted to see how good he could become as a fly angler. One way he could do that was by fishing in tournaments and attempting to break world records.

Fly-fishing tournaments and records are anathema to some, violating the supposed relaxing, get-away-from-it-all spirit of the sport. And outside of a somewhat hermetic world, our society has not assigned much value to these two endeavors, not nearly as much as to, say, mountain climbing. In reality, though, if you take fly fishing seriously, you do it with intent and willingly invite some level of stress, exertion, and excitement. It can mean everything, especially in the moment. And that's the fun. "Nothing you do matters unless you decide it does," O'Hearn says.

The Keys are one of those places where fly fishing is truly valued. Serious practitioners of the sport congregate there, just as climbers flock to Yosemite and filmmakers to Hollywood. "It's part of the culture," O'Hearn says. "There's one place in the world where there's a framework to find out exactly how good you are, and that's here."

Linville decided to focus on tarpon and permit. The learning curve for the latter was especially steep. "I thought I was a hot-shit fisherman, but there was a two-to-three-year period early on when I was seriously fishing for permit and not catching any," he says. The first one he ever

caught in the Keys happened by accident. "I cast my line out just to wind it up, and one ate it when the fly landed," he says.

By 2013, Linville and O'Hearn had started to find some success. The following year, they decided to enter the March Merkin, one of the most prestigious permit tournaments. The competition would serve as a litmus test of their progress—or lack thereof. "It's a lot harder to be optimistic about your own skills when you see, up close, other people who are much better than you are," Linville says.

And yet, in that three-day tournament, Linville and O'Hearn had what appeared to be an insurmountable lead up until the last moment on

the last day, when the guide Scott Collins and his angler, Greg Smith, returned to the dock after catching three permit and beat them by an inch. "It was incredibly painful, and the disappointment was all tied up with my recovery," Linville says. "But that was also the point when John and I got really serious about the whole thing."

Getting serious meant getting innovative and scientific about their approach. The first step: a new fly, the Strong Arm Merkin, designed by the fly-tying virtuoso Dave Skok. The fly was lighter than the typical permit fly, going against decades of dogma that insisted that such flies be tied with heavy lead eyes. It allowed Linville to fish with more finesse.

The next step involved creating as much repeatability in gear and methods as they could. In Linville's home in Key West, he has twenty-

five rods in various weights that hang from his wall and ceiling. Every rod is the same make and model. Same for the reels and the lines. The idea is to have a consistency of feel. Linville has marked his reels with nail polish at different drag settings so he knows, even amid the mayhem of a fight with a fish, exactly how much pressure he is applying. He has weighed his flies to figure out exactly how they'll sink after they hit the water. O'Hearn also began to track the duo's productivity on the water, the number of permit they caught per day of effort. The ideal number to put them "in the circle, in the hunt for tournaments and records," he says, is one permit per day. (In their best year, Linville and O'Hearn averaged 1.3 fish a day.) They are also obsessive about their knots and adhering to IGFA-legal leaders and tippets. Linville has a tattoo on his lower left leg composed of two parallel black lines exactly twelve inches apart, which happens to be the IGFA maximum length for a shock tippet. (O'Hearn has the same tattoo, but his measures 11 1/8 inches. "Better to err on the side of caution," he says.) Linville also began to wade more for permit, getting out of the boat even in water that came up to his chest, because doing so tends to make permit less wary and can provide him with more—and more effective—shots.

They analyzed every shot taken, whether it succeeded or not. They fished every booked day, rain or shine. (Over the last ten years, they've canceled only one trip.) Maybe most important, they had faith. "If you believe you can do it, you learn. If you don't believe, you don't learn," Linville says. Adds O'Hearn: "The best permit anglers are the ones who believe they will catch the fish they are casting to."

The scientific method and repeatability, in a paradoxical way, are even more important when fishing for an unreliable and unrepeatable fish like the permit. "The idea is to push yourself into the things you can

control and pull yourself out of the things you can't," Linville says, words that could act as a permit angler's Serenity Prayer.

It's all worked. Since 2015, they have won the March Merkin three times. They broke the two-pound tippet record for permit in 2018. And in 2020, while fishing with Steve Huff and his son, Chad, Linville also broke the six-pound tippet record for tarpon with a stupendous 140-pound, 4-ounce fish. That record marked the culmination of eight years of effort and is, in terms of tippet-strength-to-size ratio, one of the most impressive catches in history.

From far left: O'Hearn at the wheel with his trademark permit belt buckle; captain and angler in action; wading the flats in search of fish; the view of Key West Marina as the sun comes up.



One could look at Linville's journey and conclude, understandably, that he has swapped one addiction for another, the classic tale of the recovering addict who, say, runs so obsessively that her knees break down. While there are elements of Linville's fly fishing that qualify as obsessive, Linville says it's not that simple. "There's a high I get when I fish, of course. The chemical difference between winning a tournament and sniffing a line of coke is probably not that different. But you can't buy that tournament high for a hundred dollars, and the way you recover from it is different, and the withdrawal symptoms don't make you sick. Addiction is not characterized by things that make you feel good. It's characterized by doing those things at the expense of your well-being."

A few years after he got clean, Linville met a woman named Kat Vallilee. (An accomplished angler in her own right, Vallilee holds three women's fly-fishing records, including two for permit.) They've now been married for seven years, and they had their first child, Violet, last October. He and Vallilee now own the shop. "It's rare to be able to have another chance to do things right," Linville says. "I almost died, literally and metaphorically. I have an incredible appreciation for my wife and daughter and the shop because I could so easily have none of those things."

In a way, he says, that appreciation is what drives him to compete in tournaments and chase world records. "I wanted to grab that chance to do something that I otherwise wouldn't have had. It's how I imagine it would be if you were in a wheelchair for two years and someone told you that you could walk again. I bet you'd take up running or dancing."

During our two days together, Linville does not catch a permit, despite some seemingly perfect shots. He's okay with that—for now. It's his first outing since Violet was born. He'll be ramping up his world-record pursuit soon enough.

But, in the end, Linville says, breaking records and winning tournaments, while giving the journey shape, aren't really the point of it all. "The process is far more important than the result," he says. Process has become an important part of his world: In the throes of his addiction, he was robbed of the pleasure of it. "People underestimate the value of doing all of this with a purpose," he says. "It's hard. You gain a greater understanding of the fish, the environment, the people you do it with, and yourself. There's a lot of joy in trying something for its own sake." □

Blueberry-Lavender Tart





# THE ART of the TART

THINK OF A  
**PUFF PASTRY TART**  
AS A PIE'S LOW-MAINTENANCE—THOUGH  
EQUALLY DELIGHTFUL—COUSIN.  
IT'S GOT BEAUTY AND BUTTER (LOTS  
OF IT), AND YOU CAN FILL IT WITH  
WHATEVER YOU HAVE IN YOUR FRIDGE.  
HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED  
TO GET ROLLING

By JENNY EVERETT

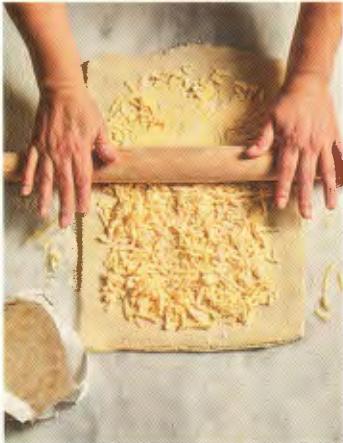
Photographs by  
JOHNNY AUTRY

*The Rise and Shine Tart*

# Chef Adrienne Cheatham grew up in the restaurants

her mother managed around Chicago. But her dad, a Mississippi native, also wanted her to experience the South, so each spring and summer break, she went to live at her great aunt Ruby's house in Jackson. "There was always food everywhere," says Cheatham, now a chef in New York City and the author of the cookbook *Sunday Best*. "But literally nothing went to waste. Chicken bones, turnip greens, everything had a use whether it was on our table or feeding the neighbor's pigs." Honoring that ethos, one of her go-to ways to use what she has on hand is to create a tart with puff pastry dough. "I always have it in my freezer, no matter what," she says.

"If you get a last-minute call to visit friends, or are having people over, you can throw together a main course or an appetizer or dessert with it using whatever you have at home." Whether you roll your own dough using Cheatham's homemade puff pastry recipe or pick up a package at the store, these five chef-approved tarts—from a bacon-y breakfast treat to a lavender-spiked blueberry beauty to a fun riff on potpie—showcase the tart's sublime versatility and will fire up your imagination. "This is something that can feed your family, feed your neighbors, feed your friends," Cheatham says. "It's really just the perfect blank canvas."



## THE PUFF PASTRY

### Recipe

Recipe by Adrienne Cheatham, author of *Sunday Best* and host of the *Sunday Best* pop-up series in New York City

*Yield: 1 (10-by-12-inch) pastry*

#### INGREDIENTS

**2½ sticks unsalted butter, cold**  
**1tbsp. plus 2 cups flour**  
**1tsp. salt**  
**1tsp. sugar**  
**½ cup cold water**

#### PREPARATION

Using the large holes on a box grater, grate 1½ sticks of cold butter into a mixing bowl. Sprinkle 1tbsp. flour over butter and toss to coat. Spread the butter onto a plate or a small baking tray and place in the freezer.

Cut the remaining stick of butter into ½-inch slices and place in the mixing bowl with remaining flour, salt, and sugar. Use your fingers to break the butter up slightly (you want the pieces to still look like shards, not be fully crumbled). Use a spatula to stir in the cold water, then use your hands to gather and press the dough into a ball. Flatten your ball into a rough rectangle, about ¾ inch thick, and place on a tray in the refrigerator. Chill for 10 minutes.

Lightly flour your work surface and a rolling pin. Place chilled dough on the surface and remove grated butter from the freezer. Scatter butter evenly over the top of the dough and roll the rectangle to a thickness of about ½ inch. Fold the two shorter sides of the rectangle in toward the center, so they now touch in the middle (the layer of butter should be fully wrapped by the outer layer of dough). Fold this onto itself—left side flipped onto the right—in half again (this is called a book fold). Roll the folded bundle of dough back to about ½-inch thickness. If the dough and butter are getting warm, place on a tray in the refrigerator to chill for 5 to 10 minutes.

Repeat the book fold and rolling two or three more times. Roll the final dough to a rectangle about 10 by 12 inches, cover with plastic wrap, and keep chilled until ready to use. To freeze, fold dough to a size that fits into your freezer, wrap tightly in plastic wrap, and place in a freezer bag. It can be frozen for up to a month. Thaw in the refrigerator and roll out to your desired thickness before using.

## THE RISE AND SHINE TART

*Recipe 2*

*Recipe by Adrienne Cheatham*

When Cheatham was cooking at Le Bernardin in New York City, she prepared this breakfast-inspired tart for the staff as their “family meal”—and they couldn’t get enough of it. “I like to pre-cook the puff pastry a little bit just to really start to separate those layers and get that lift,” she says. For the filling, she goes for a traditional lumberjack-breakfast feel, complete with potatoes. But don’t be afraid to improvise. “If you have some asparagus going limp in the fridge, use it,” she says. “Work with what you have.”

**Yield:** 1 (12-inch) tart

### INGREDIENTS

**1 sheet** puff pastry (homemade or store-bought), thawed  
**2 medium** Yukon Gold or small Idaho potatoes (about 1 lb.), scrubbed  
**½ cup** crème fraîche or sour cream  
**¼ cup** cooked bacon, crumbled  
**6 large** eggs  
**1 cup** grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese  
Kosher salt and freshly cracked black pepper, to taste  
**2 tsp.** chives

### PREPARATION

Preheat oven to 400°F with a rack positioned near the bottom. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper. On a lightly floured surface, roll puff pastry to about a 12-inch square. Place it on the baking sheet. Put another piece of parchment on top of the pastry and cover it with another baking tray. This will help the pastry puff evenly. Bake until the pastry is light brown and uniformly puffed, 10 to 15 minutes. Let cool for 10 minutes. Reduce oven to 375°F.

Meanwhile, cook the potatoes until just tender. It doesn’t matter how you go about this—baking, steaming, boiling, microwaving—whatever gets them al dente. Once they’re cool enough to handle, slice into ¼-inch rounds.

Spread crème fraîche or sour cream over the pastry, leaving a ½-inch border. Sprinkle the bacon over the top, then arrange sliced potatoes all around. Bake for 20 minutes.

Remove from oven and crack eggs around the tart and sprinkle with cheese, avoiding the yolks as much as possible. Season with salt and pepper and return to the oven.

Bake another 10 to 12 minutes, until the crust is deeply browned, the egg whites are cooked (the yolks will be a tiny bit runny in the center), the potatoes are tender, and the cheese is bubbling and browned around the edges. Cool for 2 minutes before sprinkling with chives. Slice and serve immediately.

## BLUEBERRY-LAVENDER TART

*Recipe 3*

*Recipe by Claudia Martinez, executive pastry chef at Miller Union in Atlanta*

Fruit tarts hold special meaning for Claudia Martinez, who grew up cooking with her Venezuelan family. “It’s my dad’s favorite dessert,” the pastry chef says. “We always buy him one for his birthday.” When she’s making a fruit tart herself, puff pastry is her base of choice because of its versatility and low-maintenance shaping. “Although I love a piecrust, I prefer the balance and texture that puff pastry gives—and the high butter content in the dough makes it delicious.” This recipe is her way of putting local Georgia blueberries to excellent use. And the combination of puff pastry and blueberries (with a hint of lavender to highlight the fruit) reminds her of the coffee cakes she had at church every Sunday growing up. Serve it with whipped cream or ice cream, or as Martinez does, with a sweet coconut sorbet to really balance out the flavors.

**Yield:** 4 small tarts

### INGREDIENTS

**2 ¼ cups** blueberries  
**½ cup** brown sugar  
Zest of 1 lemon  
**½ tsp.** vanilla extract  
**1 tbsp.** plus **1 ½ tsp.** apple cider vinegar  
**2 tbsp.** flour  
**1 ½ tsp.** salt  
**½ tsp.** cinnamon  
**1 tbsp.** lavender flowers (available at most specialty markets, Whole Foods, and Amazon)  
**1 sheet** puff pastry (homemade or store-bought), thawed  
Butter  
**1 egg**, lightly beaten  
Turbinado sugar

### PREPARATION

Preheat oven to 400°F. In a small bowl, combine first 9 ingredients (through lavender flowers) until

well mixed. On a lightly floured surface, roll puff pastry (it should still be cold) into a 10-inch square. Let rest for 15 minutes, then cut into 4 quarters and place each piece on a parchment-lined baking sheet. Divide the blueberry mixture among the pastry pieces, dot each with a bit of butter, and fold over the edges of the pastry about ½ inch on all sides to form a crust. Chill pastry for 10 minutes in freezer.

Brush crust with some beaten egg and sprinkle with turbinado sugar. Bake for 20 minutes, reduce heat to 375°F, and continue baking until pastry is golden brown and blueberries are bubbling, about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream.

## WILD RAMP AND MOREL MUSHROOM TART

*Recipe 4*

*Recipe by William Dissen, executive chef and owner of the Market Place in Asheville, Billy D's Fried Chicken in Asheboro, NC, and Haymaker in Charlotte*

In this tart-ified ode to the Appalachian spring, the North Carolina chef William Dissen pulls inspiration from two of his favorite ingredients to forage: ramps and morel mushrooms. “It’s a quintessential spring dish showcasing the bounty of the Blue Ridge Mountains,” he says. The pungent flavor of the ramps works beautifully with the earthiness of the mushrooms, and you probably already have the secret ingredient: a generous pour of bourbon. If you can’t find morels, chanterelle, button, or portobello mushrooms make a fine substitute. And scallions or leeks can work in place of ramps. Pair it with a spring salad for a quick lunch or dinner to welcome the season. “It’s the perfect dish as we emerge from the colder winter months.”

**Yield:** 1 (10-by-14-inch) tart

### INGREDIENTS

**2 tbsp.** olive oil  
**½ bunch** wild ramps, roughly chopped (bulbs and greens separated)  
**½ cup** yellow onion, julienned  
**1 ½ cups** morel mushrooms, cleaned  
**¼ tsp.** red pepper flakes  
**1 cup** bourbon  
**2 tbsp.** butter  
**1 tsp.** thyme leaves, plus **1 tsp.** for garnish  
Salt and pepper, to taste  
**1 ½ cups** ricotta cheese

Heirloom Tomato and Caramelized Onion Tart



**1tbsp.** lemon juice  
**1sheet** puff pastry (homemade or store-bought), thawed  
**½ cup** grated Parmesan cheese

#### **PREPARATION**

Heat olive oil in a large sauté pan over medium-high heat. Add ramp bulbs and onions, and sauté for about 5 minutes, until the onions are starting to brown. Stir in the mushrooms and red pepper flakes, and cook until tender, about 4 minutes. Stir in the ramp greens.

Deglaze the pan with the bourbon and reduce bourbon by half, about 3 to 4 minutes. Stir in butter and 1tsp. thyme. Salt and pepper to taste. Remove from heat and reserve.

Preheat oven to 400°F, mix together ricotta and lemon juice, and season with salt and pepper.

Place puff pastry on a lightly floured surface and roll out to about a 10-by-14-inch rectangle. Transfer puff pastry to a parchment-lined baking sheet and make a 1-inch fold around the edges to form a crust. Using a fork, prick the surface of the pastry, and then sprinkle Parmesan cheese around the crust.

Spread mushroom mixture across the dough and place dollops of ricotta mixture evenly around the dough. Place in oven, and bake for about 35 minutes, or until golden brown.

Remove from oven and sprinkle with remaining thyme. Cut into equal portions, and serve with a green salad.

## **HEIRLOOM TOMATO AND CARAMELIZED ONION TART**

*Recipe 5*

*Recipe by Pat Pascarella,  
chef and owner of Bastone in Atlanta*

Chef Pat Pascarella's cooking MO is to honor his Italian heritage with classic ingredients and the time-tested techniques he learned from his mother and grandmother. For this tart, he layers fresh tomatoes with a mixture of onions, shallots, and leeks; a couple of herbs; and that's it. The key, he says, is to be patient as you caramelize the onions (maybe pour a nice Italian red while you tend to the pot). "The slow-cooking process releases tons of sweetness and allows the onions to counteract the bitterness of the pastry," he says. With the tartness of the tomatoes and a finishing drizzle of balsamic vinegar

and olive oil, it pulls together for a foolproof meal or snack.

**Yield:** 1 (10-by-12-inch) tart

#### **INGREDIENTS**

**½ lb.** unsalted butter  
**2 sprigs** thyme  
**1tsp.** oregano, chopped  
**2 white onions**, thinly sliced  
**2 red onions**, thinly sliced  
**2 shallots**, thinly sliced  
**2 leeks**, thinly sliced  
**Salt**, to taste  
**1sheet** puff pastry (homemade or store-bought), thawed  
**2 heirloom tomatoes**, cut into ¼-inch slices  
Balsamic vinegar (a quality 25-year-old variety, if possible)  
Extra-virgin olive oil

#### **PREPARATION**

In a large pot, combine butter, thyme, oregano, onions, shallots, and leeks. Cook on low heat with a sprinkle of salt for about 60 minutes, stirring often and adding a splash of water if the onions begin to brown too quickly. When the onions are completely caramelized (they'll be bronze in color and thick in consistency), remove from heat, add salt to taste, and remove thyme sprigs. Let cool.

Meanwhile, preheat oven to 400°F and, on a lightly floured surface, roll out puff pastry to about a 10-by-12-inch rectangle. Transfer to a baking sheet lined with parchment. Place onion mixture in the center of your dough and spread an even layer, leaving a 1½-to-2-inch border.

Place the sliced tomatoes on top of the onions to completely cover them, and sprinkle with salt. Crimp the edges of the puff pastry toward the center, so that it resembles a crostata. Bake for 15 minutes, then reduce oven to 375°F and cook for another 15 to 20 minutes, until edges are golden brown.

Let cool on a wire rack. Serve with a drizzle of balsamic vinegar and extra-virgin olive oil.

## **SEAFOOD POTPIE TART**

*Recipe 6*

*Recipe by Ben Norton, executive  
chef of Husk Nashville*

Chef Ben Norton has a love affair with French pastry, particularly the decadent vol-au-vent—a stacked ring of puff pastry generally stuffed with meat or fish and served as a rich, buttery appetizer. "This recipe takes those delicious qualities and

replaces them with Southern ingredients," says the Atlanta native, who grew up working in kitchens and tending to his family's garden. It's also much easier to execute, so you can pull out your frozen puff pastry and make it any night of the week. Norton loves to use crawfish for the filling, but fresh shrimp work just as well in his savory, comforting spin on potpie. "While I think piecrust and traditional tart doughs are great, they just aren't as satisfying as puff pastry," he says. "You can wrap anything in it!"

**Yield:** 1 (12-inch) tart

#### **INGREDIENTS**

**3tbsp.** plus **1tbsp.** butter  
**½ small** yellow onion, finely diced  
**2 cloves** garlic, minced  
**1large** celery stalk, finely diced, leaves reserved  
**3tbsp.** dry sherry  
**1tbsp.** all-purpose flour  
**1cup** whole milk  
**1tsp.** salt  
**¼ tsp.** white pepper  
**½ lb.** cooked crawfish (or shrimp), heads removed, peeled  
Juice and zest of 1 lemon  
**1½ tsp.** hot sauce  
**1sheet** puff pastry (homemade or store-bought), thawed  
**1egg**, lightly beaten  
Sea salt, to taste  
**1tbsp.** parsley, chopped

#### **PREPARATION**

Preheat oven to 400°F. Melt 3tbsp. butter in a saucepan over medium heat. Add onion, garlic, and celery, and sauté until onion is translucent and soft, about 3 minutes. Deglaze pan with sherry, cooking down until liquid has reduced and sizzling stops. Add flour to the pan and stir constantly for several minutes, until flour smells toasty. Add milk and continue stirring until mixture begins to thicken, about 3 to 5 minutes. Season with salt and white pepper. Remove from heat and add cooked crawfish (or shrimp), lemon juice, hot sauce, and 1tbsp. butter. Stir to combine. Place in refrigerator for 20 minutes.

On a lightly floured surface, roll out a 12-inch round of pastry and place it on a parchment-lined sheet pan. Spoon the filling onto the center of the round, leaving a 3-inch space between filling and edge of pastry. Make rustic folds toward the center to create a crust. Chill filled pastry in refrigerator for another 15 minutes. Brush the edges liberally with egg, focusing on creases. Sprinkle with sea salt. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes, until pastry is golden brown. Remove from oven and allow to rest for 10 minutes. Garnish with chopped parsley, celery leaves, and lemon zest. ☐

# A PRIVATE ESCAPE WITH *plenty of space.*

Your exquisite Fort Lauderdale getaway awaits. Relish in ten lush acres along the Atlantic Ocean, a breadth of amenities and one-of-a-kind comfort away from it all. It's time to treat yourself to a reset at Lago Mar Beach Resort & Club — so what are you waiting for?



*ready to escape?*

Scan this code to start planning your next trip!



**Lago Mar**  
BEACH RESORT & CLUB

1700 South Ocean Lane Fort Lauderdale, FL [lagomar.com](http://lagomar.com) 954.523.6511

# DUE SOUTH

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE FOR THE SOUTHERN SOUL



*Alex Raskin Antiques,  
at the corner of Bull  
and Gordon Streets  
in Savannah.*

WEEKENDS

## Savannah's Staying Power

WHETHER YOU'RE AFTER ANTIQUES, MODERN SOUTHERN ART, OR WRECKFISH HEADCHEESE, GEORGIA'S RIVERFRONT GEM HONORS THE OLD AND MAKES WAY FOR THE NEW

By Alexandra Marvar

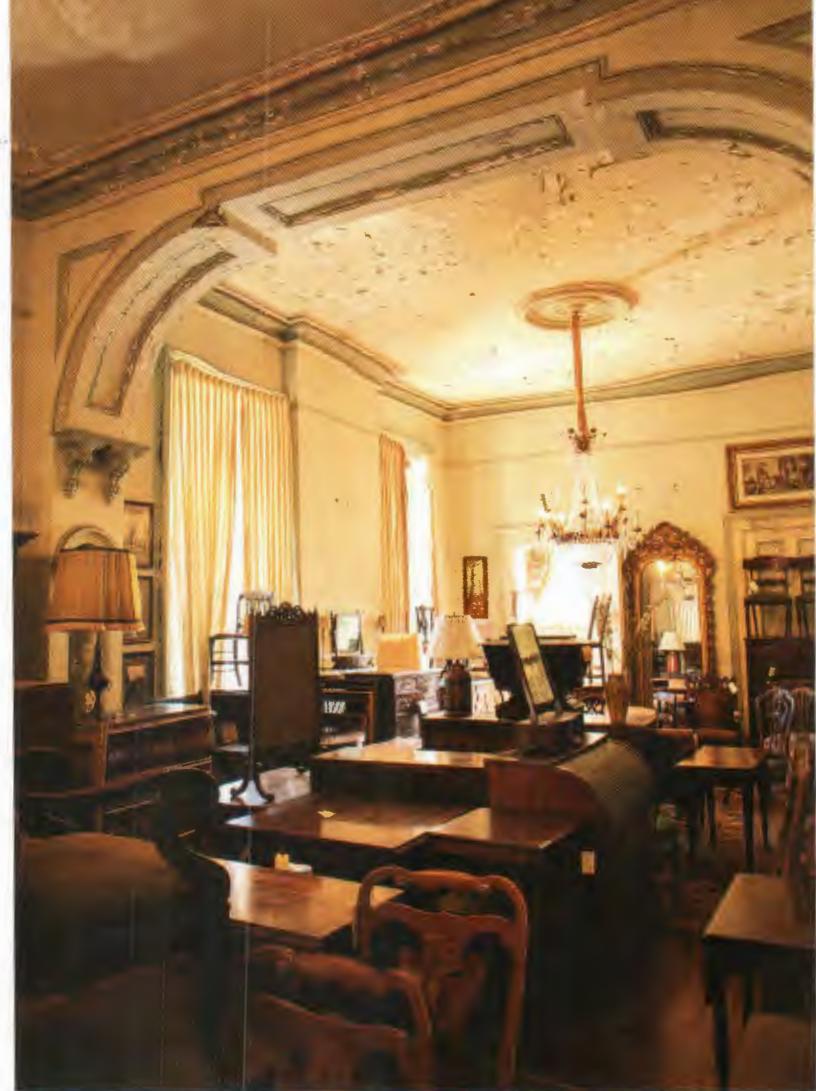
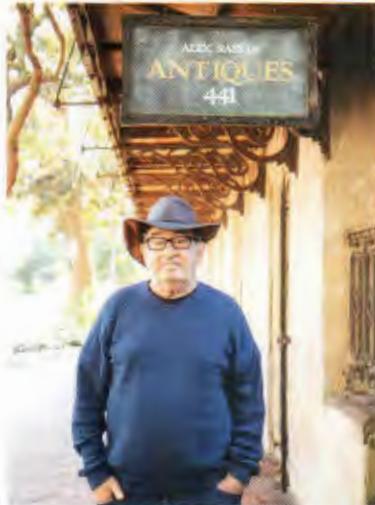
## B

Bits of plaster crumble from the ceiling of Alex Raskin Antiques, covering a nineteenth-century mahogany table in a sheet of dust. The floors whine and creak as we make our way through the first of the mansion's four haphazard, jam-packed levels.

My husband, Hartford, and I have been house shopping inconclusively in his hometown of Savannah since our wedding here three years ago. Now we're getting ahead of ourselves, browsing furniture. We regard a massive, worn cotton factor's desk tucked in a back room. "I hope no one ever buys that," Raskin says. "Because I have no idea how they'll get it out of here."

Born and raised in Savannah, Raskin remembers when part of Abercorn Street, a main artery now, was a dirt road; when dialing Tybee Island, fifteen miles away, was a long-distance call; and when people got dressed up to go downtown. On the one hand, it wasn't so long ago. On the other, the city is so different now. Unsurprisingly in his line of work, Raskin is nostalgic for those older days, particularly the 1970s, when he paid about the same price for an entire building near Monterey Square as someone might now pay for that mahogany table.

Above: Plaster ceilings tower at Alex Raskin Antiques. Left to right: Owner and Savannah native Alex Raskin; the Agua de Jamaica at Common Thread; stepping into the original Pinkie Masters.



Though many of the businesses he patronized back then are gone, several hang on: Levy Jewelers since 1900; Russo's Seafood since 1946; eighty-nine-year-old Crystal Beer Parlor; Bradley Lock and Key, now run by fifth-generation locksmith Andrew Bradley; and the midcentury dive Pinkie Masters Lounge, which was

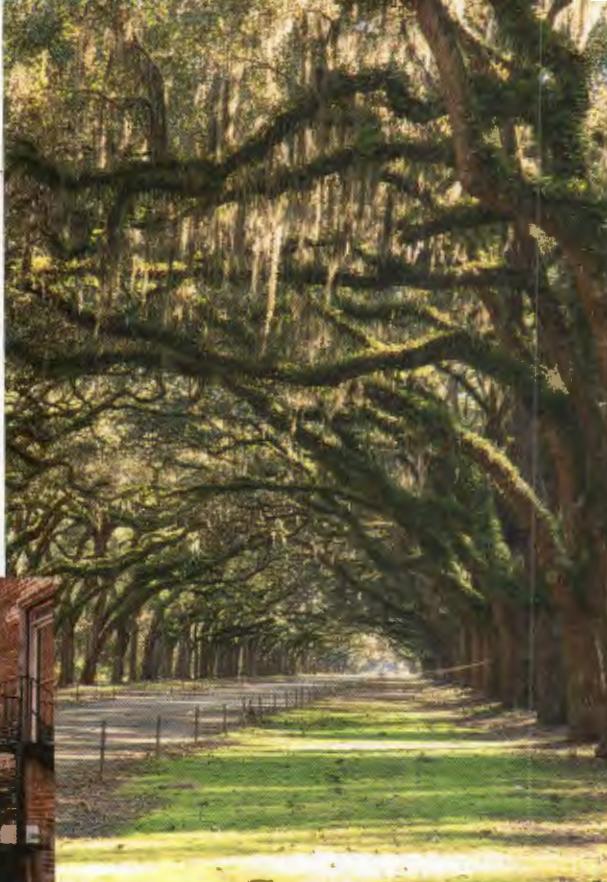
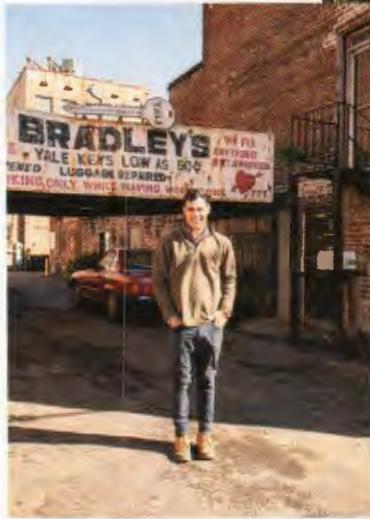


**DRESS FOR THE JOB YOU WANT TO  
SNEAK OUT EARLY ON.**



*Duck Camp*  
PREMIUM  
OUTDOOR GOODS

Shop New Outdoor Apparel at [DuckCamp.com](http://DuckCamp.com)



almost shuttered after a strange chain of events that involved a guy called Catfish getting stabbed. (Happily, he lived to tell the story.) Now it's called *the Original Pinkie Masters*.

Some greats have fallen. But where they fall, they leave gaps in the canopy, a chance for new contenders to put down roots.

**ANDREW JAY RIPLEY AND HIS BUSINESS PARTNER**, Tom Worley, opened the tropical-themed bar Lone Wolf in the fast-growing fringe neighborhood of Starland in 2018. Their spot sits an alley away from the cowboy bar Over Yonder and its pardner (same roof, same owner), the down-home dive Moodright's, Savannah's go-to for duckpin bowling since 2019.

Even farther from the buzz of downtown, on Tybee, I'm sitting with friends at Lone Wolf's sandier, sunnier, more food-centric sibling, Sea Wolf. Ripley stops by our table, and we talk about the infusion of visitors, newcomers, and new energy to the city—and the changes that have followed.

While the pandemic slowed the stream of visitors, in the last decade, tourism in Savannah has been breaking records. In 2019, nearly fifteen million visitors to this town of under 150,000 spent more than \$3 billion. As in many popular cities, rents and home values have risen sharply, especially downtown, sending busi-

nesses and patrons who once lived in the historic district into different neighborhoods.

A good crowd is out today for Sea Wolf's take on surf and turf: trays of oysters and Wagyu beef hot dogs in lobster-roll-style buns, loaded with chorizo, jalapeño relish, and house-made Cheez Whiz. "We wanted to do something locals-focused," Ripley says of the menu, and of the mentality. "No outside investors. Local anchors. And not pretentious." This local love is a growing trend.

For decades, Savannah has put forth a certain image: a Southern city, charming, romantic, and eccentric, like the Savannah you read about in *that book*—the one with the photograph from Bonaventure Cemetery on the cover, taken by the late Jack Leigh, a brilliant local photographer who had previously gained international acclaim for his images of shrimpers and the Lowcountry landscape. But this new generation is expanding the city's story.

"It's so important to talk about what Savannah *really* has going for it," says Susan Laney, who worked with Leigh at his gallery and opened her own, Laney Contemporary, in a stunning brutalist building in 2017. She still represents Leigh's estate, while helping cultivate the careers of other local artists. "Some things are coming to light about the harder history here," she says, "and the culture that goes along with it."

Some of the city's most visited historical sites have recently been telling a fuller story: In late 2018, the curators at the 1819 Owens-Thomas House transformed the museum's cellar and carriage house into a series of narrative exhibits that explore the history of slavery in Savannah. Black-owned guide companies such as Underground Tours of Savannah, founded in 2017,



"We wanted to do something locals-focused,"

Andrew Jay Ripley says of his restaurant Sea Wolf. "Local anchors. And not pretentious"



From left: Fifth-generation locksmith Andrew Bradley; the oak-canopied entrance at Wormsloe State Historic Site; Common Thread's executive sous chef Victor Solano, executive chef Brandon Carter, and chef de cuisine Joseph Harrison.



*what's missing...*

## IS NOTHING AT ALL

When you live on a bridgeless island, what first strikes you is what's missing. Cars. Noise. Crowds. Stress. And then you realize that there really isn't anything missing at all. On the southernmost tip of the Carolinas is an intimate community joined in the quiet celebration of an island suspended in time. It is not an escape from life, but a deeper immersion into it. And that's the whole point.



**HAIG POINT**  
— DAUFUSKIE ISLAND —

HOMESITES FROM \$150K | CUSTOM RESIDENCES FROM \$750K

NATIONAL MEMBERSHIPS ALSO AVAILABLE

1-800-686-3441 | HAIGPOINT.COM

# DUE SOUTH

lead walking tours of African American monuments and champion the Gullah Geechee food, culture, and history passed down through African descendants.

**AN EMERGING WAVE OF SHOP OWNERS ARE FINDING** ways to shape Savannah's story, too. In 2015, part of a tourism study for the town recommended "elevating" Savannah's retail offerings with more megabrand tenants. But the Downtown Design District—a growing stretch of shops along Whitaker Street—has largely done its own thing.

Rae Haggist tends the counter at Asher + Rye, a sustainability-focused home-goods emporium her daughter and son-in-law opened in 2020. "The owners of this building also have shops on this street," she says, pointing across the way at Circa Lighting and the home and clothing boutique One Fish, Two Fish, both cornerstones of the neighborhood since 1998. "They had offers from developers, but they waited for just the right business to preserve the character of the neighborhood."

Down the block, Savannahian Roz Morris moved home from New York during the pandemic and opened the art and design studio StoneLords, where she sells apparel and jewelry by "brands with a cause." On Oglethorpe Avenue, tea purveyor Wayne Ashford established his Ashford Tea Company in 2018 and hosts high teas over brews like his River Street blend, a mélange that pays homage to the city's port history: black tea, molasses, and African pearl salt. "Fellowshipping is a lost art in our community," he says. "What better way to help people engage than over a hot pot of tea?"

Nearby, a network of woman-owned businesses line Liberty Street: The Book Lady has been holding down the block since 1978, the leather goods shop Satchel since 2006, and in 2019 came the cocktail lounge Savoy Society, where I drop in one Saturday evening. The



sidewalk tables are pulled together, and, as if by magnetic force, a group is accumulating as friends happen by. Everyone, including my husband, one of the design district shop owners, and a friend of a friend who's late for a yoga class next door, is singing the praises of the Going Down Proper, Savoy's all-healing concoction of rye, lemon, orgeat, and Underberg on the rocks.

Where locals support local businesses, and business owners support one another, proprietors enjoy a degree of freedom that makes things interesting. Hartford and I head to dinner at Common Thread, a new restaurant helmed by chef Brandon Carter. For fans of Carter's Bluffton, South Carolina, restaurant FARM, including us, news of Common Thread was titillating—but also nerve-racking: Talented chefs have not always had great luck here. An underappreciated



*Clockwise from top:*  
A spread of oysters, a  
loaded hot dog, and  
more at Sea Wolf on  
Tybee Island; chef  
Rob Newton plates  
vegetables at the  
Thompson hotel's  
Fleeting restaurant;  
artwork by Betsy  
Cain at Laney Con-  
temporary; enjoying  
the deck at Sea Wolf;  
Fleeting cocktails.



STITCH®

DRESS YOUR  
GAME™



**Innovative golf gear, performance apparel, and elevated travel bags  
designed with attention to detail, down to the last STITCH.®**

visit [stitchgolf.com/gardenandgun](http://stitchgolf.com/gardenandgun) • follow us @stitchgolf 



SCAN ME



Savannah venture by the Athens, Georgia-based chef Hugh Acheson (opened in 2014) had the terminal arc of a shooting star; a local iteration of Sean Brock's Husk (opened in 2018) has been a roller coaster.

Tonight every course is a thrill, including an off-menu choice by Carter: a poetic preparation of fried wreckfish headcheese. Carter is a chef who loves fish heads—and why let a good one go to waste? It brings back fond memories from early in our courtship, when I insisted Hartford try a dish of delicately crisped goat brains the chef Mashama Bailey was serving one night at the Grey, which might be modern Savannah's best restaurant success story. It opened in 2014 in a renovated midcentury Greyhound station, and its fame has spread everywhere from Netflix's *Chef's Table* to Bailey's new outpost in Austin, Texas—and it enjoys just as much local love and loyalty as outsider accolades.

**MATT GRAHAM**, THE MANAGER AT THE NEW THOMPSON hotel in Savannah's long-awaited Eastern Wharf development—on the city's easternmost waterfront—says that the secret to a hospitality business's success lies in making it relevant for residents. Part of a New York-born hotel chain, the Thompson could easily feel like a permanent visitor. But Graham believes it can be different, the kind of place where neighbors feel welcome. "It's meant to be a new neighborhood in an old town," he says of the location, a blank slate for years before the hotel sprang up. He's working with Laney Contemporary to curate the lobby.

He also wants it to be a good place to work. When we roll in the next morning for breakfast, we get a warm greeting from Maurice "Mo" Orr, a beloved Savannah

*From left: Ashford Tea Company's Wayne Ashford; an inviting nook at Common Thread; the restaurant's amberjack crudo.*

bellman who's worked downtown since 1994. During his tenure at the Kimpton Brice hotel, he won hearts by looking out for elderly neighbors—even helping one prune the ginkgo tree behind her home, half a block from his valet stand. When visitors ask Orr for suggestions on where to see the real Savannah, he tells them not to miss his favorite churches: First African Baptist Church and St. John's; and also to spend some time at the cemeteries Bonaventure and Laurel Grove. "They've got stories," he says. "And the dead don't lie."

One day, the heart of Eastern Wharf will be a new square, an addition to Savannah's signature grid of parks. But for now, Fleeting, the hotel's lobby restaurant, is the seat of the action. Arkansas native and chef Rob Newton's menu embraces seasonality, shifting as often as necessary to showcase fresh ingredients in dishes like striped bass in coconut curry with charred savoy cabbage, local oranges, and Carolina Gold rice chips. "We didn't want a chef who was just going to come plant a flag and say, 'This is what I do,'" Graham says. "We wanted someone open to new things, learning, exploring."

Our waiter, Justin, hands us some menus. "Welcome to Fleeting," he says, his deep blue nail polish catching the light. "As the name implies, things are always changing." ☐



**Maurice "Mo" Orr**, a beloved bellman who's worked downtown since 1994, has won hearts by looking out for elderly neighbors—even helping one prune the ginkgo tree behind her home, half a block from his valet stand



# Mississippi Magic

*For culture-hungry travelers, these four cities offer the best of the Magnolia State*

## CORINTH



Known as Mississippi's Gateway City, Corinth is home to a wide array of delights. From farm-to-table dining and numerous historic sites to lush parks and interactive museums, a true Magnolia State experience awaits.

*Corinth.net*

## MERIDIAN



Minutes from I-59 and I-20 lies Meridian, a cultural haven with a rich past. With two historic theaters, a boutique hotel in an art deco skyscraper, a 1920s bank turned brewery, and more, the city's downtown is experiencing a renaissance that is not to be missed.

*VisitMeridian.com*

## OXFORD



A bustling city with plenty of Southern charm, Oxford has been touted as the Cultural Mecca of the South, evidenced by multiple James Beard Awards, enviable shopping, and the University of Mississippi's vivacious atmosphere. This is no ordinary college town.

*VisitOxfordMS.com*

## JACKSON



This year, the City With Soul is celebrating turning two hundred, and there's never been a better time to visit. New music festivals, art exhibitions, and bicentennial-themed culinary experiences are all part of the capital's yearlong festivities.

*VisitJackson.com*



License plates line the bar at Ajax Diner, which opened on Oxford's Square in 1997.

OUR KIND OF PLACE

## The Spirit of Ajax Diner

*SOAKING UP LIFE FROM A BARSTOOL AT AN OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI, HOLDOUT*

By Lee Durkee

I was at this soul-food joint sitting at a bar chain-mailled with Mississippi license plates when I began to suspect I kinda-maybe liked Oxford. Folk art mingled above the red vinyl booths with old photographs of Cajuns shucking oysters. A thousand tasseled toothpicks had been blow-darted into the dingy ceiling tiles. Occasionally one fell into the hair of a passing waitress. The floor was a red-and-black chessboard. There was a stuffed squirrel behind the bar.

I was thirty-nine then, a kid, and had just published a novel about a druggy teenager raised by a Pasquale's Pizza franchise in South Mississippi and was living in New York on the Lower East Side with a fancy Upper East Side girlfriend. The reviews of my novel kept pouring in—I could recite them at length. It was my first time back home to Mississippi in a decade. The guy beside me at the bar was a field hippie known as Ronzo. After reciting my book reviews, I told him how

I'd expected to find wall-to-wall gingham in Oxford, how in Hattiesburg we'd hated on Ole Miss kids worse than the villains of Gulf Coast Wrestling. Then I looked around Ajax Diner and whispered, "Don't tell nobody, but I kinda like it here."

My literary career had flopped spectacularly by the time I returned to Oxford a decade later. I'd fled a brutal Vermont winter to rent a room on Martin Luther King Jr. Drive near the Square. My neighbor was Brandon, the kitchen manager at Ajax. He had been a track star at Ole Miss and liked to have four tequila shots lined up on the bar at the end of his shift. Brandon had been raised in his dad's Jamaican restaurant in New Orleans and was a force of nature in any kitchen. Tall, wiry, tireless, forever loyal to Lil Wayne, Brandon ruled the bar. Occasionally I'd get drunk enough to challenge him to a footrace in the parking lot in hopes that the tequila might trip him up, but, no, it was like racing a plane till takeoff.

Mexican gourd lamps lined the bar now. A jacka-

# ST. AUGUSTINE

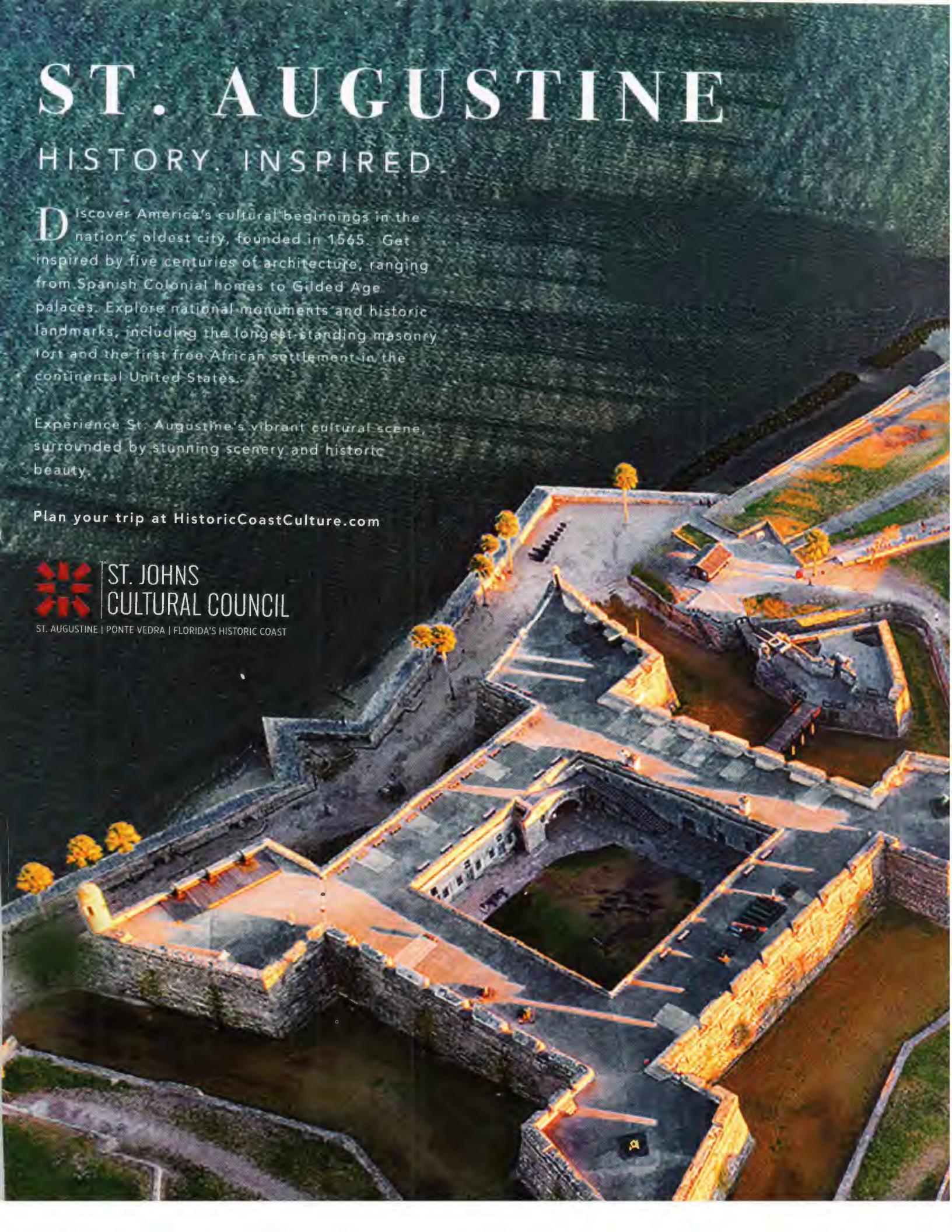
## HISTORY. INSPIRED.

Discover America's cultural beginnings in the nation's oldest city, founded in 1565. Get inspired by five centuries of architecture, ranging from Spanish Colonial homes to Gilded Age palaces. Explore national monuments and historic landmarks, including the longest-standing masonry fort and the first free African settlement in the continental United States.

Experience St. Augustine's vibrant cultural scene, surrounded by stunning scenery and historic beauty.

Plan your trip at [HistoricCoastCulture.com](http://HistoricCoastCulture.com)

 ST. JOHNS  
CULTURAL COUNCIL  
ST. AUGUSTINE | PONTE VEDRA | FLORIDA'S HISTORIC COAST



lope had replaced the tattered squirrel. Most nights I drank beside Big Ray Brown, the most soft-spoken of giants, after he finished his shift and ordered a staff beer. When rowdy frat boys needed discouraging, one glance from Ray B would send them muttering into the night. Ray worked the kitchen's sandwich board and did some deejaying. His cookmate Krazy J "Da Hit-maker" was all about music and had gone viral with the crunk video for the song "Fine Girls/Ole Miss," a raunchy ode to diversity and the female form.

Local celebrities haunted Ajax. Richard and Lisa Howorth of Square Books drank there with Joey Lauren Adams, of *Chasing Amy* fame. Larry Brown had died, but if you ordered a Larry Brown at the bar, Phil the bar manager would serve you a Bud with a shot of Cuervo and a lemon wedge. Tyler Keith, the local punk rock legend, drank beside me many a night.

Owner Randy Yates had opened Ajax in 1997 with some monied friends he eventually bought out. On a good day he still looked like Jackie Gleason. Whenever he strolled outside, kids in cars shouted, "Hey, Mr. Ajax!" Randy's eccentricity permeated the diner. He liked to say there are two types of people: those who have worked in restaurants and those who haven't.

I got a job bartending at a sushi joint in Oxford, got fired for being deaf and rickety, then began driving a cab. It was about then that Oxford started changing. Rents soared, and one day the parking meters marched into town and positioned themselves like soldiers around the Square and commenced blinking red lights at us. Artists couldn't afford to live downtown anymore. Half my taxi job was driving kitchen workers out to public housing. In my two years driving a cab, I got invited to one white church and twenty Black ones. Then Uber rolled in and ran us out of business.

The locals rave about the food at Ajax, but I could never afford to eat out. The one time I asked for a menu, Kate the bartender busted out laughing. All I ever ordered was queso and margaritas. Foodies think a restaurant is its menu or some entree or special sauce, but that's bull. A restaurant is its long-term workers and regulars. It's the servers who put themselves through college. It's the fed families and pregnant waitresses and second-generation employees and the photos of dead comrades taped to the kitchen wall by guys who didn't go back to prison because somebody hired them to clean shrimp and cut onions. A restaurant is who gets paid how much and which employees if any get health insurance and is the owner a jerk or okay. It's Christmas bonuses and that family feeling you get after locking out the last drunk, when everyone sits around the bar downing dollar staff beers.

When COVID hit, Ajax had to shut down for a few months. We all worried about Randy. He was garrulous and gregarious and needed people to pinwheel and diatribe at. That quick, he'd gone from being the most popular restaurateur in town to being a pauper with a pool he couldn't afford to get cleaned. His pool looked



toxic, like maybe it was the source of the coronavirus. A week after lockdown started, Cody and I drove to Randy's house to check on him. Cody is the book buyer at Square Books. Nick, Randy's right-hand man, was sitting on the diving board and told us about signing up for unemployment. Cody said the bookstore was down 30 percent. Then Randy told us about the email he'd written to his landlord explaining why he'd missed rent for the first time in twenty-three years.

For the last decade, I'd been the starving artist in this soap opera—Randy liked to call me the patron saint of broke-dick writers—but now, after a long stretch of steadfastly publishing nothing, I'd scored two advances in one year and was flush. Up was down. Rich was poor. We couldn't get our heads around any of it. While we drank beer and shouted at each other across the filthy pool, I tried to imagine the Square without Ajax's yellow facade and bottle-cap logo. A few beers later I tried to imagine downtown without Square Books or the bar at City Grocery and got tears in my eyes.

These days Ajax has reopened, but nobody goes to the bar except to eat. Brandon left to run his dad's restaurant in NOLA. We lost Big Ray to a coronary. The last time I sat at the bar was when Randy threw a party for me on the day my taxi novel dropped. Tyler's band Teardrop City played that night, and my friend KC, a beautiful waitress who is awesomely taller than me, spun me around the dance floor like a top. I walked home happy and dizzy.

Around the corner from Ajax sits a supposedly haunted building that has been a dozen restaurants. I used to ferry employees there who told me stories about plates flinging themselves across the kitchen, drinks sliding down the bar. Now it's vacant, as all the restaurants we love will be eventually. Whenever I pass that gutted building late at night, I cup my hands to the glass to spy on the ghosts. I wonder if they miss us. ☀

The author at Ajax during a Teardrop City concert.



Foodies think a restaurant is its menu or some entree or special sauce, but that's bull.

A restaurant is its long-term workers and regulars



# CATFISH *in the ALLEY*



... THURSDAY, APRIL 7 ...

*Entertainment "JUST A FEW CATS"*

Crawfish and shrimp boil | HUCK'S PLACE

On the lawn of the Tennessee Williams House Museum and Welcome Center

... FRIDAY & SATURDAY, APRIL 8&9 ...

*Entertainment TERRY "HARMONICA" BEAN | BIG JOE SHELTON | EDEN BRENT*

ARTISANS ALLEY

Vendors showcasing

WOODCARVING | JEWELRY | VINTAGE APRONS | STAINED GLASS | GOAT MILK SOAPS  
LOTIONS AND BODY SCRUBS | POTTERY | ART

FOOD VENDORS | 5K RUN | LIVE DEMONSTRATIONS

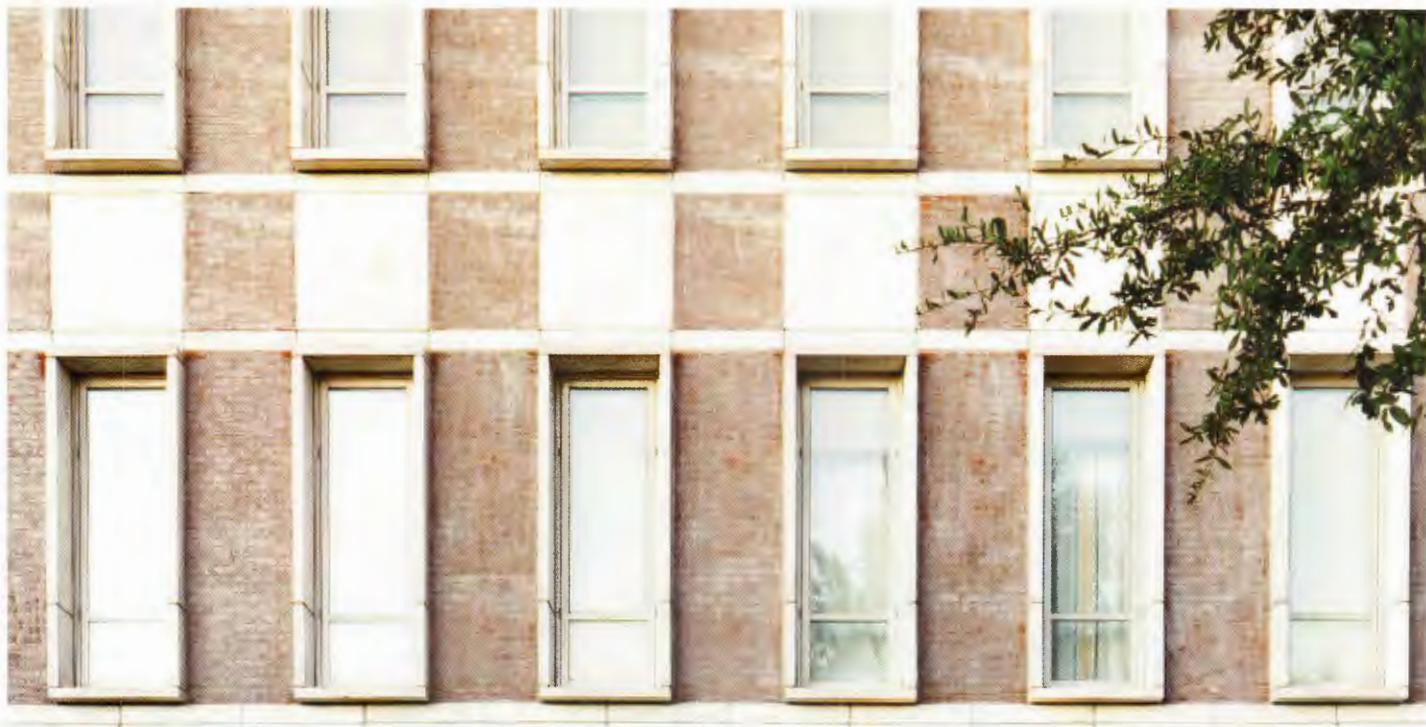
CONGRATULATIONS TO GARDEN & GUN ON 15 YEARS!

Visit  
**COLUMBUS**  
MISSISSIPPI

VisitColumbusMS.org for a complete list of attractions and events.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS HOUSE MUSEUM & WELCOME CENTER | 300 MAIN ST. | 800.920.3533

SOUTHERN REIMAGINED™



*The Dewberry*

A LUXURY HOTEL OFFERING OLD-WORLD CHARM WITH A DISTINCTIVE MODERN EDGE.

THEDEWBERRYCHARLESTON.COM

334 MEETING STREET • CHARLESTON, SC • 843.558.8000

# The Southern Agenda

GOINGS-ON IN THE SOUTH & BEYOND



★  
Editors'  
Choice

GARDENS

## The Flower Power of Historic Gardens

STATEWIDE VIRGINIA

"This small garden is half my world," wrote Anne Spencer, the late Harlem Renaissance poet, civil rights leader, and member of the Negro Garden Club of Virginia, which was founded ninety years ago. Spencer's wisteria-draped and rose-lined yard in Lynchburg wasn't just a place to exercise her green thumb. "It was a retreat where she could go into her own world away from the things she was facing as a Black woman," says her granddaughter Shaun Spencer-Hester, the executive director of the Anne Spencer House

PAWLEYS ISLAND | MURRELLS INLET | LITCHFIELD BEACH  
GARDEN CITY | GEORGETOWN | ANDREWS

## LITTLE THINGS, BIG MOMENTS

SOUTH CAROLINA'S  
**HAMMOCK COAST**



DISCOVER  
SIMPLE PLEASURES AT  
[HAMMOCKCOASTSC.COM](http://HAMMOCKCOASTSC.COM)

DISCOVER  
South Carolina

## SOUTHERN AGENDA

and Garden Museum. Spencer's is one of 128 properties visitors can wander at the eighty-ninth annual Historic Garden Week in Virginia—the only statewide event of its kind. After canceling in 2020 due to COVID, and adjusting to health protocols in 2021, this year it returns in full bloom and presents nearly thirty tour routes (April 23–30) that make stops at both pocket gardens and historic estates. "Eyre Hall is on the Eastern Shore, and the owners plant a crazy amount of tulips every year that are all timed to peak during garden week," says director Karen Ellsworth. "People go wild. I have heard of folks putting ice cubes around their tulips because they were blooming too fast." That's the level of dedication homeowners and the event's 3,400 volunteers maintain to share their passion for plants. They likely feel similarly to Spencer, who wrote, "Earth, I thank you for the pleasure of your language."

■ [vagardenweek.org](http://vagardenweek.org)

### MUSIC

## Alabama

### OPENING ACTS

From Hank Williams, Percy Sledge, and Martha Reeves to Lionel Richie and Alabama Shakes, the Yellowhammer State has turned out some of America's most influential musicians. And come May, the North Alabama city that helped put a man on the moon will add "major entertainment destination" to its list of titles with the opening of the eight-thousand-seat Orion Amphitheater in Huntsville. Mayor Tommy Battle calls it "an impressive quality-of-life addition to complement our thriving arts and entertainment community." It's no surprise the mayor is beaming, but leave it to a lineup of all-star musicians to fittingly christen Huntsville's newest digs—Brittany Howard, Emmylou Harris, Mavis Staples, Jason Isbell and the 400 Unit, and the rising Alabama star Waxahatchee will headline the venue during the First Waltz, a three-day musical bonanza (May 13–15). "It's a dream come true to get to take part in the opening of a venue that's destined to become an icon in Alabama music history," says Katie Crutchfield, a.k.a. Waxahatchee. "I can't wait."

■ [theorionhuntsville.com](http://theorionhuntsville.com)

All Out Zip.  
All Out Hip.

VisitColumbusGA

Raft the longest urban whitewater course in the world or zip line across the state line— just steps away from a lively entertainment and food scene. Come see why we were named "GEORGIA'S COOL CAT CITY" by Forbes.

VisitColumbusGA.com  
or call 800.999.1613



BARBECUE

## Arkansas

### A MATCH MADE IN HOG HEAVEN

Arkansans held their collective breath in 2020 when news broke that the barbecue-and-tamale icon McClard's Bar-B-Q was changing hands. But the new owners have not changed the recipes, and the McClard family, who opened the beloved Hot Springs joint in 1928, is still involved in just about every decision, including opening a new location in Rogers. The menu is the same—former owner Phillip McClard drives to the new Northwest Arkansas spot once a month for a quality check, inspecting each plate coming out of the kitchen—and so is the best seller, the tamale spread. “It starts with Delta-style tamales, chopped beef as the filling, and a layer of Fritos and McClard’s beans, all topped with a heaping pile of cheese and onions and our barbecue sauce,” says Hunter Thomason, who co-owns the Rogers location. In time for National Barbecue Month in May, look out for a McClard’s food truck popping up around Rogers and Hot Springs. As Thomason says: “It’s a taste of Arkansas culture.”

■ [mcclards.com](http://mcclards.com)  
■ [mcclardsnwa.com](http://mcclardsnwa.com)

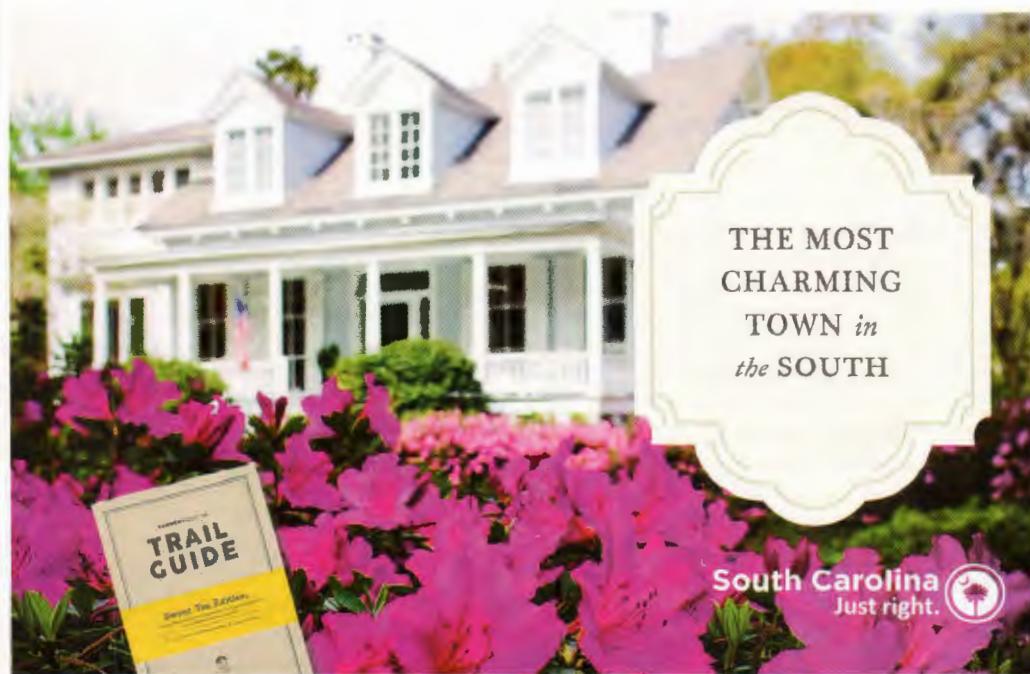


FOOD

## Florida

### AS SWEET AS...

In 1971, when Van Morrison released his album *Tupelo Honey*, he made famous a sweet nectar found only in a tiny stretch of the South. “The Apalachicola River valley is the only place in the world where tupelo



THE MOST  
CHARMING  
TOWN in  
the SOUTH

*Summerville Porch Stroll* – June 11th, Explore Summerville’s history on the porch stroll where no two homes are alike.

*Sweet Tea Trail* – Grab a Trail Guide and Explore the Birthplace of Sweet Tea—where the tea plant first landed and tea was first commercially grown at the Pinehurst Tea Plantation.

[visitsummerville.com](http://visitsummerville.com)

  
**Summerville**  
SOUTH CAROLINA

(re)Inventing  
American  
Cookware

CHARLESTON, SC | SMITHEY.COM

gum trees grow in enough quantities that we can produce tupelo honey commercially," says Glynnis Lanier, whose family has raised bees and sold the honey for more than a century through L.L. Lanier and Sons Tupelo Honey in and around Wewahitchka, Florida, home of the annual Tupelo Honey Festival (May 21). (A small region in Southeast Georgia also produces some honey with nectar from tupelo trees, but Florida producers don't consider this the pure stuff.) The Laniers' hives sit on elevated mounds in the swampy land near the river where tupelo trees fleetingly bloom each spring. "You can get two days of blooms or two weeks," Lanier says. "You never know." Prized for its rarity and its mild floral taste, the amber-colored product has higher fructose levels than other honeys, so it never granulates. It's also one of the most expensive honeys on the market. Lanier recommends drizzling it over strawberries, spreading it on toast with peanut butter, or mixing it with balsamic vinegar for a salad dressing. "And," she admits, "I probably drink a pound a week in my coffee."

■ [lltupelohoney.com](http://lltupelohoney.com)  
■ [tupelohoneyfestival.com](http://tupelohoneyfestival.com)

## HOTELS

### Georgia

#### UPGRADING AN ICON

Settled among the stately manses in Augusta's Summerville neighborhood, the **Partridge Inn** has been a lodestar in the city since the early 1800s, when it was built on the onetime property of George Walton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Over two centuries (and a few versions of the property) later, a renovation has been freshening all 143 rooms, just in time for this year's Masters Tournament (April 4–10). "We redesigned the interior six years ago and went a little edgy with it," says Greg Winey, president of North-Pointe Hospitality, the company behind the transformation. "But for this go-round, we've toned it back down. For a hotel like this, we want to keep the design elements traditional." The famous white facade and two-hundred-foot-long veranda remain the same, but guest rooms are spruced up with sage-green, cream, and dark wood accents, and new art-deco-inspired carpets,

drapes, furniture, and artwork evoking Augusta's past. Despite the old-school appeal, two revamped restaurants place the hotel squarely in 2022: On the second floor, 8595 serves duck-fat-fried chicken and dry-aged porterhouses in a 1920s-meets-modern space, and on the roof, the new open-air penthouse bar shucks Southern oysters.

■ [partridgeinn.com](http://partridgeinn.com)

## SPORTING

### Kentucky

#### DOWN AND DERBY

"A lot of local folks don't want to pick their Derby horse until they see them up close, out on the track," says Barry Northern, the tour manager at Louisville's Kentucky Derby Museum, which runs a special Derby Season Barn & Backside Tour precisely to offer people that chance. Twelve days out from the big races—the Kentucky Oaks (May 6) and the Derby (May 7)—Churchill Downs clears the track daily for the twenty Derby and fourteen Oaks runners, and welcomes tours to watch the equine action. "We get right down on the rail, and you might be within a few feet of those contenders," Northern says. "When you see a Derby horse, you know you're looking at something special." For an hour, the hopefuls stretch their legs, acclimate, and in some cases, breeze. Meanwhile, Northern gives a full rundown of each—its owner, trainer, jockey, and racing history. But he's not making anyone's decisions for them. "I certainly have my opinions and I'll share them, but I tell everybody: Pick your own horse."

■ [derbymuseum.org](http://derbymuseum.org)

## OUTDOORS

### Louisiana

#### WILD SUCCESS

In the 1970s, Gary Salathe first witnessed a river of blue and purple wild Louisiana irises. "I was in the swamp in my hip boots, crawfishing with my brother, when we came upon these unbelievably beautiful plants," he says. "Irises that no one had planted, that had been blooming for eons

without anybody seeing them." Five native flower species make up the Louisiana iris group, which once grew so plentifully along back roads that locals considered them ditch-clogging weeds. Today, herbicide and development have threatened their numbers, and about five years ago, Salathe's passion for native plants led him to found the Louisiana Iris Conservation Initiative. "We find property where irises are going to be destroyed," Salathe says. "We get permission from landowners to replant them in wild settings and nature preserves." The success stories bloom riotously from late March through April: along the Lockport boardwalk in Lafourche Parish; at the Joyce Wildlife Management Area near Ponchatoula; and at Bayou Sauvage National Wildlife Refuge in New Orleans, where, Salathe says, first-timers discover the irises in breathtaking numbers, just as he did decades ago.

■ [licisaveirises.com](http://licisaveirises.com)



## CONSERVATION

### Maryland

#### RETURN FLIGHT

With jet-black heads and bodies the color of traffic cones, Baltimore orioles are hard to miss when they arrive in Maryland in April and May from their wintering grounds in Mexico and points south. Named for sporting colors similar to those in the crest of the Barons Baltimore, the first proprietors of the colony, the avian icon this year celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary as Maryland's official state bird. "When the orioles show up, they bring summer behind them," says Jim Rapp, a naturalist who leads spring and fall bird-



## SO GOOD YOU CAN EAT 'EM OFF THE FLOOR



ART

## Mississippi

### MOVING PIECES

Between the 1910s and the 1970s, more than six million Black Americans left the rural South for other parts of the country. *A Movement in Every Direction: Legacies of the Great Migration*, a collaboration between the Mississippi Museum of Art in Jackson and the Baltimore Museum of Art, honors those journeys with commissioned works by twelve of today's foremost Black artists, all with familial ties to the South. Take Mark Bradford, for instance, whose massive sixty-panel collage builds on a 1913 advertisement urging Black resettlement in New Mexico; or the Kentucky-born, Florida-raised artist Allison Janae Hamilton, who presents the film installation *A House Called Florida*. "It explores how migrations within the Southern landscape—due to reasons such as land loss, climate change, and environmental injustice—both relate to and depart from longer-distanced migrations of Black Americans," Hamilton says. For BMA curator Jessica Bell Brown, these varying perspectives are central to the exhibit, which opens April 9 in Jackson and October 30 in Baltimore. "Migration is not always from South to North or East to West," she says. "We hope to compel people to consider their own migrations, wherever that may be."

■ [msmuseumart.org](http://msmuseumart.org)  
■ [artbma.org](http://artbma.org)

STYLE

## North Carolina

### QUITE THE SPREAD

"How many of us have had a hard time getting company out of the kitchen?" asks



## MORE GRILLING, BETTER LIVING

We make it easier for everyone to share the most important part of cooking — great memories.

Contact us to learn more!

(770) 426-8459

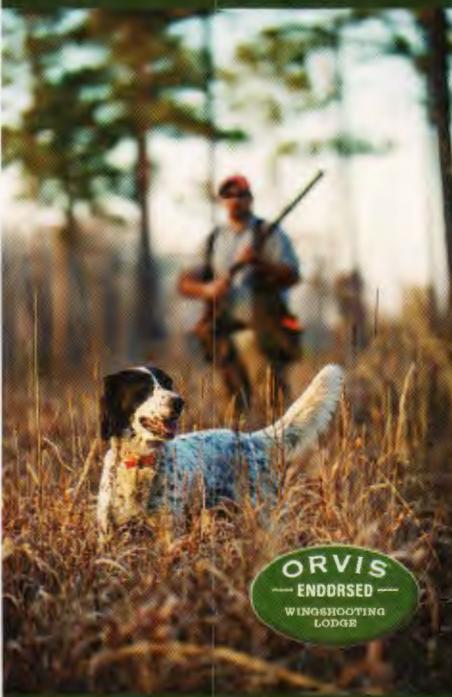
[gathergrills.com/gng](http://gathergrills.com/gng)



Available in 4 sizes to fit any of your grilling needs!



# Wynfield PLANTATION



*The quintessential southern  
quail hunting experience*

LOCATED IN ALBANY, GEORGIA

229.889.0193

WYNFIELDPLANTATION.COM

## SOUTHERN AGENDA

the food historian Jessica B. Harris. "Kitchens are twenty-first-century hearths: warm and welcoming. Dining rooms are outward-facing personas, and kitchens are intimately who we are." Those ideas inspired the Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts' Designing for Dining (May 6-7), a spring seminar in Winston-Salem. "A huge portion of someone's communal life is spent eating at home, so we wanted to focus on the design of that experience," says conference manager Melissa Knapp. "We want to share what is stylish and chic in that realm." Between lectures, a luncheon, and a book signing, Harris, along with the Atlanta architect D. Stanley Dixon and the interior designer Thomas Jayne, will speak on how food and design intertwine.

■ [mesda.org](http://mesda.org)

Morris is gathering data and investigating whether the individual plants actually clone themselves. "They're locally abundant, but globally rare, and it's such a loved plant around here that people want to protect it." To spot Ocnee bells, head to Devil's Fork State Park in Salem in early April, and take the mile-and-a-half Ocnee Bell Nature Trail that follows the creek along which the delicate flowers bloom.

■ [southcarolinaparks.com/devils-fork](http://southcarolinaparks.com/devils-fork)

### OPENING

## Tennessee

### GROWN-UP SUMMER CAMP

The activities list at Southall, a sustainable luxury resort and farm that opens this summer in the rolling hills of Franklin, reads like a modern-day Appalachian *Foxfire* book. In addition to the sixty-two-room inn, tree-house-inspired cottages, restaurant, and spa, the 325-acre property boasts such delights as an orchard, six apiaries, and a preservation kitchen that Southall calls a "jammery." "Guests can have great meals, relax, enjoy the lake, and sit by the fire, or they can take a deep dive into beekeeping, aquaculture, or heirloom apples," says Tyler Brown, Southall's visionary in all things culinary and agricultural. "We wanted to build an experience around a real working farm." A chef by training and now an avid student of farming practices both old and new, Brown spent six and a half years with his team bringing his vision for the property to fruition by building hydroponic greenhouses, planting sixteen varieties of citrus, and acquiring a century-old mill.

■ [southallfarms.com](http://southallfarms.com)



### CONSERVATION

## South Carolina

### FOR WHOM THE BELL BLOOMS

"Ocnee bells have a local fan club," says Ashley B. Morris, a biologist at Furman University who studies the rare wildflower that grows only in the Southern Appalachians, particularly around Lake Jocassee in Upstate South Carolina. "They make these beautiful carpets of vegetation with evergreen leaves," Morris says, and in springtime, the bells bloom with clusters of petite lacy white flowers for just one month. With the help of her students at Furman and community members who have spotted populations of the flower,

### DRINKS

## Texas

### WINE ON TIME

"We don't do the 'chocolate, vanilla, strawberry' of merlot, cab, and chardonnay," says winemaker Kim McPherson of McPherson Cellars in Lubbock. "We want to grow grapes that do well in Texas, and for

us that's viognier, tempranillo, and Sangiovese." Texas has been producing wine since the 1960s, when the pioneer Clinton "Doc" McPherson, a Texas Tech chemistry professor, paved the way for the modern Texas winemaking industry, which his son Kim continues to champion. McPherson Cellars will host the inaugural Texas Wine, Hops and Shops festival (April 23) on the grounds of its renovated 1930s Coca-Cola bottling plant in Lubbock's historic Depot District. Regional vintners English Newsom Cellars and Burklee Hill Vineyards will pour glasses alongside the one that started it all: Llano Estacado, one of the first post-Prohibition wineries in West Texas, where Doc McPherson bottled his first vintage.

■ [texaswinehopsandshops.com](http://texaswinehopsandshops.com)

HISTORY

## Washington, D.C.

MEMORY KEEPERS

Abraham Lincoln's 1863 Emancipation Proclamation wasn't the first act of emancipation by federal authority. A year prior, the president signed a bill ending slavery in Washington, D.C., and each year on April 16, the capital marks Emancipation Day with a parade, speeches, and concerts. Across the Potomac River, the city of Alexandria, Virginia, recently renovated and reopened its Freedom House Museum at the onetime headquarters of several slave trading businesses. "It's disturbing, but what happened in this building for many, many years still has a lasting legacy in this country today," says Audrey P. Davis, director of the Alexandria Black History Museum. "Our core goal is to put the African American voice at the forefront." The first floor shows the history of the domestic slave trade in the city, the second features a traveling exhibition, *Determined: The 400-Year Struggle for Black Equality*, from the Virginia Museum of History and Culture, and the top floor displays paintings by the late D.C. painter Sherry Z. Sanabria in an exhibition entitled *Before the Spirits Are Swept Away*.

■ [emancipation.dc.gov](http://emancipation.dc.gov)

■ [alexandriava.gov/FreedomHouse](http://alexandriava.gov/FreedomHouse)



FILM

## West Virginia

THOSE SUMMER  
NIGHTS

West Virginia has all the makings of a perfect drive-in theater experience: beautiful countryside, cool summer evenings, blazing stars above. And five drive-ins still take advantage of that around the state, including Pipestem Drive-In Theater in Mercer County, which this year celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in operation. "It's just something to have for the community," says Pipestem owner Kenneth Woody, who opens the venue around Memorial Day (May 30) for movies every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday night through September. Visitors roll up just before sundown, pick a spot (the screen is on top of a slight slope, so views are good all around), tune in to FM radio station 98.5, and settle in for the show. The films are up to Woody's fancy; sometimes eighties classics, other times Disney flicks. "I haven't yet decided what I'll put on this year," he says. "Hopefully they'll come out with something good, but if they don't, I'm going back to old-school."

■ [visitmercercounty.com](http://visitmercercounty.com)

—Stacy Conde, Kinsey Gidick, Lindsey Liles, CJ Lotz, and Caroline Sanders

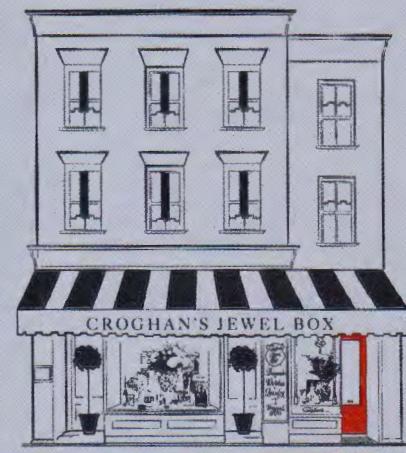
From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such offers via postal mail, please write to Garden & Gun Customer Mailing List, P.O. Box 6318, Harlan, IA 51593-1818, and include a copy of your mailing label or provide your name and address exactly as they currently appear on your mailing label.



THE EXCLUSIVE

*Croghan's Collection*  
CHARLESTON  
SKYLINE BRACELET,  
CUFF BANGLE and  
CLUB BRACELET

HANDCRAFTED AND ENGRAVABLE



CROGHAN'S JEWEL BOX

*Shop* OUR UNIQUE COLLECTION

OF JEWELRY AND GIFTS ONLINE AT

[WWW.CROGHANSJEWELBOX.COM](http://WWW.CROGHANSJEWELBOX.COM)

308 KING STREET  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

PH: 843.723.3594



*Get Away  
Completely...*

GEORGIA'S

*Blue Ridge*

[BlueRidgeMountains.com](http://BlueRidgeMountains.com)

*"One of the South's Best Small Mountain Towns"*

# GARDEN & GUN

# Field Report

A RESOURCE FOR THE BEST EVENTS,  
EXCURSIONS, AND PROMOTIONS

## FIELD REPORT DESTINATIONS

A guide to adventures in the South and beyond



### DISCOVER SOUTH CAROLINA

From rejuvenating retreats to adventurous excursions, the diverse landscape of the Palmetto State beckons with countless ways to experience the great outdoors.

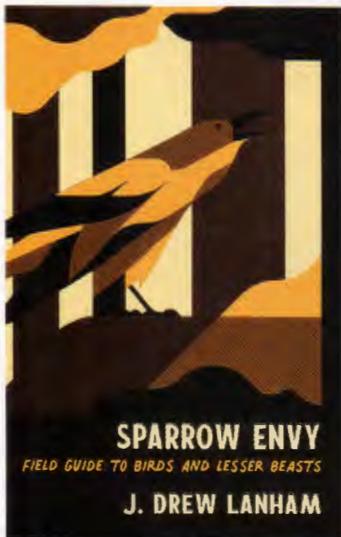
[DiscoverSouthCarolina.com](http://DiscoverSouthCarolina.com)  
803.734.1700



### SOUTH WALTON, FLORIDA

Find your perfect beach. Positioned on Florida's Gulf coast, South Walton is home to sixteen distinct neighborhoods, each with white-sand beaches and peaceful turquoise waters.

[VisitSouthWalton.com](http://VisitSouthWalton.com)  
800.822.6877



### G & G RECOMMENDS

#### *Sparrow Envy:* Field Guide to Birds and Lesser Beasts

In this luminous collection, South Carolina author, poet, and ornithologist J. Drew Lanham explores his fascination with birds and wildlife through poetry and prose. Both honest and reverent, *Sparrow Envy* paints a singular portrait of the natural world, woven with Lanham's reflective, often poignant observations of the human experience.

AVAILABLE AT [AMAZON.COM](http://AMAZON.COM)  
OR BUXTON BOOKS IN CHARLESTON, SC



GARDEN & GUN  
PRESENTS

## The Ultimate Guide to Southern Gardens

A digital destination for all things green and growing, the G&G Garden Hub showcases the best of Southern gardening.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH

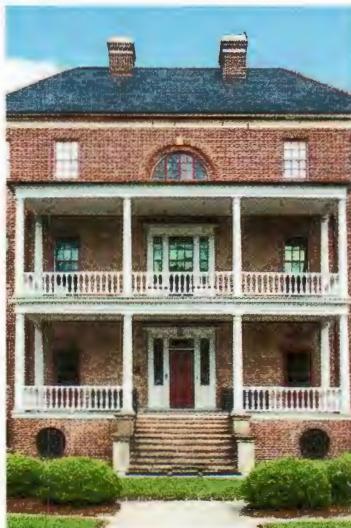
 **Kubota.**  
Together we do more.<sup>®</sup>



ENCORE AZALEA

## SIGNATURE EVENTS

Mark your calendar for these upcoming *Garden & Gun* experiences



### **Birdwatching**

February 11-April 3  
Charleston, South Carolina

Drawing from the splendors of bird-watching, this unique experience takes viewers between the Joseph Manigault House, The Dewberry hotel, and the G&G offices, sparking wonder with each location. The exhibition features an array of original contemporary works, as well as pieces from the Charleston Museum's naturalist collections.



### **Mint Julep Month Kickoff Party**

April 6  
Columbus, Ohio

Raise a julep glass and celebrate the launch of Mint Julep Month with G&G and Louisville Tourism. The kickoff party features inventive spins on the traditional cocktail, as well as Kentucky-inspired fare to match.



### **Taste of Tennessee**

April 14  
Charlotte, North Carolina

Gather at the celebrated Supperland restaurant in Charlotte for an exclusive dinner with Visit Sevierville. The evening features a menu by Tennessee chef David Rule of the Appalachian, paired with special moonshine cocktails.



### **A Stitzel-Weller Affair**

May 6  
Louisville, Kentucky

At this fifth annual event, the 1935-founded Stitzel-Weller Distillery brings together two Kentucky traditions: bourbon and horse racing. Join G&G and Blade and Bow for a celebration under the stars, featuring dinner by Garden & Gun Club executive chef Ann Kim and, of course, fine bourbon.



### **G&G Shoot-Out**

May 21  
Barnsley Resort,  
Adairsville, Georgia

Garden & Gun's second annual golf tournament takes place at the beautiful Barnsley Resort in Adairsville, Georgia. Following the friendly tournament, guests are invited to the 19th Hole Celebration, complete with live music, cocktails, and awards.



### **G&G Seafood Rodeo**

June 18  
Pensacola, Florida

Presented by Visit Pensacola, this first-ever event promises a delicious experience both on land and at sea. Alongside a group of Southern chefs, guests are invited to embark on a half-day fishing charter, followed by an evening affair featuring fresh preparations of the day's catch.



### Louisiana Cast & Blast

September  
Lake Charles, Louisiana

A G&G tradition, the annual Cast & Blast weekend takes place at Grosse Savanne Lodge. For the sixth year, the beloved event welcomes eighteen guests for two days of fishing and duck hunting in this sportsman's paradise.



### Spirit of Asheville: A Creative Experience

November 13-15  
Asheville, North Carolina

Join Garden & Gun for a multiday celebration of Asheville's creative spirit. Alongside G&G editors and staff, tour a variety of local galleries, studios, and creative spaces, then experience the city's artful food and drink scene.



A STITZEL-WELLER AFFAIR

MAY 6, 2022  
TICKETS ON SALE NOW



# GARDEN & GUN CLUB

• AT STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY •

3860 FITZGERALD ROAD  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

[GARDENANDGUNCLUB.COM](http://GARDENANDGUNCLUB.COM)  
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

GARDEN & GUN CLUB IS A TRADEMARK LICENSING PARTNERSHIP WITH DIAGEO NORTH AMERICA, INC.  
PLEASE SIP RESPONSIBLY. DOWD AND DOWD Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 45.5% Alc/Vol. Stitzel-Weller Distilling Louisville, KY



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

# Serious Greens

ARRIVING AT A TRUCE BETWEEN COLLARDS AND KALE

**D**eep within the nature of things, there are dualities: yin and yang, garden and gun, rain and shine, body and soul, to and fro, 1 and 0, being and nothingness, rock and roll, collards and kale.

Collards are flat-out, kale is frilly. Collards go with pig meat (or smoked turkey), kale with tahini. Kale is for people who want to get ahead in today's skinny business world, and it makes a nice garnish. But it was collards that Thelonious Monk wore a sprig of in his lapel.

Try this quiz:

(1) In the first two paragraphs of her story "A Stroke of Good Fortune," Flannery O'Connor mentions collards five times. What if, instead, she had gone with kale?

- (a) That would have been impossible, because kale was not invented until ten years after the author's death.
- (b) The story would be brighter, breezier, healthier. Possibly set in Vermont.
- (c) If a "gritty kale leaf" were stuck to Ruby's cheek, it would not be gritty, and might be an affection.
- (d) You can't hold most people's attention that long with kale.

(2) Kale is singular, collards plural. Why?

- (a) There is no such thing as a collard, nor some kales.
- (b) Kale is like lettuce, cauliflower, a turnip. No one ever says "kale greens." You can make a smoothie with kale. Collards is greens.
- (c) It just seems like that's how it

ought to be. Right?  
(d) Either way, you need a mess of them. And yet, does anybody ever say "a mess of kale"?

(3) The Middle English word for both collards and kale was colewort. Really?

- (a) Middle English people's thinking was backwort (*ha!*), compared with ours. They apparently did not realize that *wort* is funny. Or maybe they did, and were glad of it. Or maybe they did, and didn't care. Some other worts: bishop's wort, blue navelwort, lustwort, sneezewort.
- (b) On the contrary, those people may have been forward-looking. They may have anticipated coleslaw.
- (c) Even the Middle English, you'd think, would have realized how much more swinging and rhyme-friendly *collard greens* is than *colewort*.
- (d) Is there a regional angle here? Cole Porter, who was from Indiana, is associated today with very few songs related to food. Whereas Nat King Cole, from Alabama, recorded "Riffin' at the Barbeque," "Patty Cake, Patty Cake," "The Frim Fram Sauce," "Solid Potato Salad," "Candy," "Peaches," and "Save the Bones for Henry Jones." However, neither of them recorded anything concerning collards or kale. (Or, incidentally, coleslaw. "Cole Slaw" was recorded by Louis Jordan, from Arkansas; Lou Donaldson, from North Carolina; and Jesse Stone, from Kansas, but his grandparents were from Tennessee.)

(4) Well, who did record a song about collards or kale?

- (a) Bud Powell (born in Harlem): "Collard Greens and Black-Eyed Peas."
- (b) Bill Cody (born in Coldwater, Mississippi): "Her Love Is Good Enough to Put in Collard Greens." Which includes this lyric:

If you've been with my woman,  
You know just what I mean...  
The stuff she's got,

It's better than streak-o'-lean.

- (c) You can Google "songs about kale." They are about what you would expect. One, as performed, features *way* too much melisma. If you ask me-ee-ee-ooooy-ee-yi-oo-eeee.
- (d) All of the above.

Answers: (d), (d), (d), (d).

On the other hand.

Dualistic thinking can divide us. And far too much of that is going around. Any day now, we may start seeing bumper stickers saying, "Civil War! What Could Possibly Go Wrong?"

After all, collards and kale are both packed with nutrients. Folks have in fact cultivated and cooked both of them, over the years, without making an issue of it.

So, I mixed equal amounts of kale and collards (though of course the kale's crinkles made it *look* bigger) and cooked them in a pot with a ham hock and dashes of vinegar and barbecue sauce and other things for forty-five minutes. The collards came up strong: chewy enough to hang in there and slick enough to slip on down. And the potlikker! (Because of the way *potlikker* is spelled, people may associate it with, like, gutbucket. Not that such an association would be distasteful, but it would be misleading.) The potlikker was smooth and rich like Lou Donaldson on the saxophone. (So that's why we got off into coleslaw.)

As for the kale? I don't know where the kale went to. ☐

**GARDEN & GUN**, Volume XVI Issue #2 (ISSN 1938-4831)  
© 2022 Garden & Gun Magazine LLC. All rights reserved.  
Published bimonthly (F/M, A/M, J/J, A/S, O/N & D/J) by The  
Allée Group LLC, 701 East Bay Street, No. 115, Charleston, SC  
29403. Periodical postage paid at Charleston, SC, and additional  
mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes  
to GARDEN & GUN, P.O. Box 6318, Harlan, IA 51593-1818.



§ | PEARLS BY SHARI

307-216-2700 • [WWW.PEARLSBYSHARI.COM](http://WWW.PEARLSBYSHARI.COM) • JACKSON HOLE, WY • PARK CITY, UT • NEW YORK, NY

# EXCEPTIONAL WHISKEY CALLS FOR EXTRA EFFORT

That's why all our finished whiskeys  
go through our secondary  
maturation process.

FINISHED WHISKEYS  
**ANGEL'S ENVY**  
ALWAYS FINISHED • NEVER DONE



HEAVEN CAN WAIT.  
PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

© 2022 ANGEL'S ENVY. ITS TRADE DRESS AND ALWAYS FINISHED NEVER DONE ARE TRADEMARKS. BOTTLED BY LOUISVILLE DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON FINISHED IN PORT BARRELS - 43.3% ALC BY VOL.